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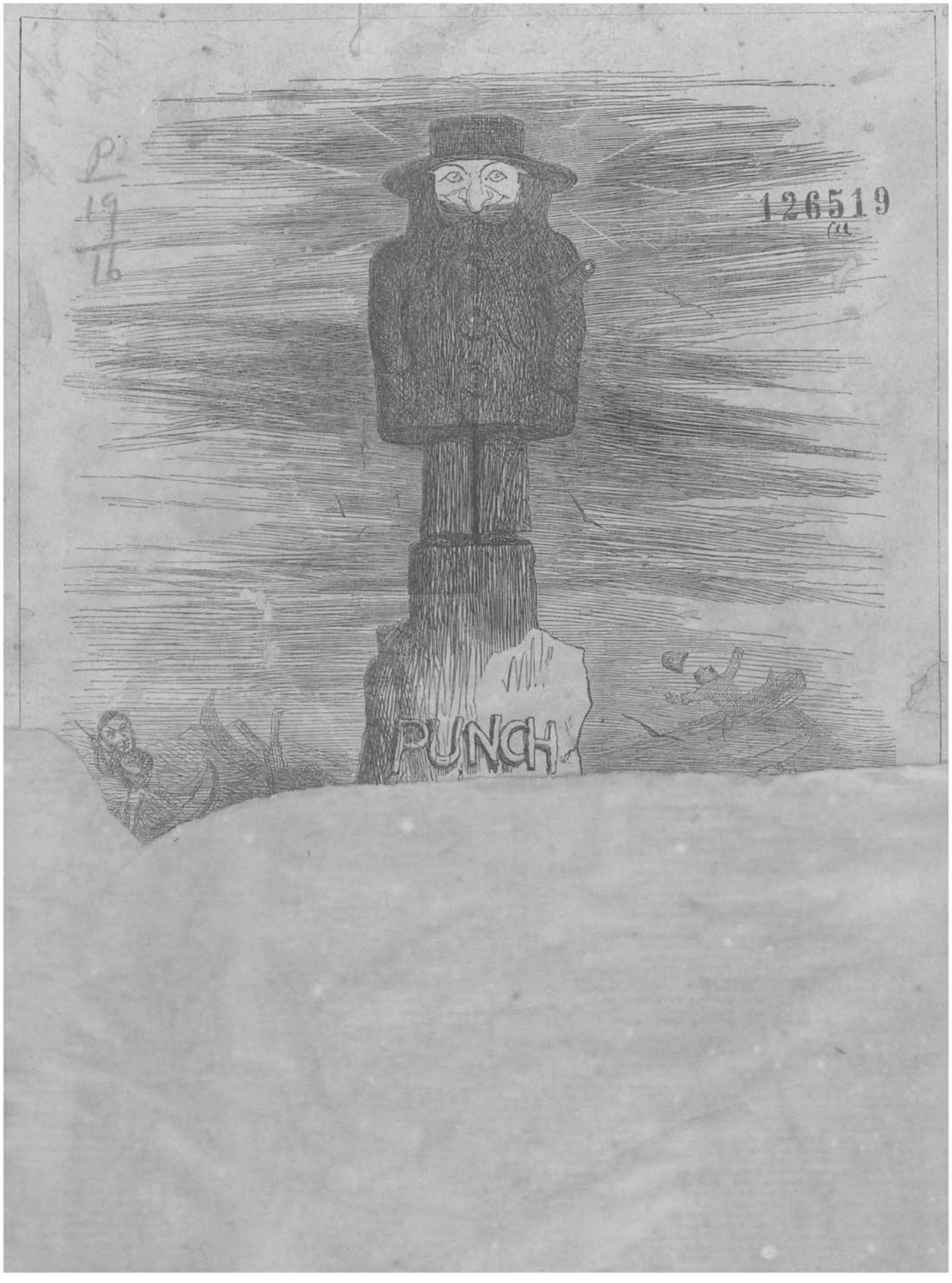
PUNCH

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MIDSUMMER is come, and P
his Feast of Roses
has, in these leav

The P

To his Holiness the Pope, *Punch*, with much sadness of heart, sends—to take the place of the tiara—a triple crown of Blush Roses.

To Kossuth, Bem, and all the heroic men of Hungary, *Punch* sends chaplets of the Ever-green Rose, "white, single, but very sweet." And when the Bear shall be driven back to his den, and the Double Eagle shall be plucked of its feathers,—then may *Punch* next Midsummer add to his gift a shower of Roses from the Sinan Nile—of flowers of which—indicates that High Priest of the Rose, Thomas Moore—mattresses are made for heroes to recline upon.

The Rose with white-and-red stripes, *Punch* dedicates to the Austrian General, who, borrowing the knout of Russia, scourges women at the altar of glory!

To the Roman Triumvirate, *Punch* sends the Eglantine, the *Rosa Perla*, or Sweet Briar Rose; the flower that, most beset by thorns, sheds odour still the sweetest. For Oudinot, General of the Army, and of Broken Promises, there is one Dog Rose,—a solitary *Rose de Chien*. "He's won it well, and may he wear it long!"

There is the "Frankfort Rose, full and handsome, but scentless." To all Assemblies who profess much in the name of Freedom—who make a great show, yet do nothing—*Punch* presents this dashing, scentless flower.

The rich China Rose, being "semi-*double*," is offered for the button-hole of Prussia's Monarch.

And, indeed, there is no nation—no individual man—who may not gather the fitting Rose from *Punch's* Garden. And whereas, it is written by Apuleius that a philosopher, being turned by wicked necromancy to an ass, regained his true manhood, by making a meal of certain Roses,—so is even the forlornest case made curable, if brought [illegible]—if medicined with *Punch's* Flowers.

[illegible] the wicket, and enter *Punch's* Rose

THE YOUNG MAN'S ALMANACK.

THE fashion varies with every place you visit. For instance, you may keep your hat on at the Casino; but it is scarcely considered good manners to do so at the Opera. You may whistle and join in "*God save the Queen*," at JULLIEN'S Concerts; but the same taste is not expected of you at the Philharmonic. Any one is at liberty to call out "Bravo, ROUSE!" at the Grecian Saloon, but the same exclamation would be considered a little out of place at Exeter Hall. A cigar may be lighted with great effect in the corridor of the Adelphi, when the audience is coming out; but you would hardly attempt such a thing in the crush-room of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Staring at a lady under her bonnet, is considered very much beneath a gentleman.

Never sit next to a baby in an omnibus, much less between two babies.

The fewer dignitaries a young man knows on the bench, the better it is eventually for his station in life. Of all morning calls, none are so unpleasant to pay as a magistrate's!

If you peep into the bonnet-shops, it is a clear proof you are troubling your head about things that do not concern you.

In selecting a Hansom, always hail the one which has the smallest horse and the largest wheels.

When you wake, if you find your head is "splitting," the only cure is to have it instantly *soda-ed*.

Don't ask the box-keeper "if he has got a seat?" but give him the shilling at once.

If you get leave of absence to go out of town, recollect a week means a fortnight, and that a fortnight is equal to one month, and two or three days over! If any complaint is made, you have a capital excuse, by declaring you were stopt by a revolution on the Continent.

Remember, also, to have the Influenza on the Derby Day; and it is just as well to have a grandmother who is dangerously ill, about Easter.

Never go into a theatre when a money-taker says "There is plenty of standing-room," unless you wish to see the performances from the slips, over a Black Sea of hats.

If you light your cigar at a lamp-post, take care it has not been newly painted.

PLACES TO BE AVOIDED:—Bow Street after 12 o'clock at night. Chancery Lane the first day of Term, a halfpenny Steamer on Whitsun-Monday, and Holywell Street at all times.

It is a very bad case when a young man parts with his watch, even to prove that "Time is money."

How many of the invitations to breakfast that have been given over night have been kept the following morning?

NEW CHRISTMAS GAME FOR FOX-HUNTERS DURING A LONG FROST.

It is a sure sign of a cruel disposition, if you see a person standing outside St. George's, Hanover Square, deriving pleasure in watching the poor bridegrooms take the fatal leap from their carriages into the church. He who has no pity for others, depend upon it, will receive none himself, when his own fate is sealed!

If you are at a Public Dinner, and find a difficulty in getting any one to wait upon you, catch a waiter, and tell him to take to the gentleman opposite "Lord FITZDROWSKY'S compliments, and he will be happy to take wine with him." It is astonishing the cluster of white-necked gentlemen you will have round you for the remainder of the evening.

The young man who wishes to "weed" his friends, will only select those who smoke the best cigars.

Certain young men, when they are invited out to a ball, only go in time for supper. These are what may be called the supper-numeraries of society.

A walking-stick has legs, but an umbrella has wings. By the bye, if you are wise you will take care not to buy a silk umbrella, for it only flies all the quicker.

The most certain method of borrowing £5 is to ask for £10.

Never trust a play-bill for two days together, for not an evening passes but they promise a great deal more than is ever performed.

You had not better attempt to decipher any correspondence when you get home late after supper, for it is a grammatical truth that a person must master his liquids before he can go through his letters.

A "rising young man" is one who rises regularly—not later than eight o'clock; a "promising young man" is one who pays his tailor not later than a twelvemonth after he has promised him.

The old pay with money—the young with compliments.

"Healths" are no longer complimentary; but a medical man should particularly refrain from proposing a person's health, for he is sure to be suspected of wishing him ill.

Be careful, if you have your portrait in the Exhibition, not to stand opposite to it, or else you will probably overhear remarks that will make you feel most unpleasantly beside yourself.

Of all passages in a young man's life, there is none so trying, so solemn, or accompanied with so much earnest feeling, as seeking for the lucifer-box in the dark!

The young man who stops at home on boxing-day, must have such an attachment for home as will eventually harden him to the severest knocks.

To soften a Policeman, call him "Inspector."

A CONVERSATION AS OLD AS THE HILLS.—"Please, Sir, can you settle my little bill?" "I am very sorry I cannot just at present, but I expect a remittance very shortly."

"What is enough for one is enough for two," says the old proverb; but this can scarcely be said to apply to tavern steaks, which certainly get smaller by degrees, and beautifully less every year.

Never do things by halves, unless it is sending a bank-note by the post, or paying a cabman his demand.

QUITE THE CONTRARY.—You often hear of a man "being in *advance* of his age," but you never heard of a woman being in the same predicament.

LITERAL, BUT VERY TRUE.—Nothing keeps a young man back so much, when he is attempting to get on, as a corn.

When a cabman says, "Whatever you please, Sir," you may be sure it is not more than an eightpenny fare.

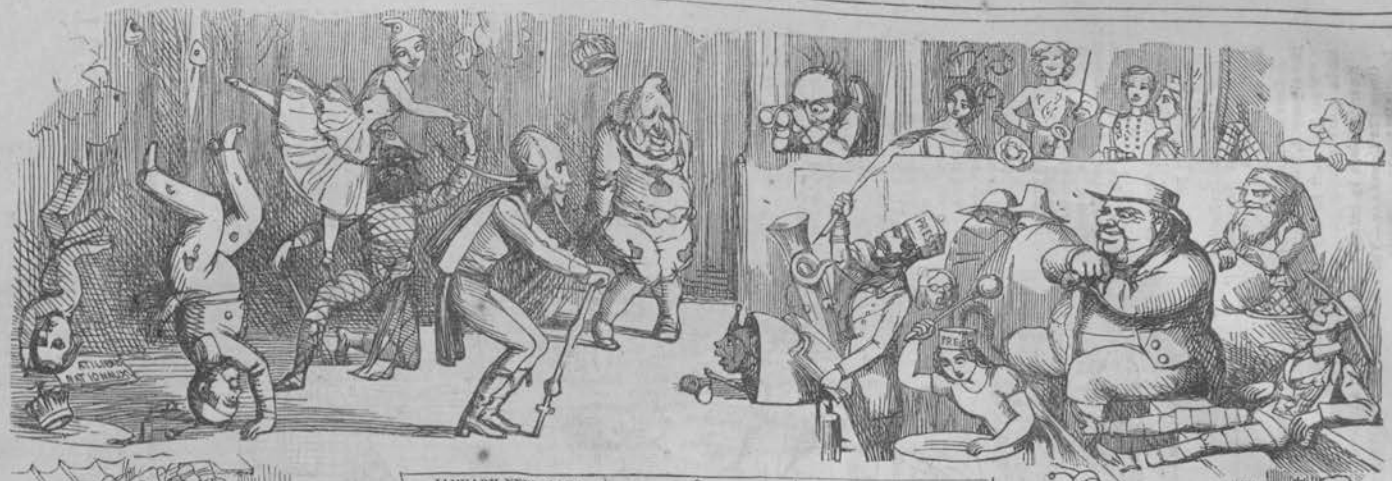
Debt is the young man's Chancery; for, when once he gets into it, it is quite impossible to say when he will get out again.

A bad hat, taken to an evening party, frequently comes out the next day as good as new.

If two omnibusses are racing, never hail the first, unless you have a particular fancy to be run over by the second.

THE BEST "COMPANION TO THE ALMANACK."—The volumes of *Punch*.

POLITICAL PANTOMIMES.



JANUARY XXXI. DAYS					
1	M	Circumcis.	17	W	O. T. D.
2	Tu		18	Th	Prisca.
3	W	Su.s.4h.2m.	19	F	
4	Th		20	S	Fabian
5	F	O.C.D.	21	S	3 S.af.Epip
6	S	Ep Tw Day	22	M	Vincent
7	S	1 S.af.Epip	23	Tu	
8	M		24	W	D 8h.40m.L
9	Tu		25	Th	Con.of St.P.
10	W	Plough Mo	26	F	
11	Th	H. Term be.	27	S	
12	F		28	S	4 S.af.Epip.
13	S	H. C.T. beg	29	M	
14	S	2 S.af Epip	30	Tu	K.C.Martyr
15	M	Oxf Ter. be.	31	W	Hilary T. e.
16	Tu				

FEBRUARY XXVIII. DAYS.					
1	Th		15	Th	
2	F	Purif.Cand.	16	F	
3	S	Blaise	17	S	
4	S	Septuag.Su.	18	S	Quinqu. Su.
5	M	Agatha	19	M	
6	Tu		20	Tu	Shrove Tue
7	W		21	W	Ash Wedn.
8	Th	Hf. quar. D.	22	Th	
9	F		23	F	[St.Matth
10	S	Q.V.m1840	24	S	D.of Cam b.
11	S	Sexages.Su.	25	S	Quadrag. S.
12	M		26	M	
13	Tu		27	Tu	
14	W	Val.O.Ca.D.	28	W	Ember Wk.

THE COUNTRY ACTOR'S ALMANACK.

JANUARY. — London actors act plays at Windsor. Pretty mess, no doubt, they've made of it. Humph! Think there's somebody, the letters of whose name are DAGGERWOOD, *ought* rather to have been there. But the old Manager cry—the old cant—"No Talent in the Provinces."

FEBRUARY.—Determine to leave these Goths (after my benefit), and strike for the Metropolis. All my points last night flew over their heads. Nobody but boy that brings my bundle has a true feeling for the art. Down, busy devil!—down! Let me think of JOHN KEMBLE, EDMUND KEAN, and other lions, like myself, fettered in the country—other eagles, chained to barn-doors. Yet then—even then—'twas the old story: "No Talent in the Provinces."

MARCH.—Oh, the degradation of making a benefit! Rang at boarding-school—had tickets in my hand. A pampered menial, in the form of a housemaid cried—"My good man, we don't want no lucifers!" Will certainly write to London. Yes; I will take the London Public by the throat, and make them confess there *is* (I mean, there *was*) Talent in the Provinces.

APRIL.—A dreadful house for my *ben*. Am somewhat like *Iago*, cannot "distinguish a benefit from an injury." Nevertheless, there *is* balm for hurt minds. CUFF, the tailor—and tho' he's a tailor, is he not a man?—CUFF gave my health at the Blue Pig, when the play was over, as "a man not able to tread in the shoes of EDMUND KEAN, and for this reason—they were too little for him." Am £2 out of pocket; still, it is cheering to know that one true critic—and that critic a creditor—acknowledges Talent in the Provinces.

MAY.—Wrote to London for engagement. No answer. It is thus the Metropolitan despots treat Talent in the Provinces!

JUNE.—London Manager comes to "star." I act sublimely. Have an opening offered me by Manager for London. *Now* they shall have Talent from the Provinces!

JULY.—Come to London. Open with thermometer at 100, and with audience about 50. Hear actors malevolently whisper, "A nice slow coach; but who expects Talent from the Provinces?"

AUGUST.—Am shelved, but take my salary.

SEPTEME. / OCTOBER. — Treasurer every week mumbling as he pays me, "This is Talent from the Provinces!"

NOVEMBER. — New Play. First actor taken ill (by the Sheriff) in Cursitor street. Get his original part. Bursts of applause. All the Press exclaim to this effect:—"Where has this genius been hidden? We did not believe there was such Talent in the Provinces!"

DECEMBER.—"Star" it a few nights (taking half-receipts) in my old country circuit; and must confess that I was astonished—more, I was surprised—to find so very little Talent in the Provinces.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1849.

THE LADY'S ALMANACK.

THE WOMAN'S SPHERE.—Blackbeetles, spiders, ants, mice, crossings, long-bearded Frenchmen, monster dogs, milliners' bills, fast men, and certain gentlemen after dinner, are all so many objects of Woman's Fear.

THE BEST PARTNERS.—The oldest for whist, the youngest for dancing, and for marriage—whichever you can.

THE BEST VIS-A-VIS.—The Parson at St. George's, Hanover Square.

"The Child is Father to the Man," says WORDSWORTH; but, as ladies never grow older than thirty, the Girl must be Grandmother to the Woman.

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST VINEGAR.—A young gentleman treading upon a young lady's dress makes a good sharp Vinegar; but a friend being brought in to dinner when there is nothing but cold meat, produces the most piquant quality, the smallest drop of which makes a woman's tongue quite smart for hours afterwards.

COLDS.—Young ladies should take care not to sit near the piano; for it is a well-known fact that that instrument has caused more Dreadful Colds than all the thin shoes and draughts in the world. The most beautiful creatures, who were perfectly well and laughing the minute before, have no sooner approached Grand Broadwood than they have been suddenly seized with a sore throat, and have lost in a minute the use of their voice. This complaint is less taking as the young lady grows older, and rarely has any effect in a family where there are several sisters.

THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.—Buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest.

HOW TO MAKE A BONNET.—Take a walk on a fine day down Regent Street. Make 1 long stop at each bonnet-shop—miss 2 or 3 of the first; pull up at fourth, and fix your husband's attention with a good running "Hem!" Drop 1 "Pet" and 2 "Ducks;" pass your arm smoothly through his. Fine-draw 2 or 3 sighs, and draw him gently inside. Work several rounds of open smiles, and run off a long chain of "Loves." Do not miss a single point, but take up with a fine snap every "Not," and cut it instantly. If there is any difficulty, knit your brows, and purse your lips, and prepare to cast off after the crochet fashion. Repeat this at every shop, and by running the same rig the whole length of the street, you will be sure to have a very pretty bonnet by the time you reach home.

HEAVEN-BORN SMUGGLERS.—Every woman is born with a natural taste for smuggling. This may be accounted for by the spirit of contradiction there is in the sex, which makes them consider it a duty to oppose the recognised customs of every country.

FEMININE PROVERB.—Love me, love my cat.

COURTSHIP.—A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new glove. The young lady should pull him on with the utmost tenderness at first, only making the smallest advance at a time, till she gradually gains upon him, and twists him ultimately round her little finger; whereas the young lady who is hasty, and in too great a hurry, will never get a lover to take her hand, but be left with nothing but her wits at her fingers' ends.

THE VALENTINE.

Little Foot Page. "I SAY, MARIA, WHAT'S A RHYME TO CUPID?"
Maria. "WHY, STUPID RHYMES TO CUPID—DON'T IT, STUPID?"

THE ADVENT OF SPRING.

"THE DEAR GIRLS REALLY MUST HAVE SOME NEW BONNETS, FOR THEY CANNOT POSSIBLY WEAR THOSE NASTY, SHABBY, DIRTY, OLD WINTER THINGS ANY LONGER."

AN OLD DANCE.—There is a very pretty dance, which young ladies are very fond of leading their parents, and which is generally played to a very pretty tune, but which has never been described yet. The following are the principal figures of this popular dance, which, for the want of a better name, we will call "LA FLIRTATION:"—

FIRST FIGURE. (*Before Supper*).—The lady and gentleman meet, take hands, and retire to a secret corner in the room. They sit, exchange glances, smile, and join in a general round of conversation. The gentleman makes the first advance, the lady the second. This continues several times, when Mamma comes forward, and the gentleman goes off to the right, and the lady to the left, and Mamma is left to go through the *Chaine des Dames* by herself.

SECOND FIGURE. (*At Supper*).—The gentleman hands across chicken, ham, jelly, and trifle, which are taken by the lady, and empty plates returned. They take wine, and balancez. Bonbons and crackers are exchanged several times, when Mamma comes across from the other side, and Daughter glissez out of the room. Gentleman sits opposite to pigeon-pie, and goes down the middle of the lobster salad and up again.

THIRD SET. (*After Supper*).—Lady chassez out of the room. Gentleman follows. Grand [illegible] Conservatory. Poussette from corner to corner, concluding with a quiet set on [illegible] concluded by the daughter being poussetted round the Conservatory, and chassezed up to bed. The gentleman does the *cavalier seul* out of the house, advances to a lantern, sets to a cigar, and promenades slowly home.

VALUABLE ADVICE TO TETCHY GENTLEMEN.—Our old grandmother used to say to our old grandfather, "It's useless quarrelling, my dear, for you know we must make it up again."

FEMALE EXTRAVAGANCE.—The incurable love of "bargains."

"When things get to the worst, they generally take a turn for the better." This proverb applies more particularly to a lady's silk dress—when she cannot get a new one.

LADIES' SPORTS AND PASTIMES.—The greatest amusement, when you have nothing else to do, is shopping. It can be indulged also at the very cheapest rate; for you can enjoy a good hour's entertainment for a yard of ribbon, or run through a bankrupt's stock merely for a paper of pins.

Another sport—is putting your husband's papers to rights. It is best to be present when

THE TRAFALGAR REVOLUTION.

MARCH XXXI. DAYS.					
1	Tu	David	17	S	St. Patrick
2	W	Chad.	18	S	4 S. in Lent
3	Th		19	M	
4	S	3 S. in Lent	20	Tu	
5	S		21	W	Benedict
6	M		22	Th	
7	Tu		23	F	
8	W	Perpetua	24	S	Ann. La. D.
9	Th	Old St. Mat.	25	S	4 S. in Lent
10	F		26	M	
11	S	3 S. in Lent	27	Tu	Pr. G. Cass. h.
12	S	Greg. Mart.	28	W	
13	M		29	Th	
14	Tu		30	F	Com. T. end.
15	W		31	S	Oxf. T. ends
16	Th				
17	F				

APRIL XXX. DAYS.					
1	S	Palm Sund.	16	M	East. T. beg.
2	M		17	Tu	
3	Tu	Rich. Bp. C.	18	W	Ox. & C. T. b.
4	W	Ambrose	19	Th	Alphege
5	Th	Maund. Th.	20	F	
6	F	Good Frid.	21	S	
7	S		22	S	2 S. af. Eas.
8	S	Easter Sun.	23	M	St. George
9	M	Easter Mon.	24	Tu	
10	Tu	Easter Tue.	25	W	
11	W		26	Th	Mark
12	Th		27	F	
13	F	N. 10h 29m.	28	S	
14	S		29	S	3 S. af. Eas.
15	S	1 S. af. Eas.	30	M	

THE SWELL MOBSMAN'S ALMANACK.

JANUARY.—Scating in Parks. Good eggscuse for tumblin against elderly coves, wich, if your 'and is found in their pockits, vy, 'ow can you help it? Also, ven gents break thro' into Serpentine, pockits must be turned out or they 'll never drie.

FEBRUARY.—QUEEN opens Parliment. Nuffin to be done in the line; but pickins a goin' in and out of Park. N.B. Forenners ain t no good; their chains mostly mosaic, and their fogles fetches next to nothin'. Rowdy ain't to be expected.

MARCH.—In vindy and dusty veather, keep to thoroughfares. A deal to be done in ridicule and ticker line, as ladies is a ke-pin' dresses down and old coves oldin hats on. Also busses vell filled this month, and *may be recommended*.

APRIL.—Greenwich Fair 'ad a carakter; but, speakin' from eggsperience, the rix is more than its vorth, havin' myself had three months at Brixun for sixpennuth coppers, a key, two thimbuls, and some gingerbred

MAY.—Plant about Exeter 'All. Take old ladies on way to 'All, as they generally hemptie into the plate. The vite chokers may be fingured on their vay 'ome, as they mostly brings hoff a pockitfull.

JUNE.—Hepsom, in course, Hascot, and the other races. Biginners 'ad better vork on the ropes, as carridge business requires fashunabul exterior and hassurance. Plate may be nabbed heasy, as tigers not so sharp after luncheon.

JULY.—Attend 'Logical Gardings regular on Sundays, and fashunabul places of worship. Prayer books is a drug. Hevening parties attended, and principal theatres, tho' since they 've got so low, nothin' vorth speakin' of to be done there. Young 'ands may be put on, as business tho' triflin' is safe.

AUGUST.—Nobilaty begins to leave town. Steamboats in good order this month, 'specially Sundays. Beginners should remember, if cotched may be ducked.

SEPTEMBER.—Waterin' places, if no objeckshun to travel. If equainted with forin languages, somethin' considerable may be done in sea-goin' steamers, as coves, ven sick, takes no notice whose 'and is in their pockits.

OCTOBER.—A werry dull month in London, and the Prowinces may be vurked with adwantage. Railway stashuns 'olds out good prospect for sharp 'ands, as there is a deal comin' and goin about this time, and werry slack look-out kept.

NOVEMBER.—Pr'aps the best month for the old 'uns, which, remember wen you 've eased a cove in a fogg never cut away in an 'urry, or crushers stops you. Lord Mare's Show used to be good, but don't draw the crowds it did some yeres ago.

DECEMBER.—You may keep your 'and in about Pantomime time; but werry little money in pepul's pockits this month, by reason of Crismas bills.

By attendin' to the abov', the young famly man will be abie to support hisself in desency and comfort.

AN ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE
THE CHARTER FOR EVER HURRAY
REPUPLICK IS PROCLAIMED
INSTRUCTIONS FOR BURNING LONDON
MEN OF ENGLAND RISE RIGHT

EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK.

KITCHEN MEASURE.

From a contemplated work, to be called "Arithmetic for the Area."

Three old hats make—one geranium.

Two pairs of trowsers make—one goldfinch.

Three dress-coats make—one set of basins.

Six double waistcoats make—one single pink.

Eight suppers make—one policeman's respect.

Three mouths' wages make—one policeman's love.

Four pounds of candles make—one pound of kitchen-stuff.

Two Sundays at Chapel make—one new *beau*.

Three followers make—one cousin.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE ARISTOCRACY IN APRIL.

About this time Spring Onions come in.

SPECIAL CONSTABLES. DISTRIBUTION OF THE STAVES.

Things to be forgotten by Historical Painters.

Forget—

That the Body of Harold was found after the battle of Hastings.

That Alfred ever let the Cakes burn on the Neatherd's hearth.

That Margaret of Anjou met with a robber.

That Eleanor sucked poison from her husband's arm.

That Phillipa interceded for the Burghers of Calais.

That Don Quixote fought with the windmill.

That the Vicar of Wakefield had a son named Moses.

DEFINITIONS.

Custom-House Regulations.—Things more honoured in the breach than the observance.

Duty—A tax equally heavy on the Custom-house and on the conscience.

MEMORANDUM FOR LAWYERS.—Prepare in January for the turmoil of Term. If you have a writ out against two parties, recollect the old saying, "First come, first served." January is a month always dear to the lawyers, but far dearer to their clients. It is under the patronage of JANUS, who wore a double face, and entered two appearances at once—doubtless for the sake of encouraging the profession.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.—Waiters, Watermen, Poor Jacks, Grottos, Guy Fauxes, Sweepers, and the day of a Bill being due.

THINGS TO BE AVOIDED.—British Brandy, Quack Medicines, Lord Mayors' Shows, the Thirteenth Seat in Omnibuses, the Reports of Protectionist Speeches, Bad Jokes, Infant Prodigies, and Perfect Substitutes for Silver.

SPORTING MEMORANDA.—Be careful not to have your pockets swept clean out by a Derby Sweep. By the way, it is understood that, in consequence of the declared illegality of all Sweeps, these concerns will endeavour to shelter themselves under the name of Ramoneurs.

THE WAY TO WIN A HUSBAND.

If your sweetheart happen to call about supper-time, go down into the kitchen, and take a mutton-chop. Broil nicely over a red fire, and set before him, with pickles and a jug of good ale. Whisper softly in his hearing, the words—"I did it." You will find this a very likely way indeed to win him.

HOW TO GET A NEW SUIT.

Go to M. JULLIEN'S Promenade Concerts and refuse to take your hat off during "God save the Queen;" which will induce somebody to do it for you. Seize him, in return, by the collar. There will probably ensue a scuffle, in which you will get your coat torn off your back. Bring an action at law against your adversary for damages, and the result will certainly be a new suit.

Steam-boat.—Noah's Ark, with the unclean things predominant.

SPECIAL CONSTABLE GOING ON DUTY.

Time—Two in the Morning.

Captain of the Beat. "OH! WE HAVE JUST LOOKED IN TO SAY THAT IT IS YOUR TURN TO GO ON DUTY. THE ROOKERY AT THE BACK OF SLAUGHTER'S ALLEY IS YOUR BEAT, I BELIEVE. YOU WILL LOSE NO TIME, IF YOU PLEASE, FOR IT'S A DREADFUL NEIGHBOURHOOD, AND ALL THE POLICE HAVE BEEN WITHDRAWN—INDEED, SEVERAL MOST BRUTAL AND SAVAGE ATTACKS HAVE TAKEN PLACE ALREADY!"

STEAM-BOAT STATISTICS.

Of three thousand passengers embarking at Hungerford in August, 1848, twelve hundred and four got into the wrong vessel, seven hundred and fifty-six landed at the wrong piers, and the remainder reached their proper destination. Of thirty-six captains of the iron boats, twenty-four have wives, and twelve families. Eighteen had served in the Marine Stores, and two had seen no service but a blue and white dinner service. Of two bottles of ginger beer that travelled in the *Moonlight* during the year, one was sold to a juvenile passenger, and the remaining one blew off its own head, in a state of fearful fermentation, off Battersea.

HOW TO CALCULATE INTEREST.

Of a book—by the reader keeping awake over it.

Of a story—by the listener not yawning at it.

Of a play—by taking the average of coughs in each scene.

MAY XXXI. DAYS.					
1	Tu	St. P. & St. J.	17	Th	Ascension
2	W	Cross	18	F	H. Thurs.
3	Th	Inv. of the	19	S	St. Dunstan
4	F		20	S	
5	S		21	M	
6	S	S. af. Ess.	22	Tu	Trin. T. beg.
7	M		23	W	
8	Tu	Ess. T. ends	24	Th	Q. V. b. 1819
9	W	N. 8h. 48m. l	25	F	
10	Th		26	S	
11	F		27	S	Whit Sun.
12	S	Old May D.	28	M	Whit Mon.
13	S	Rogat. Sun.	29	Tu	Whit Tues.
14	M		30	W	Oxf. T. beg.
15	Tu		31	Th	St. Nicom.
16	W				

JUNE XXX. DAYS.					
1	F		16	S	
2	S		17	S	2 Su. af. Tr.
3	S	Trin. Sun.	18	M	
4	M		19	Tu	
5	Tu	K. Hanov. b.	20	W	Qu. A. 1837
6	W	All d. or fw.	21	Th	Qu. Pr. 1837
7	Th	Corp. Chr.	22	F	
8	F		23	S	Mids. Day
9	S		24	S	2 Su. af. Tr.
10	S	1 Su. af. Tr.	25	M	
11	M		26	Tu	
12	Tu	Trin. T. en	27	W	
13	W		28	Th	Coron. 1838
14	Th		29	F	St. Peter
15	F		30	S	

THE RETROSPECTIVE ALMANACK

BY A NERVOUS MAN IN SEARCH OF QUIET QUARTERS.

JANUARY.—Finding England in a very unsatisfactory state, with apprehensions from Chartism, resolved on going abroad.

FEBRUARY.—Settled in Paris. Democratic Club constituted on first floor under my apartment. Barricade under window—porter took up arms, and I prepared for revolutionary bier.

MARCH.—Got death of cold standing at window with rushlight. Had to attend planting Tree of Liberty and blessing same Feet in hot water—mind ditto. Fled, after disposing of furniture at great loss, and nerves much shattered. Determined to take up abode in despotic country

APRIL.—Settled in Milan—Revolution. House bombarded from citadel, and self injured by piano thrown on head from first floor. Fled after again disposing of furniture, and nerves entirely ruined. Determined to seek shelter under moderate government.

MAY.—Arrived at Berlin. Revolution arrived shortly after. House made a military quarter, and self shot at several times. Fled, after again disposing of furniture; determined to try very strong despotism, and not take a house.

JUNE.—At hotel in Vienna. Government upset the day after arrival; self in cab built up into barricade, and shot over for several hours. Attempting to leave city, was arrested as Propagandist, and remained in prison a fortnight, having lost papers.

JULY.—At a loss where to go—determined to try small German State. Arrived at Hesse Darmstadt, found Students deposing Elector and breaking windows. Forced to drink great quantities of beer, to serious detriment of constitution, now thoroughly impaired, and fraternised with against my will as *freier Engländer*.

AUGUST.—Tried Frankfort, capital of *United* Germany;—found Assembly by the ears. Dropped in for two days of street-fighting, which I begin to get used to.

SEPTEMBER.—Came to Brussels—very dull. No revolution expected. Found quiet intolerable after excitement of last six months, and left.

OCTOBER.—Travelled about; looked out for some place with revolution expected. Could not find any, as revolutions over for the year everywhere. Rome recommended.

NOVEMBER.—Arrived at Rome just in time for the attack on the Quirinal. Joined Popular Club, and fraternised with CICEROWHACCHIO. Gave Pope letter of introduction to friends in England.

DECEMBER.—Interesting excursion to North Italy, to Mazzini, and week's campaign with insurgents about Lago Di Guarda. Price set on my head by RADETSKI. Saw advertisement in *Times* imploring me to return to distracted relatives. Don't intend to go, having made arrangements for Propagandist visit to Russia and Constantinople.

BATTLE OF THE OPERAS.

THE ARTIST'S ALMANACK.

TERMS USED IN ART.

Colour.—What ladies ought to do when they receive a compliment, and out-at-elbows gentlemen really do when waited upon with a little account.

Breadth.—A quality to be looked for in low Comedy and high Art.

Handling.—That dexterity which, whether shown with maul-sticks or "mauleys," produces striking effects.

Light and Shade.—The days when a patron calls with a commission for a picture, and the landlord with a request for the rent.

Glazing.—A trick practised by old masters on pictures, and modern cooks on hams and tongues. The necessity of it in Art is apparent from the name, "painters and glaziers."

Chiaroscuro.—A word to be used when you have got nothing else handy.

Mellowness.—A quality much admired in the old masters. It is given by a Jew broker with yellow varnish, liquorice-water, and turf-smoke.

PRINCIPAL SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

The BYZANTINE, the FLORENTINE, the ROMAN, the VENETIAN, the BOLOGNESE, the NEWMAN STREET, the CLIPSTONE STREET, the ST. MARTIN'S LANE, and the ROYAL ACADEMY. The first five schools flourished abroad; as for the last, the schools themselves are at home, but the schoolmasters abroad.

Moral Reflection.—What the best of us may come to—The Vernon Gallery!

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED BY PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

Remember—

That if you always "hold the mirror up to Nature," yours will certainly not be "the glass of Fashion."

That, as you must make faces, you may as well make pleasant ones.

That you must draw on your imagination for spirit to put into your sitters' mugs.

That when Nature and Art come into collision, Nature must go to the wall.

That you must never paint flat, though you may flatter.

That he who only paints what he sees, degrades himself into a Daguerreotype.

That Nature holds your I.O.U.; and why? Because Art owes everything to Nature, and don't pay—at least in this country.

SEA-SIDE, SATURDAY EVENING.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE "HUSBANDS' BOAT."

ARTISTIC MEMS.

JAN., FEB., MAR.—Work up your spring, summer, and autumn sketches, as the Bear, hibernating, consumes his internal fat.

APRIL.—Paint up for the Academy, and down for the Art-Union prize-holders.

MAY.—The Academy opens. If your picture is hung, let us hope the work is as well drawn as quartered.

JUNE, JULY, AND AUG.—Connoisseurs come out very strong; and, if active, you may catch some of that rare species, the Purchaser, on the fine mornings.

SEP. AND OCT.—During these months you may go to Mother Nature, and rob the old lady of as much as you can carry away in your portfolios. She has rich banks for you to draw on, and you *may* change your paper into cash, if you get her to indorse it.

JULY XXXI. DAYS.						AUGUST XXXI. DAYS.					
1	S	4 Su. af. Tr.	17	Tu		1	W	Lam. Day.	17	F	
2	M	Vis. V. M.	18	W	N. S h. 1 m. l.	2	Th		18	S	
3	Tu	Dog ds. beg	19	Th		3	F		19	S	11 S. af. Tr.
4	W	Tr. St. Mart.	20	F	Margaret	4	S		20	M	
5	Th		21	S		5	S	9 Su. af. Tr	21	Tu	
6	F		22	S	7 Su. af. Tr.	6	M	P. Alfred b (1844	22	W	
7	S	O. T. ends	23	M	St. Mary M.	7	Tu		23	Th	
8	S	5 Su. af. Tr.	24	Tu		8	W		24	F	St. Barthol.
9	M		25	W	St. James	9	Th		25	S	
10	Tu		26	Th	St. Anne	10	F	St. Lawren.	26	S	12 S. af. Tr.
11	W	Old St. Pet	27	F		11	S	Dog ds. end	27	M	
12	Th		28	S		12	S	10 S. af. Tr.	28	Tu	St. August.
13	F		29	S	8 Su. af. Tr.	13	M		29	W	Sir J. Bap. b.
14	S		30	M		14	Tu		30	Th	
15	S	6 Su. af. Tr.	31	Tu		15	W	Ass. B.V.M.	31	F	
16	M	Sw. th. in				16	Th				

THE WIFE'S ALMANACK.

JANUARY. (THINGS TO BE DONE.)—Wedding-Day Party on New Year's Day; married thirteen years to GOTOBED. Dance, and a round game. Kill two holidays with one sandwich.—Take the children to Pantomime, *if possible* with *orders*.

FEBRUARY.—Keep JULIA'S 12th birth-day. Buy *a little present* for GOTOBED. For fortnight no fish; no puddings. Think of *something nice* towards end of month for GOTOBED'S suppers. Induce GOTOBED only just for *once* to look in with me at SWAN & EDGAR'S.

MARCH.—Resolve to insist upon fur tippet and cuffs, or resolve to *catch my death*, or keep at home till mild weather.—Leave off muffins.—SAMUEL eleven years old; keep the day.—Expect a present from GOTOBED.

APRIL.—Treat GOTOBED with a *nice quarter* of house-lamb; we're *both* so fond of it.—To make up Income Tax, leave off fires. Must save somewhere; the rates so dreadful.—Just *look in* at SWAN & EDGAR'S.—Keep MARY ANNE'S 10th birth-day.

MAY.—Go with children to Exeter Hall and MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY. Little dears! let 'em *enjoy life* while they can.—*Walk* to SWAN & EDGAR'S: *no times these* for money on busses.—Keep JOSEPH'S 9th birth-day: first gooseberry pudding; *whatever* the price of gooseberries, *will* have a pudding.

JUNE.—Children home for holidays: as a duty, take 'em to MADAME TUSSAUD'S, and everywhere, to *open their minds*. Go to SWAN & EDGAR'S.—LOUISA eight years old; keep it with wild beasts and fireworks at Surrey Gardens.

JULY.—Talk to GOTOBED about leaving town.—Calculate the cost till end of month, which will be *next to nothing*.—Can't go to sea-side a fright; therefore go to SWAN & EDGAR'S.

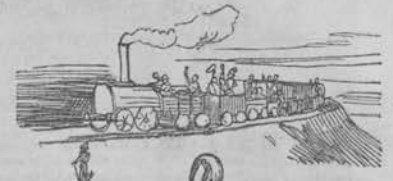
AUGUST.—At Margate happy, and thinking of nothing but GOTOBED'S coming down on Saturdays. LOUISA and PETER'S birth-days both falling this month, keep 'em together—must save somewhere. Don't go *at all* to SWAN & EDGAR'S.

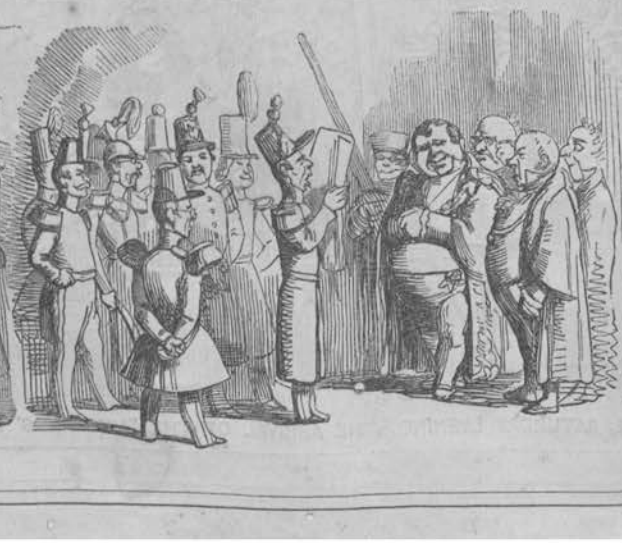
SEPTEMBER.—Pack up and get home. Set house to rights.—Keep KITTY'S 5th birth-day; and for a change, go somewhere else—*not* SWAN & EDGAR'S.

OCTOBER.—Make GOTOBED live close and quiet, to save for Margate; don't buy for myself *so much as a piece of tape*. A quiet juvenile party for GEORGY'S birth-day—Malaga and pound-cake—the dear thing only four years.—Hardly believe I once think of SWAN & EDGAR'S.

NOVEMBER.—Don't stir, and see nobody: must save for Christmas.—Just a few friends—SALLY three years old. Go for Christmas gown to SWAN & EDGAR'S.

DECEMBER.—Boys home.—Mince-pies. A love of a turkey from Norfolk.—Dear baby's birth-day. Christmas Eve. Plum-pudding big as balloon. Delightful Christmas day; all so happy and so gay—I wearing new gown from SWAN & EDGAR'S.





AUTUMNAL FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

THE TRAVELLER'S ALMANACK.

THE BEST TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

A GOOD digestion, a keen razor, an easy pair of boots, a MURRAY'S *Hand-Book*, a friend who isn't fidgetty, a very elastic portmanteau, a letter of credit, a spare axle, a tolerance of garlic, the habit of making the best of everything, and a hide impervious to B flats, F sharps, and the other bed-fellows that the misery of travelling makes a man acquainted with.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Remember that France, Spain, Germany, Italy, are not England, and behave yourself accordingly.

Remember that losing your temper and losing your keys are equally inexcusable while travelling.

Remember not to forget anything.

Remember that you 're certain of a stoppage in the City.

Remember that a carpet-bag is never full, and a cabman never satisfied.

Remember the waiters on all occasions.

Remember that foreigners *will* judge the house from the brick, so behave like "a brick" on all occasions.

WHAT TO AVOID, ON ARRIVING AT A STRANGE PLACE.

Don't take a *laquais de place*.

Don't think it necessary to "do" your churches and picture galleries against time.

Don't admire everything.

Don't admire nothing.

WHAT TO OBSERVE.

A regard to the prejudices of other nations, and the credit of your own.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

For keeping your temper. — Never get into a passion.

For getting on. —Never be in a hurry.

For avoiding extortion.—Lodge at the best hotel, and buy at the best shop.

For avoiding mistakes. — Don't express opinions.

APHORISMS FOR TRAVELLERS.

What a wheel is without grease, so is a man without

THE NEXT BEST THING TO KEEPING YOUR OWN HUNTERS, IS, TO HIRE "MADE HORSES," THAT THOROUGHLY

Every traveller wears coloured spectacles, and should allow for the effect on men, manners, and landscapes.

Patience is a moral mosquito-net.

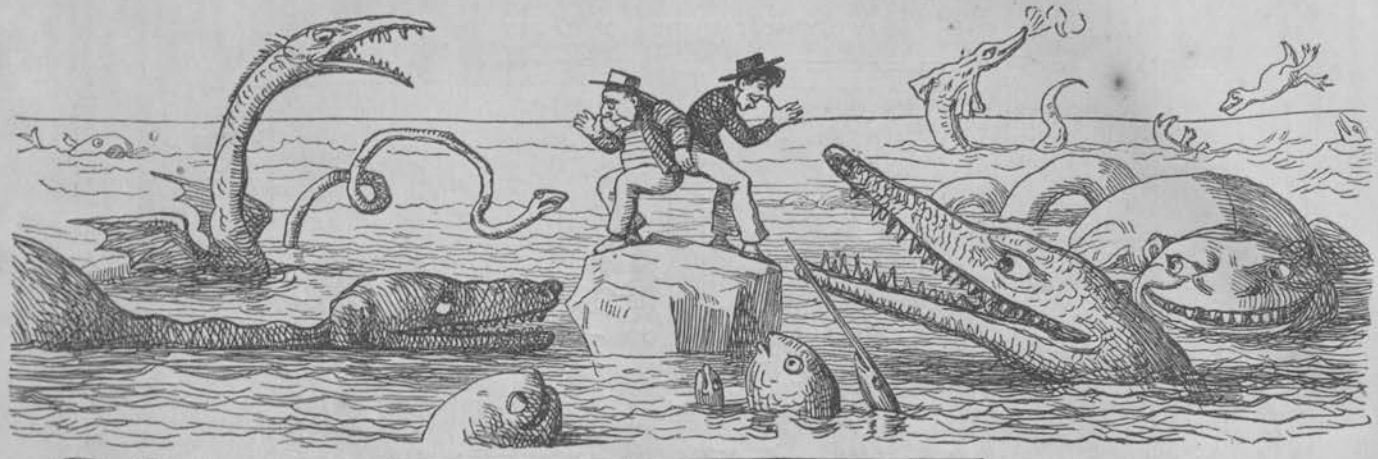
Politeness is like an air-cushion — there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases jolts wonderfully.

There is no community all rogues, any more than a currency all bad money. To have any chance of passing, both must be sparingly mixed with the genuine article.

If a great man has on some occasion steamed in the same boat, or run in the same train with you, don't begin your anecdotes, when you get home, with—"When I was travelling with so and so."

Always buy your sketches ready-made. It saves time, and they are certain to be better than any you can

THE GREAT SEA SERPENT.



SEPTEMBER XXX. DAYS.					
1		Giles.	16	S	15 S. af.Tr.
2	S	13 S. af.Tr.	17	M	
3	M		18	Tu	
4	Tu		19	W	Ember Wk.
5	W	Old Bartho.	20	Th	
6	Th	6	21	F	St.Matthew
7	F	Eusebius	22	S	
8	S	Nat.B.V.M.	23	S	16 S. af.Tr
9	S	14 S. af.Tr	24	M	
10	M		25	Tu	
11	Tu		26	W	St. Cyp.
12	W		27	Th	
13	Th		28	F	
14	F	Holy Cross	29	S	St. Michael
15	S		30	S	17 S.af.Tr.

OCTOBER XXXI. DAYS.					
1	M	Remigius	17	W	Etheldreda
2	Tu		18	Th	St. Luke
3	W	Old St.Mat.	19	F	
4	Th		20	S	
5	F		21	S	20 S. af.Tr.
6	S	Faith	22	M	
7	S	18 S. af.Tr.	23	Tu	
8	M		24	W	
9	Tu	St. Denys	25		St. Crispin.
10	W	Ox.&C.T.h.	26		
11	Th	Old Mich D.	27		
12	F		28		21 S. af.Tr.
13	S	Tr.K. Ed.C.	29		
14	S	19 S. af.Tr.	30		
15	M		31	W	
16	Tu				

THE PHRENOLOGICAL ALMANACK.

JANUARY.—Calculation is brought into requisition for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of Christmas bills; and Comparison, which is always odious, comes into play for the purpose of comparing the amount of the bills with the means of meeting them.

FEBRUARY.—Amativeness shows itself about Valentine's Day, and the flame of love resorts to Bath (post), to allay its consuming fires. Adhesiveness becomes a prominent organ with reference to HER MAJESTY'S head, in the shape of postage stamps.

MARCH.—Inhabitiveness becomes very faint in this month among those who are not quite prepared to pay their rents, and who accordingly quit their habitations before quarter day; but TIME may be strongly manifested in the cerebral organisation of the landlord, and prompt him to keep pace with the movements of his tenant.

APRIL.—About the first of the month Cautiousness will material y fail; bills will be accepted on the one hand, and discounted on the other, with the utmost laxity.

MAY.—Tune will be predominant in this month, when the Opera season will be at its height, and Combativeness will be found in some force at the pit entrance of the Opera.

JUNE.—Colour, Form, and Individuality will be the organs in vogue during this month, when the Exhibitions of Paintings will be open. Individuality will have the most powerful effect, and will send many individuals to Trafalgar Square to see their own portraits at the Royal Academy.

JULY.—In this month Locality, or Memory of place, will induce many to recollect Margate with affection, and Causality will be in great request by husbands, who will be called upon to explain why the usual excursion to the sea-side cannot be taken.

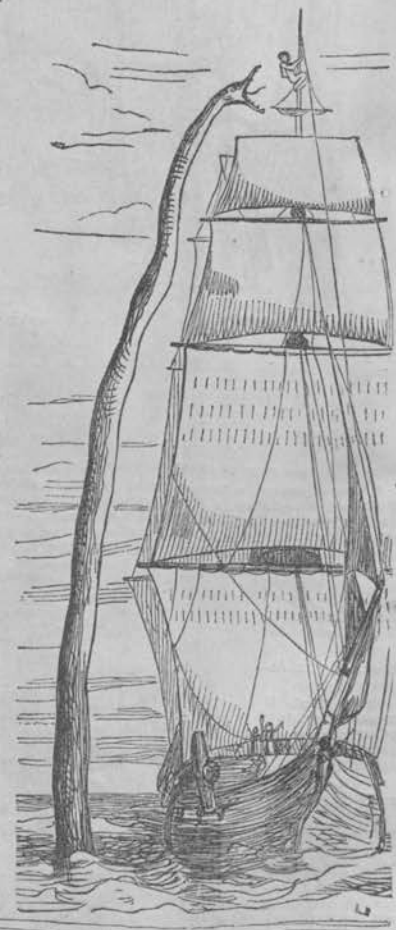
AUGUST.—Marvellousness develops itself generally throughout the country, which marvels at the length of time the Parliament has sat, and the little amount of business that has been got through in the period.

SEPTEMBER.—In order to gratify the organ of Eventuality, or a desire for the narration of occurrences that is sure to arise in this dull month, the newspapers resort to a strong development of Size, and give exaggerated magnitude to late gooseberries, or early cabbages.

OCTOBER.—Destructiveness, the lawyer's great organ, which has been dormant during the Long Vacation, comes into new activity at the close of this month; and Acquisitiveness, or a desire for Costs, resumes its playful influence.

NOVEMBER.—This is the month when Alimentiveness revels in the enjoyment of Lord Mayors' dinners, and the rest of the feasting which Imitativeness renders common at this period.

DECEMBER.—If Self-Esteem and Approbativeness can fairly assert themselves in this month, on a review of the passing year, the Christmas may be devoted to Mirthfulness, and will be further sweetened by giving free vent to the organ of Benevolence.



THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S ALMANACK.

TO dream of a Millstone about your neck, is a sign of what you may expect if you marry an extravagant wife.

When a housekeeper dreams of bell-ringing, and wakes with the sound of it in his ears, it generally indicates that there is somebody at the door—most probably a "gent" who has been supping at the Cider-Cellars.

It is very lucky to dream that you pay for a thing twice over; since afterwards, you will probably take care to have all your bills receipted.

To dream that you are a Judge, is a sign that you will remain a bachelor. (No!—*Ed.*)

To dream of Bagpipes is an agreeable omen. On the principle that dreams are to be interpreted by contraries, you may expect to hear music.

To dream of a Bear, foretokens mischief; which your vision shows you is a Bruin.

If you dream of Beer, it is a sign that you may expect "pot-luck."

To dream of a Boar, forebodes a Railway call.

To dream of a Cab foreshows a journey, and a dispute at the end of it; which will probably have some reference to the fare.

To dream of Ice is a favourable omen to a lady, provided she relates her dream to an agreeable young man on passing a pastrycook's shop on a hot day.

If you dream of a Ducking, it may be presumed that you will escape one, by having the prudence not to venture forth without your umbrella.

To see Apples in a dream, betokens a wedding; because, where you find Apples, you may reasonably expect Pairs.

To dream that you are travelling on a railway by the express train, admonishes you that you are going too fast, and intimates that you ought to "pull up."

To dream that you are lame, is a token that you will get into a hobble.

When a young lady dreams of a Coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue tight stays, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather.

To dream of Soap betokens a combat, in which you may expect to get lathered.

If you dream of Tears, it is a sign that you may safely speculate on a fall in blubber.

If you dream of a Clock, it is a token that you will gain great credit—that is, tick.

When a fashionable young lady dreams of a Filbert, it is a sign that her thoughts are running upon the Colonel.

If you dream of Clothes, it is a warning not to go to law; for, by the rule of contraries, you will be sure of a non-suit.

To dream of an Altar denotes some heavy affliction. The next morning you find a speech of MR. ANSTEY'S in the newspaper, and get a severe headache in the fruitless attempt to wade through it.

For a person in unembarrassed circumstances to dream that he is arrested is very fortunate; for it is a warning to him on no account to accept a bill.

To dream of a Fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that all the lights in your house are out before you go to bed.

To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy-and-water.

To dream you are eating, is certain to come true—at breakfast.

To dream of a Barber denotes losses. Hairs may expect to be cut off.

Dreaming of Walking Barefoot denotes a journey—which will be bootless.

To dream of Eggs is a sign that you will discover a mare's nest.

To dream of having a great number of servants is—madness.

Dreaming of Larks is ominous of the station-house.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

VOICE OF THE STARS.

MARCH.—Governors are harassed by opposition, which proceeds from the unruly portion of Young England. The Rising Generation will frequent Casinos and smoke cigars, and will not be in by ten o'clock. They will speak openly and advisedly of their domestic rights, and compass and imagine imprudent matrimony.

APRIL.—The aspect of the stars on the 1st indicates great good fortune to speculators in the Derby Sweeps. JUPITER approaching LEO indicates a £10,000 prize coming to MR. DUPESBY, one of these fine days, but which of them the planets do not say with perfect precision.

JULY.—MARS now enters TAURUS. This pugnacious planet in conjunction with the BULL, evidently relates to Ireland, where some grand rows originating in some gross blunder, may, for the thousand and first time, be calculated on.

AUGUST.—MARS now enters GEMINI; and awful debates are occasioned in Parliament by the Spirit of Discord seizing on Messrs. URQUHART and CHISHOLM ANSTEY.

DECEMBER.—The malefics in ARIES are still menacing JOHN BULL; nevertheless, let us hope that he will find consolation in LIBRA, by finding himself, this Christmas, with a balance at his banker's.

DIVINATION.

RULES FOR THE HAND.—If you have any lines on your hands, in the present state of the railway market, it is a sign that you had better get them off as soon as possible. A handful of halfpence is a sign of change. A double fist portendeth a black eye. A close fist is the mark of a universal philanthropist.

CARDS.—The Deuce of Clubs is domestic unhappiness, occasioned by keeping married gentlemen away from their hearths and homes. In Paris, the Deuce of Clubs is conspiracy and rebellion. The Tray of Clubs brings broiled bones and sandwich. The Deuce of Diamonds is, that ladies are very fond then, and they are so dreadfully expensive. The Queen of Hearts denotes JENNY LIND. Whatever Spades turn up, take care that you do not put your foot in it.

TEA AND COFFEE GROUNDS.—Among the various grounds on which the future can be predicted, are those of Tea and Coffee. The sloe-leaf indicates that you have been cheated by your grocer. Grains of sand suggest the propriety of going to another shop for sugar. The form of the moon is a sign that you are consulting your oracle under the influence of that planet.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY—AS IT WAS, AND AS IT WILL BE.

NOVEMBER XXX. DAYS.					
1	Th	All Saints	16	F	
2	F	Mich. T. b.	17	S	Hugh, B. of L.
3	S		18	S	24 S. af. Tr.
4	S	22 S. af. Tr.	19	M	
5	M	Gunpow. Pl.	20	Tu	Ed. K. & Ma.
6	Tu	Leonard	21	W	
7	W		22	Th	Cecilia
8	Th	(b. 1841	23	F	
9	F	Prn. of Wales	24	S	
10	S	Id. May D.	25	S	25 S. af. Tr.
11	S	23 S. af. Tr.	26	M	Mich. T. es.
12	M		27	Tu	
13	Tu	Britius	28	W	
14	W		29	Th	
15	Th	Machutus	30	F	St. Andrew

DECEMBER XXXI. DAYS.					
1			17	M	
2	S	Adv. Sund.	18	Tu	Ov. M. T. es.
3	M		19	W	Ember Wk.
4	Tu		20	Th	
5	W		21	F	St. Thomas
6	Th	St. Nicholas	22	S	
7	F		23	S	4 Sn. in Ad.
8	S	Con. B. V. M	24	M	
9	S	2 Sn. in Ad.	25	Tu	Christ. Day
10	M		26	W	St. Stephen
11	Tu		27	Th	St. John
12	W		28	F	Innocents'
13	Th	Lucy	29	S	
14	F		30	S	Sn. af. Chr.
15	S		31	M	Silvester
16	S	3 Sn. in Ad.			

THE UNIVERSITY ALMANACK.

AS IT WAS.

Hilary.—On mild days, run with Pytchley or burst with Hardwick. In frosty mornings, sparring will keep your pins and pegs in fine order. Strong and warm night-caps used, for which "lambswool" is a good material, and may be thus made:—Gin, rum, strong ale, and spice. Cambridge prefers "Bishop," from respect to Establishment, while Oxford leans to "Cardinal."

Easter.—Many Cantabs sold in Newmarket. Many books made about this time. Throughout May, Cam and Isis covered with eight-oars, "Youth at the prow, and Folly at the helm." The favourite "bumped," which is *a stopper to his backer.* (Oh!) Cram for Oxford collections and Cambridge examinations. Wet towels round head much worn in evenings and cards cut till examinations shuffled through.

L. Vac.—Many Reading parties go out, to Jersey, Guernsey, Isle of Wight, Normandy, Wales, and Scottish Highlands. Libraries of these parties consist of cigar-cases, spirit-flasks, fishing-rods, rifles, sketching-stools, and small-talk; a little game and a great deal of time killed.

Michaelmas.—Freshmen come up, and stale jokes played off. Ten men asked to breakfast with Vice-Chancellor. Town-and-Gown Rows flourish during November, and many Bargees give and take bloody noses. Damp weather invites to frequent drains. Dog-fighting vainly struggled with, and denouncing long ticks gone through as usual.

AS IT WILL BE.

Hilary.—Now plunge into your problems. A dose of Political Economy before breakfast will brace system, and a good grind at Mill will warm you. At breakfast-table, let fossil bones of extinct species divide attention with broiled ditto of existing animals. Let use of globes supersede that of gloves. To bed on stiff dose of mixed Mathematics.

Easter.—Now canter over domains of Modern History—taking care not to fall into erroneous theories. The May-fly suggests studies in Entomology, and Paley and Palæontology may be carried on together. Conversaziones in fashion among the young men this month, in which Tea, Toast, Theology, Ethics, Pneumatics, Botany, Mineralogy, Civil Law, and Chemistry, are served up. The only feast-days feasts of Reason, and flow of Copus and Episcopus (or Bishop) stopped for flow of soul.

L. Vac.—Several Reading parties go out—to look for North Pole by light of magnetic dip. Several eggs boiled by enthusiastic students in Great Geyser, and vapours of Grotto del Cane analysed in Dog-days. British grasses greedily devoured, and insects of our island all impaled.

Michaelmas.—Youthful devotee of Science received to bosom of Alma Mater. Many accidents from playing at Chemistry. Cam and Isis set on fire in attempt to discover Perpetual Motion. Man from public school betakes himself to Mathematics. Found to have escaped from private asylum.

OUR NEW YEAR'S CAROL.

THE daylight lengthens, and the sunshine strengthens,
And things in general also look more clear;
Trade growing brighter as the skies get lighter:
Thus, in its cradle, smiles the new-born Year.

Snowdrops now sleeping, shortly will be peeping
Forth, and the crocus lift its yellow cup;
But faster thriving, sooner still reviving,
The markets are already looking up.

To its meridian, with rise quotidian,
More highly soars the rolling orb of day;
And looms are spinning quicker, mills beginning
With fresh velocity to whirl away.

From hill and mountain, and from crystal fountain,
Each dawn more early sweeps the fog and mist;
The gloom dispelling, too, which has been dwelling
So long on yarn and wool, and cotton-twist.

His arms unfolding, better times beholding,
Old Business takes his pen from o'er his ear,
His ledger spreading, and a clean page heading,
In hopeful flourish, with another year.

And *Punch*, the undrooping, all the public whooping,
Shouting with might and main for joy and mirth,
Rears these new columns on his former volumes,
To teach, reform, and jollify the Earth.

THE WINDSOR CASTLE SHAKESPEARE.

ANOTHER new edition of the immortal bard must, or ought to be, speedily prepared, under the title of *The Windsor Castle Shakespeare;* for the scholarly gentleman who has been intrusted with the presentation of the Poet before the QUEEN, has used the pruning-knife with unusual vehemence. Perhaps the work has been, on the whole, judiciously performed, but we must protest, in the name of all the Sextons of England, against the dismissal of the well-known *Gravedigger* from the situation he has long held in the tragedy of *Hamlet*. This seems to us second only to the great original idea of omitting the *Prince of Denmark* from this play; for, in many minds, the *Gravedigger* has impressed himself on the recollection as one of the principal characters. With the actors themselves, this One of Spades was always regarded as a sure card wherever it was played; and the corpulence of the performer, enhanced by a multiplicity of waistcoats, was, to use a technical phrase, one of those "delicious bits of fat" that are hungered after by the professional appetite.

The exclusion of the *Gravedigger* from the royal presence will render it necessary, *à fortiori*, that *Yorick's* skull, which was always a crack bit with the tragedian, should be entirely left out; and the grand point where *Hamlet* usually jumps into the newly-dug grave of *Ophelia* must be got rid of altogether, or a substitute found, which will enable the performer to strike his attitude, form his picture, and bring down his applause in some new manner.

We presume the benefit of purification will be given to *Box and Cox*, and that MR. BUCKSTONE'S by-play with the piece of bacon—a literal "bit of fat"—will be expunged in the same nice spirit that has dealt with the unfortunate *Gravedigger*.

TRIAL OF THE HORSE GUARDS CLOCK.

It having been rumoured that the Horse Guards Clock was about to be put upon its trial for obtaining credit under false pretences, the avenue to the Court—Bride Court, Fleet Street—was choked up at an early hour; and MR. CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH took his seat upon the Bench, behind his own counter, at precisely ten.

The prosecution was conducted by MR. BRIEFLESS, and the Clock appeared in person for its own defence.

After opening the pleadings, in a loud voice MR. BRIEFLESS proceeded to observe, that this was the most miserable moment of his existence. His pain arose from being called upon to impugn the character of one who had long been looked up to as a pattern of correctness and probity: he meant the Horse Guards Clock. Really he felt it to be an awful sign of the general derangement of the Times, that the defendant should have been detected, after so many years of regularity, in going astray. He should not dwell upon this painful theme, but would proceed to call the witnesses that would prove this distressing case.

The first witness called was LORD DENMAN, who said he had known the Clock for some years, and had been in the habit of looking up to it with great respect. Witness had lately observed a marked alteration in the habits of the Clock. It had stood with its hands joined together, in which position it had remained motionless for many hours. At other times witness had seen the Clock spreading out its hands in opposite directions, as if there were something internally wrong; and this fact was clearly perceptible by what was depicted on its face.

Cross-examined.—Believed the Clock intended well, and generally acted well; but had been given to understand that it refused to be wound up for it, even when its actions were regular. Was not aware how often this winding-up was required.

Re-examined by MR. BRIEFLESS.—Considered the Clock double-faced, and in future would not believe it, as he had done formerly. Had seen the Clock black in the face one minute, when looking one way, and when looking the other way the face had been deadly pale.

This being the case for the prosecution, the Clock was called upon for its defence; and after a brief address, in the course of which it declared it was the first time it had ever stood in that position, or been known to stand at all, it called several witnesses to character.

LORD SILIBOY was a clerk in the Treasury, and had frequently watched the Clock; that is to say, had set his watch by it.

Cross-examined by MR. BRIEFLESS.—Watched the Clock because he had nothing particular to do. He often—like the Clock itself—had a good deal of time upon his hands. Would not say this was a cause of any particular sympathy between them. But such was the fact.

After a few other witnesses, whose evidence went to nearly the same effect, MR. CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH proceeded to sum up, and the Jury returned a verdict of *Guilty*, but strongly recommended the Clock to mercy, on account of its previous character. MR. CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH then passed sentence in the following words:—

"You have been convicted by a Jury of your countrymen, upon the clearest evidence, of an offence of a grave character—that of obtaining credit under false pretences. There may be some grounds for recommending you to mercy: you have not taken advantage of the recent revolutions to join in any precipitate movement, it is true; but you have made a stand against regularity and order, by refusing to move at all. There is no evidence of any policeman having told you to move on; but you know it was your duty to have moved on, and therefore that is no excuse. The sentence of the Court is, that you be bound over to keep the time for twelve months, and that you be kept to hard labour upon your own wheel during Her Majesty's pleasure."

A LIGHT ARTICLE.

THE Electric Light is still in a comparative state of darkness; so we will endeavour to throw a little light upon it, and show what there is in it. First of all, it can be exhibited under the water; which will enable us to get literally a stream of fire, and we may have burning jets-d'eau. Any one who wishes to set the Thames in a state of ignition, can easily accomplish it by secreting a series of Electric Lights in the bed of the river. It can be exhibited, also, in a vacuum, which recommends it at once as the best illumination for many of our theatres. It emancipates no blacks, like Camphine, and respects the snowy purity of the most delicate muslin and the fairest satin.

There is nothing explosive in its nature, and you may have any quantity you like without blowing your roof off, or sending your front parlour into the house opposite. It can be increased unlimitedly; so that, if placed on the top of St. Paul's, we shall be able to mimic the brightest mid-day on the darkest midnight. Curious policemen will have no necessity to carry any more bull's-eyes, with which to peep through keyholes when they hear anybody coming. Fire Offices will be obliged to lower their rates of insurance, on account of the less danger of fire; and a November Fog will become a transparent absurdity. Who knows, we shall have electric matches? and any one who wants a light for his cigar will have to say, "Could you oblige me with a little electricity?"

Darkness will have to retreat to the Shades below; the Arabian Nights will be the only ones left; and our lamplighters will be superseded by practical chemists. Imagine FARADAY running up to the top of the NELSON Pillar every morning to turn off the electricity, or having to ascend all our high monuments at a certain hour, to give each Light its customary coalscuttle of charcoal! However, one great benefit is, that the Electric Light is sure to lower the extremely high prices of the Gas Companies, if it does not extinguish the vile monopolies altogether, and number the Gas with the "Light of other days."

WILLS WITHOUT LAWYERS.

(*Vide* "Home Made Wills."—*Newspaper paragraph.*)

I WAS a dissolute young blade,
A scapegrace of the worst degree,
And so my slow old uncle made
A Will to disinherit me.

To save the lawyer's fees intent,
The deed himself he needs must draw,
And, by that precious testament,
He cut off me—his heir-at-law.

At last the old curmudgeon died,
And, lo! the Will, when 'twas perused,
Proved only signed on its outside—
And so the probate was refused.

The tin is mine instead of BILL'S,
Although I am a worthless whelp:
So here's success to all whose Wills
Are made without a lawyer's help.

THE ADVENTURES OF A CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

YOUR goose leaves Suffolk three days before Christmas Day.

It passes one day on the Railway.

The next day it rests with a few thousands of its plucked brothers at the Railway Station.

In the evening, the anxious owner, who has received a letter apprising him of the Christmas present, calls to inquire after his goose, but there are so many persons all engaged upon a similar wild-goose errand, that he is directed, after waiting till twelve o'clock, to call again the following day.

The following day is Sunday. The goose still slumbers at the Railway Station.

Christmas Day passes, and yet there is no Christmas Goose! Who likes to run five miles on Christmas Day, merely to return with a goose for his pains?

On Tuesday another pilgrimage is made. A large mountain of geese are turned over one after another; but the one you want does not exactly turn up. There must be some mistake.

You write off to your Suffolk friend, and receive an answer with full particulars. Furnished with these, you travel again on the Wednesday to the Railway Station, and are informed that your goose, not having been called for at the proper time, was put up to auction amongst the railway porters, and knocked down for one and twopence. This sum is tendered to you, or you are handsomely allowed the option of selecting any one of the unclaimed geese that are piled up in the Goods Office. You select the finest, as you think, and are agreeably informed by your wife, when you reach home, that your goose is "as bad as bad can be."

Your only remedy is to send it to a poor relation.

Private Note for Country Cousins.

If you wish to make a friend in town a New Year's Gift, you cannot do better than send him a Christmas-box by the railway, and it will arrive just in time.

ROYAL PATRONAGE.—In consequence of the immense success attendant upon the royal patronage of the British Drama, the Theatre Royal Haymarket will continue closed every night that the company performs before HER MAJESTY at Windsor.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

SCENE.—*The Kitchen.*

Cook. "WHO WAS THAT AT THE DOOR, MARY?"

Mary. "OH! SUCH A NICE-SPOKEN GENTLEMAN WITH MOUSTARSHERS. HE'S A WRITIN A LETTER IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. HE SAYS HE'S A OLD SCHOOLFELLER OF MASTER'S JUST COME FROM INGIA."

SCENE.—*The Hall.*

THE NICE-SPOKEN GENTLEMAN IS SEEN DEPARTING WITH WHAT GREAT-COATS AND OTHER TRIFLES HE MAY HAVE LAID HIS HANDS UPON.

PANTOMIMIC DISTRESS.

IN many accounts we regret to hear that the paucity of pantomimes at the theatres has thrown several sets of pantomimists out of employ. We understand that two or three of the unfortunate mendicants who go about London without shoes and with tattered trowsers, are themselves worn-out Pantaloons. Several Clowns, who are deprived of their usual Christmas engagement, have taken to the business of distressed widowers, and their stage practice allows them to carry a larger weight of motherless children than the mere professional beggar is able to hold in his arms. Some of the babies being infant Clowns, intended for a pantomime life, are skilled in that species of gymnastics which will qualify them for piling themselves up into pitiable pyramids, to excite the commiseration of the public; and the old original street widower declares he has now no chance, unless he can get his juvenile band of auxiliaries to howl more lugubriously, as a sort of counter-attraction to the acrobatic feats of his rivals.

Any one must have observed how the picturesque has recently been introduced into the trade of itinerant mendicancy. And we should not be surprised to hear that artists are regularly employed for the purpose of grouping the objects of compassion with a view to effect, and teaching the value of the true *chiaro 'scuro* to the chalky-faced humbug who disposes himself under the light of a gas-lamp, by way of throwing himself up into the public eye in very high relief, and as a fit object for the same.

There is something awful in the competition of widows with large families; and in neighbourhoods where there is much rivalry, we have observed these families increasing against each other at the rate of one per week. If the public were aware that the bouncing babies lying on the laps of certain female impostors were bouncers in reality, being no babies at all, but children of four or five years of age, sent to sleep for a time—and perhaps, in the end, sent to sleep altogether—by drugging, we think, instead of putting their hands into their pockets, the really benevolently disposed would prefer putting the impostors themselves into the hands of the police. Surely the Mendicity Society is little better than a Mendacity Society, if it does not interfere to put down these monstrous and inhuman mockeries, which divert so much true charity into a wrong channel, at a time when there are but too many legitimate objects for all the benevolence the public may be disposed to exercise.

TRANSATLANTIC RELATIVES.

AN advertisement in one of the Southern American papers states, that—

"The subscriber has for sale six able-bodied mechanics, *which* he will dispose of to the highest bidder, for cash or approved paper, on Saturday next."

The "mechanics," the antecedents to the neuter pronoun relative, are, it is needless to observe, negro slaves. *Who*, according to LINDLEY MURRAY, is applied to persons, *which* to animals and inanimate things. This rule, it seems, is modified by Anglo-American grammarians: *who*, in their accidence, relates to free and enlightened citizens, *which* to animals, inanimate things, and—niggers. Now, according to the principles of English grammar, the term *which*, on the contrary, should be used in speaking of slaveholders, since that is the pronoun to be employed in reference to brutes.

MR. DUNUP'S PLAN OF DOMESTIC FINANCIAL REFORM.

The following able document, from the pen of Mr. Dunup, has been addressed to us, and we give it the benefit of immediate publicity:—

"Dear Sir,—From the reception you have given to my former communications, I am sure you will be ready to listen to my suggestions for economy and retrenchment—a question upon which I, as a large consumer of other people's means, if not my own, am well qualified to speak.

"I would suggest to you the propriety of proposing, to the nation at large, a Family Budget applicable to all classes of society; and, taking the average income at five hundred a year, I will proceed to make that sum my basis; for, in dealing with other people's incomes I am somewhat expert.

"To begin with the Customs, or in other words, the position of the public as customers, let us take tea—though, by the way, I have not yet taken dinner—and see what is to be done. Your grocer's bill may be, in round numbers, a pound a week, which I would reduce to fifteen shillings by throwing out the birch from the genuine plant, the sand from the sugar, and the servants' fingers from both.

"We will now, if you please, go back to breakfast, where we will request the milkman to remove his calcareous deposit from his milk-cans, or, to use a vulgar but forcible expression, we will call upon him to 'walk his chalks.' I will not, however, go further into milk than will be sufficient for skimming its surface; but, if every family consuming a pint *per diem* saves a halfpenny in the four-and-twenty hours, it will give a grand total, which, in round numbers, will save the nation more than I have leisure to calculate.

"We next come to soap—I mean soft soap—by means of which many a father of a family finds himself smoothed over into the permission of little extravagances that he ought to withstand. There is the honey-soap from his wife, which causes a large outlay in new dresses, and there are other kinds and qualities of soap, of which he ought to be able to wash his hands.

"The next item in my Family Budget may be entitled the Direct Taxes, consisting as they do of those plain matter-of-fact demands on the pocket which are made on account of sea-side excursions, visits to the Opera, and other matters of the kind. The Excise Duties, and all other duties, sink into insignificance when compared with these very heavy domestic duties, which involve that most ruinous sort of taxation which embraces a repeated tax on your good-nature, as well as on your purse. It is true that much of this expenditure becomes a portion of the deferred debt; and, as debt is sometimes said to be a sign of a country's prosperity, it may be a sign also of the prosperity of an individual; but I venture to hint that this mode of keeping up national or individual credit is not likely to prove profitable in the long-run. I have known this system to terminate sometimes literally in a long run, by the debtor finding himself compelled to take a very long run indeed.

"Financial reformers are in the habit of looking closely at bricks and timber; but the family reformer, when he turns in that direction, has no other bricks than Bath-bricks, no other timber than fire-wood in his eye. The saving in these items cannot be considerable; but in hops there may be great retrenchment; for the hop duty, or the duty of giving a hop once or twice a year, involves an outlay that should be either got rid of or curtailed.

"In tobacco also there may be retrenchment, or at least in that dear and unwholesome substitute, the cabbage-leaf, which is in almost everybody's mouth. Surely our youth might be satisfied with eating, as a vegetable, what they madly smoke as a cigar; but, to take the greens in both shapes, is a proof of viridity indeed.

"In our domestic establishments there is, I think, ample room for reform: and in the first place I would call attention to those modern innovations—the Pages—in which we may read the history of so much useless expenditure. It is not the page alone that is costly, but every page must be gilt-edged with lace and buttons, for the purpose of outshining his contemporary pages, until in time extravagance works its own cure, and the page falls into a state of dog's-earism that brings discredit, rather than credit, on the master to whom he belongs.

"Let me now take a glance at the Kitchen department, where I would at once propose the breaking up of those foreign relations—commonly called cousins—who add so much to the expenses of our service. I do not see why this fearful despotism should be allowed to prevail in our culinary, any more than in our diplomatic and other official departments, where it has been a ground of much complaint.

"I would also call your attention to a sort of semi-military occupation of our establishments by policemen and others, who, in a spirit of enterprise, deriving encouragement from our Cooks—if not from our Parrys and our Rosses—come on voyages of discovery to our larders, and make a survey of what may happen to hang there from pole to pole. I have no objection to the Police as a body, but I think you will agree with me that they might find a wider and worthier area than either your area or mine, for their energies.

"These are a few of my ideas on Family Financial Reform, which I have placed on paper in humble imitation of Mr. Richard Cobden, whose great—and chiefly great, because practical—movement in the direction of retrenchment, I think it is my duty, your duty, and everybody's duty to second as ably as we can.

"I have contributed my mite; and though, like most of my contributions, it is only upon paper, I am sure that your acceptance will give a value to a document which is drawn in the name of

"Yours, very faithfully,

"J. Dunup."

"I CAN'T GET OUT."

Abd-el-Kader has written to Prince Louis-Napoleon a letter, the meaning of which is, "I can't get out." The Prince's answer has yet to be printed. As Princes have so rarely the opportunity of commencing their reign with a gracious action, we hope that Prince Louis will avail himself of the present one, and follow up his shake of the hand with General Cavaignac by an act still more generous. If the Prince is so inclined, the subjoined letter is perfectly at his service:—

"Dear Emir,

"The motto of our good Republic is '*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*' As France wishes even her enemies to acknowledge the truth of these noble doctrines—as the President wishes every one in his dominions to be a personal proof of them—I am too happy to send you the inclosed order for your liberation. Be happy and free.

"In all fraternity,

"Louis-Napoleon."

We have no doubt, by the time this touching letter is printed, that the Emir and his family will be on their way to Mecca.

THE WINDSOR PALACE PLAYS.

[*By the "Court Newsman."*]

Last night *The Merchant of Venice*, written by William Shakespeare, was acted before Her Majesty and Court, at Windsor Castle. The actors had been picked and sifted, for the occasion, from the various London theatres. They arrived at an early hour in a waggon—severely constructed after the vehicle of Thespis—and, as it may be supposed, excited considerable attention as they drove through Eton and Windsor. The actors were received at the Castle-gate by the Lord Chamberlain, and conducted by him to the Buttery. Beef and ale were liberally served out to Tragedy and Comedy—bestowed and enjoyed in the hearty spirit of the Elizabethan times.

The Play began at eight. Her Majesty had graciously commanded the presence of all her Ministers; and there is every reason to believe that the effect of the scene will not be lost upon them. Many distinguished noblemen who, in the Lords, voted against the Jews' Bill, were visibly affected by the appeal of *Shylock* to the feelings of our common nature, and before the curtain fell, promised Lord Russell their votes on the ensuing Session. The Chancellor of the Exchequer paid the deepest attention to the calculations of the Hebrew money-lender; and it is only reasonable to expect a very marked improvement in the next Budget of Sir Charles Wood. The sublimity of *Portia's* speech in the attributes of Mercy made its way direct to the feelings of the Home Secretary. Indeed, there can be no doubt that the great object contemplated by Her Majesty in these performances will be most successfully achieved, and the Ministry, and the Court in general, be much benefited by the dramatist and the player.

Q. Why does a man stop growing tall when he begins to have whiskers?

A. Because he begins to grow *down*.

"THE CLEVEREST COB" IN ENGLAND.

YOUNG FRANCE'S NEW TOY.

FRANCE'S NEW TOY.

LESS it! It *will* pull 'em to pieces to see what they are made of. It *will* discover for itself what makes the noise in the drum, the music in the barrel-organ; what sets the little fiddler fiddling, and the old cobbler cobbling. Never was such a child for destroying its playthings.

It has just got another. Its indulgent parents will keep on buying it fresh toys when the old ones are smashed, or battered into ugliness, or flung aside from weariness. And this last is a very pretty plaything, and it has the same name as one the child was very fond of many years ago; and France cried for it very hard, and "*would* have it;" and, now she has got it; and already there is a little half-disappointment that it won't do anything but wag its head, and wave its arms and legs, when the player pulls the string.

Already the newspapers hint at vague dissatisfaction and half-formed antagonism. The new Ministry is not *brilliant* enough. It is neither a ROBERT HOUDIN Ministry nor a ROBERT MACAIRE Ministry. It does not promise work when no work is to be had, nor public wages, when the Exchequer is empty. It does not announce the dawn of a new era, nor the abdication of selfishness, nor the arrival of universal fraternity. It is not Louis-Philippist, to corrupt electors, nor Red Republican, to keep Paris in terror of barricades and bayonets, nor Socialist, to make property tremble and scowl all over France. It is nothing more nor less than a steady-going Ministry, which seems content with such miserable aims as to pay its debts, to keep at peace abroad, and to maintain law and order at home.

Humbugs! Why, any Minister can aim at all that. It is like M. JOURDAIN, who discovers that he has been talking prose all his life.

No—France wants a Ministry like a turning-lathe, with an eccentric chuck in it. She wants a Ministry to amuse her, to astonish her, to tickle her—whether with fear, admiration, or disgust, matters little. She wants a Toy-Ministry, in fact, as well as a Toy-President.

PUNCH'S PATENT EXHILARATING GAS COMPANY.

(Provisionally Registered.)

MR. PUNCH, in issuing the Prospectus of his Patent Exhilarating Gas Company, disclaims, in the first place, the intention of puffing himself, or blowing his own trumpet, by representing the spirit of his popular periodical as Exhilarating Gas. This gaseous substance is no other than the real *bonâ fide* protoxide of nitrogen discovered by DR. PRIESTLY in the last century, but recently patented by *Mr. Punch*.

Mr. Punch has discovered that, by a graduated admixture with atmospheric air, it exerts an elevating influence, verging from the outrageous merriment excited by a broad joke, to the gentle gaiety imparted by quiet humour.

Accordingly, *Mr. Punch* proposes to erect Exhilarating Gas Houses connected with a grand ramification of pipes, which will diffuse the gas to any extent and in any direction that may be required.

It is recommended that an Exhilarating Gas-pipe should be carried into each of the principal rooms of every dwelling-house. By turning a stop-cock, the atmosphere of any room may be impregnated with the gas to the requisite extent. Every family will thus be provided with the means of restoring good humour, when interrupted, in five minutes, which will be an invaluable boon to the kitchen, the parlour, the nursery, the domestic hearth, nay, also to the conjugal pillow.

All the theatres, of course, will be supplied with the Exhilarating Gas. If, during a comedy or a farce, the audience, as frequently happens, do not laugh, the gas will be turned on instantly. The Exhilarating Gas will thus prove a real blessing to authors, actors, and managers.

As necessarily will the Exhilarating Gas be introduced into the Houses of Parliament, where, in a few seconds, it will restore that temper which some honourable gentlemen are so apt to lose, and which is so sorely tried by certain prolix orators.

When we consider the immense influence of buoyant and hopeful feeling on the commercial world; when we reflect that the panic of 1847 was, as it were, cured in an instant by the mere permission of Government to relax the Bank Charter—as the toothache is sometimes arrested by the sight of the forceps; when we remember that the resignation of a Whig Ministry will, simply by a moral influence, occasion an immediate rise of the Funds, we shall see that the Exhilarating Gas will be indispensable on the Stock Exchange, and in other places in the City where merchants most do congregate. Combined with the mercantile atmosphere, it will communicate that liveliness to tallow, that easiness to indigo, and that briskness to business in general, which are so essential to national prosperity.

It is not too much to assert that the Exhilarating Gas, judiciously employed, would have maintained LOUIS-PHILIPPE, the EX-EMPEROR of AUSTRIA, and the POPE, on their respective thrones, and saved the KING of PRUSSIA and GENERAL CAVAIGNAC a world of trouble. *Mr. Punch* commends it to the Government as an infallible means of preserving order and tranquillity, and to enterprising capitalists as a safe speculation, in the confident assurance that his Exhilarating Gas will by no means turn out to be an airy bubble.

"WAIT A LITTLE LONGER."

Mr. Punch.

"SIR.—MAY IT PLAISE YR HONNER.

"KERSTMUS is kum agin, and we Peninselars ar withowt our Dick O'Rations. My wyf Peggy MacGaskill is verry obstreperus at mi apperin withowt it at our Klub dinner—and the Hingians ar paradin al there toggery and Soberan and Halliwell meddals.

"Wat i wish to no is, weather in keas the Duck shal putt off the distribushon till the fiftith Universery of the battil of Waterloo, which will appen on the 18th of June, 1865, my Peggy wil git mi meddal, as she is therty ears younger nor I, or weather the Duck wil av them hall, as soal surviver of the Peninselars.

"Your obedent servent,

"TERENCE MACGASKILL,

"*Late lance corporal and penshuner, fighting 48th.*

"*Laurel Court. No. 5 Cellar. Cork.*

"*Dec. 25, 1848.*"

AN IDLE FAN-TASY.

VERY accomplishment, however trivial, has its Professors in these days; and the manipulation of the Fan has at length taken its place among our modern Arts and Sciences. The following advertisement will show how important an engine is the Fan in giving an air of fashion:—

THE FAN.—The most graceful mode of using this elegant companion, so indispensable to the distinguished, will be imparted by a lady who is well skilled in an exercise so charming and fascinating in the brilliant society of the continent, particularly of the Court of Spain. A fortnight's practice would remove that impression of inaptitude and want of grace, hitherto so apparent in its use in the most fashionable circles in this country. The lady will be at home from 12 to 4 on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of each week, commencing the 10th of January. The lessons are for the select few, at five guineas the course. For cards of address, &c., &c.

It seems that a fortnight's fanning is required "to remove the impression of inaptitude and want of grace," which no doubt goes very far to prevent the success, which, on the principle of *possunt qui posse videntur*, none but the confident can realise. There is, it appears, "in the most fashionable circles in this country," a consciousness of an inability to grapple with the difficulties of the Fan, which is no less humiliating to the spirit, than paralytic to the fingers.

Though the Fan exercise is at present proposed to be limited "to the select few, at five guineas the course," we may hope to see it extended to a more numerous class of our fellow (female) creatures; for when twopence-halfpenny can place "in every honest hand" a fan, we do not see why its fascinations should continue the monopoly of the highest classes of society. Perhaps, however, as the Fan is not an affair of everyday use, the skill devoted to teaching it may be applied to something of more general utility, such as the cotton umbrella, which though not a very promising instrument of fascination, could perhaps be made to "tell," if the resources of Art were employed in making the most of it. We must confess that we had rather see the aids of Science lavished on something more useful than the Fan, and we should hail with delight an attempt to bring the practice of the darning-needle to perfection, by the institution of female classes for teaching the perfect command of that most excellent weapon. We are convinced that man is more assailable by the Needle than by the Fan; for if the latter goes to his eye, the former goes to his heart, or, at all events, to his heel—for the darning-needle comes home to his stockings—and the heel is, according to classical authority, the vulnerable point of the hero, who would be as much in danger from the bodkin as from the Fan, and would perhaps be getting from the frying-pan into the fire, after all.

THE GLUT OF GOLD.

We trust that we shall hear no more about paying ten per cent. for money, after the recent news from the far West, where the precious metal is so abundant, that if any one ventures to ask more than three per cent., he will be told to "go to California," as being tantamount to the recommendation to "Go to Bath."

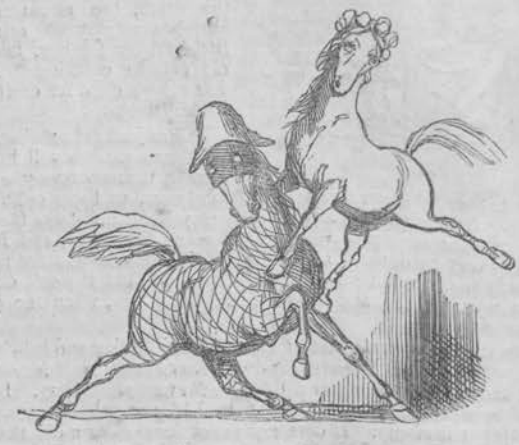
In the El Dorado lately discovered, it is not simply the fact that everything is gold that glitters, but a great deal that does not glitter turns out to be gold. If the prospects of the place are realised, we shall soon learn to despise the humbler metals, and insist on having our coal-scuttles, our *cornets-à-piston*, our warming-pans, and our door-plates of the purest gold. We should strongly advise the Chancellor of the Exchequer to take a small piece of ground at California, and establish an office there for the immediate payment of the National Debt, all in a lump, for there are plenty of lumps large enough for the purpose, being dug up every day.

AN EQUESTRIAN PANTOMIME.

Boxing-night is no longer Boxing-night at the two great theatres, where *George Barnwell* used to murder his old uncle once every year, amid impatient shouts for the Pantomime to begin, and premature demands for *Tippitywitchet*. The good old times are past when *Jane Shore* used to walk about the stage in a table-cloth, and *Gloucester* laid bare his withered arm to a yell from the gallery for *Hot Codlins*. Even Mr. Cooper's London apprenticeship of forty years has come to an end, and he no longer appears in the double capacity of an assassin and an apologist, as he alternately made away with his aged relative on the stage, and entreated silence from the over-crowded audience. No more does he rise from emptying the avuncular pocket in the fourth act, to announce the readiness of the Management to return the money of any lady or gentleman who feels dissatisfied with the accommodation afforded. No longer does he throw himself, one moment, on his unsuspecting relative, and throw himself, the next moment, on the "usual indulgence," &c. &c., of a "British audience."

The Christmas play, and the Christmas pantomime, the farce in five acts, followed by the harlequinade in one, have disappeared from both of our large theatres, though at Drury Lane the holiday folks have an entertainment well worthy of their patronage. The horsemanship of the *Cirque National de Paris*, which was the *Cirque Royale* a year ago, and will perhaps be the *Cirque Imperiale* on its next visit, will in some degree compensate the public for the absence of the Christmas entertainments of other days; and we have certainly seen actors less intelligent at Drury Lane than the animals who now strut and fret, or trot and gallop their hour in the sawdust. We only wonder that the skill and ingenuity of Franconi and his colleagues have not been exercised in getting up a regular Equestrian Pantomime, which we have no doubt the sagacity of their stud would have been quite equal to.

The docility of the horse *Pyramus* need go little further than it does already, to bring him into the circle as Clown, with a look expressive of "Here we are!" and his most accomplished companion, *Thisbe*, would have made an admirable Columbine. The stud would easily supply a Harlequin capable of all the feats that the human Harlequin has ever achieved, from the twirling round of the head—a feat, after all, that is little more than an imitation of incipient staggers—to the leaping through a window, an achievement that could be gone through without risk, as the blanket to catch the animal on the other side could be held with ease by some of the powerful *athlètes* of the company. One of the elderly horses on the establishment—the one, for instance, that is brought into the circle to be jumped over by the *voltigeurs*—would be well adapted for the *rôle* of Pantaloon. And we throw out the hint to the *French troupe*, that they may add to the attractions of their very admirable performances by a horse-pantomime.



BAR RULES.

The Incorporated Law Society have been drawing up a series of rules as to retainers, general and special, which Mr. Briefless declares he will not submit to. As he has not yet had either a general or special retainer in any case whatever, it is probable that this magnanimous resolution may be safely adhered to.

"But who are the Incorporated Law Society," he asks, "that they should draw up rules for the Bar?" Such rules can be no more than rules *nisi*, that is, *unless* the Bar refuse to submit to them.

However, this series of rules for attornies in their dealings with the Bar should be retorted by a series of rules for the Bar on their dealings with attornies—such as the following:—

As to Retainers.

A general retainer means nothing more than that the barrister is to have a brief in every cause of his client's. It does not bind him to be in Court when the case comes on, or to know anything about it.

Any number of special retainers may be accepted for any number of causes, though in different Courts, and set down for the same day. The barrister cannot be in several places at once; but his brief may.

As to Fees.

No fees are to be returned under any circumstances whatever. Estate in fee is the largest estate known to the law, and he who abandons such an estate is a fee-simpleton. At the same time, a barrister's fee is not a fee conditional on his doing the work paid for.

As to the Barrister's Duty in conducting a Case.

This duty is plain and absolute. It is to get a verdict—honestly if he can—but to get it.

Considerations of truth and falsehood do not enter into addresses to juries. Statements in such addresses may be classed among legal fictions. Pleadings ought to show colour, but the advocate never, however shameful his case may be.

It is hoped that every barrister in the Queen's Bench (and elsewhere) will live within the rules.

The Quadrant Columns.

Will nobody buy the Quadrant Columns? or must they remain to remind the classical tourist of the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter, removed from Italy in consequence of the recent disturbances? We admit their apparent uselessness; but surely a suggestive imagination might picture them as gas-pipes, or mains for the laying on of water, or ornamental sentry-boxes for the soldiery; to which latter use they might be converted by cutting away a piece to enable the gallant fellows to get in and out. By the way, as nothing seems too gigantic for the lungs of M. Prospere, we think one of the Quadrant Columns might be converted into a monster ophicleide for his especial use. We should like to hear him play "Blow high, blow low" on such a wondrous instrument.

JONATHAN'S GOLDEN HARVEST.

(From our American Correspondent.)

EXPECT you have read in some of them Greek and Roman story-books, that makes the chief part of the schoolin' of you Britishers, the yarn of JASON and the Golden Fleece, and also about the Golden Apples of the Hesperides. The Golden Fleece, I take it, was great cry and very little wool, and I estimate that the Golden Apples warn't no ways comparable to New Town Pippins. Well, however, I can tell you that American Truth flogs Ancient Mythology—that's a fact. We've got a real Golden Chersonesus in California, and a genuine Pactolus in the river Sacramento. I guess MIDAS would have giv his ears for our Mormon Diggins, and old CRŒSUS would have swopped Lydia for San Francisco. TOM TIDLER'S ground arn't nothen to this here location. There's not a little gutter flowing into the main stream but what, with a couple of active niggers, you may scrape ten thousand dollars-worth of gold out on it in one week. You've only got to walk into the bed of the river and pick up the pebbles, which is a'most pure bullion. The very airth of the banks stumps your March dust, a bushel of which, I've heer'd say, is worth a king's ransom. The Scotch labourers in these fixins saves the very scrapins of their shoes, and whittles their nails into the melting-pot. I calculate that a month's diggin at the banks of the Sacramento would be a better speculation for your physical force Chartists, than the plunder of the Bank of England.

Well; here we are in a state of excitement that beats any camp-meetin I ever sighted. Young and old off we go, leavin our trades and callins, our stores and families, away to California like flocks of pigeons. Our Golden Fever caps your Railway Mania. By the last accounts there was to be seen the glorious spectacle of four thousand of our enterprisin citizens a scratchin and scrapin away in the Sacramento from mornin to night, as fast as so many bears arter wild honey. The common wages of helps is thirteen dollars a-day; you may get eight-and-forty for a bowie-knife, and eighty for a blanket; besides doin a powerful deal of business with the benighted Ingines in printed stuffs and ribbons.

The advantages of this here splendoriferous discovery to our great country will be inestimable. I compute that we shall soon see no such a thing as a cent in all our model Republic. We won't demean ourselves by a currency of small change under silver. I contemplate that we are set up with our gold mines to all eternity, and shall have nothin to do but lay up our heels, enjoyin our cigars and mint-juleps for everlastin. In course, we shall be masters of the whole world, for gold is the sinners of war, and our pockets bein chock full on it, will enable us to lick universal creation.

The Europeans, and especially you Britishers, will be our slaves and niggers; we shall chuck our pusses to you and take your manufacturs, which you, poor critturs, will come and lay at our feet. We shall leave you varmint to produce, while we only consume. We shall be a kinder Aristocracy among the nations of the airth. We shall knock our glasses and crockery into an immortal smash, and all eat and drink out of gold plate. When we go a shootin' we shall load our rifles with golden bullets. We shall roll and waller in gold, like hogs in a swamp, or the sea-sarpent among the foaming billers. But you'll tell me, perhaps, that gold, in the mean time, may become dirt cheap, and that we may find ourselves in the end overloaded with yellow rubbish, and destitute of the rale wealth of nations, which arter all is their industrial produce. You may pint to the example of Old Spain in proof of what may come of gold mines. But don't you give us none of your bark. It won't cure us of our gold fever, nohow, I tell you. You'll only rile us, and make us wicked ugly, and provoke that dander which, when riz, is a mixtur of the airthquake and the alligator, with a touch of the lightnin.

Rather too Personal and Pointed.

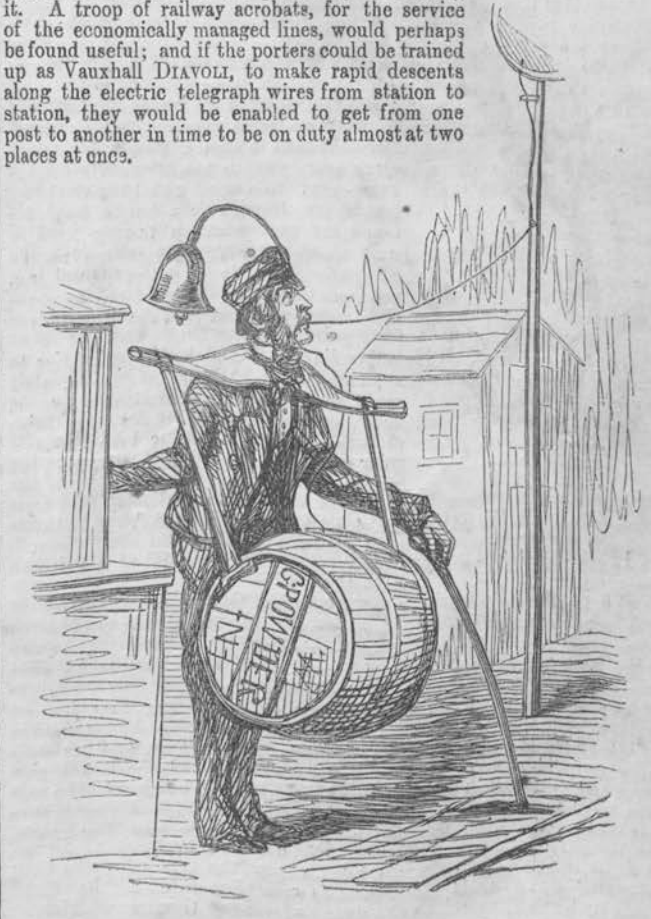
AN Italian paper protests most indignantly against any foreign intervention which would be likely to lead the POPE back to Rome at *the point of foreign bayonets*. We are sure that this is a point which the POPE would not like to press for a moment. There are certain points in argument, which, it is said, drive a person home very hard. Now we should think the above point, if enforced against the POPE, would be one of them.

"ALL A-GROWING."

OLD PATERFAMILIAS is blest with a very large family, and is always calling in the assistance of the tailor; so much so, that upon being asked what he considered the most "growing evil?" he answered, "Boys' Clothes."

PORTERS' STATISTICS.

IF that celebrated porter ATLAS—the PICKFORD of Antiquity, who carried the whole world, without even the aid of a knot, upon his shoulders—should re-appear upon the earth, he would hardly be "strong enough for the place" of porter at the Witham Station of the Eastern Counties Railway. There is on the spot a meeting of two or three lines; so that the official in attendance finds himself always in the midst of a very trying juncture. The impossibility of doing three things at once will occasion a collision now and then; but we believe the Directors think of advertising for a sort of human three-in-one to fill the situation at Witham: his duties being to turn the points, ring the bell, and work the telegraph. We understand that an individual who squints is always preferred on this line; for the faculty of looking two ways at once is likely to be useful to him in the discharge of his duty. This accounts for the numerous startling cases of strabismus one meets with along this line; but as motion is not quite so rapid as vision, it sometimes happens that the porters are destined to see danger in two places at once, without the possibility of avoiding it. A troop of railway acrobats, for the service of the economically managed lines, would perhaps be found useful; and if the porters could be trained up as Vauxhall DIAVOLI, to make rapid descents along the electric telegraph wires from station to station, they would be enabled to get from one post to another in time to be on duty almost at two places at once.



The Shabby Dog.

AMONG the workings of conscience that appear from time to time, in the shape of payments to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, there was on Saturday a case of the return of "£5, from a party who took with him an article of that value, on leaving a Government Office." Who could have been the shabby fellow that, on quitting the public service, carried off some moveable or other, from the rooms of the department in which he had served? The Government Offices do not abound in articles of knick-knackery, that could be very easily carried away without detection, and we wonder therefore how the pilferer managed to effect his paltry purpose unobserved. Could he possibly have smuggled a clock under his cloak, or boned an official inkstand, or run off with the scraper, or pocketed the thermometer?—though any of these suggestions is negatived by the fact of its being a single article worth five pounds, that the fellow purloined! The affair is certainly one of the shabbiest that the annals of a stricken conscience—as read in the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S advertisements—have ever disclosed.

THE TROOPS OF THE TEMPLE.

THE inhabitant of the Temple little thinks of the vastness of the arrangements for his comfort, protection, and defence, until Boxing-day brings whole cohorts to the door of his chambers for the guerdons that have been won in the course of the past twelvemonth. The effect is somewhat like that of the sudden discovery of the warriors in the *Lady of the Lake*, at the Royal Italian Opera, when the scene is changed from a solitude into a sort of camp crowded with soldiery. During the ordinary portion of the year, the Templar sees little of the array of retainers—except those retainers that reach him in his professional capacity—which start up around him on the arrival of Boxing-day. It is then he discovers that there have been two day watchmen exercising their watchfulness over him in the day; two night watchmen to protect him in the night; two day gate-keepers to guard the frontier against Fleet Street incursionists; two night gate-keepers to sit under the archway after nine, P.M., and keep each other company; two wardens, the nature of whose services time may perhaps one day reveal, though we have not been able, as yet, to solve the mystery; two head porters, whose office it is to hold their heads above the two under porters, whose porterage is of the lightest nature, and consists in carrying a cane. These are a few of the Temple guardians whom Boxing-day brings forth to solicit the exercise of that "seasonable benevolence," which consists in emptying one's pocket of one's loose silver, in compliance with a custom which everybody would vote for the abolition of.

The Templars should, however, consider themselves let off cheaply with the comparatively small army that is kept up, when there might be found pretexts for adding considerably to the force engaged in demanding largess at Christmas-time. We wonder that the existence of Hare Court does not suggest the institution of a couple of game-keepers—that Pump Court is not represented on Boxing-day by a couple of *Pompiers*, or Pump-men—that Fig Tree Court has not its brace of fig-gatherers, to present themselves figged out in full uniform, for the purpose of receiving the customary gratuities of the season—and that the Temple Fountain is not represented by a *duo* of turncocks at this festive period.

We doubt whether it is good policy for this glut of functionaries to come forth even once a-year; for in these days of retrenchment, when everybody is crying out for a reduction of our army, and, at all events, a cutting down of the number of superfluous officers, it is very probable that the superfluous officers of the Temple may come in for a little wholesome retrenchment.

THE GOLDEN AGE COME AT LAST.

IT seems that the people at California are digging up gold at such a rate that we may expect to have the precious metal so precious cheap, that gold, instead of being a mere mineral, will become a drug in the market. This really golden opportunity that has just presented itself to the people of California has embarrassed the Government to an awful extent, for everybody is running away to dig gold, except the Governor himself, who, at the date of our last dispatch, was blacking his own boots, cooking his own dinner, and making his own bed, because all his servants had taken it into their heads to "run for gold," leaving him to enjoy his *otium cum dig.*, while they were engaged on a dig of a more profitable character. It is horribly tantalising to his unfortunate Excellency, who would gladly turn excavator on his own account, in a soil of such unprecedented richness; but a feeling of what is due to his position prevents him from abdicating his post of trust and honour for the purpose of securing what might be due to his pocket. Everybody is clearing his hundreds a-day, except the Governor, who finds himself "alone in his glory," and is compelled to do all the official work by himself, as well as the domestic work of Government House; for there is not a functionary, from his highest secretary to his lowest stable-boy, that will stop with him on the Government pay, when the gold mines present a scale of remuneration so very much above what the public coffers can furnish. We are daily expecting to hear that the Governor can stand it no longer, but that he has gone in with the rest of them for a share of the golden harvest that is being reaped in California.

Poor Young Thing.

THE experience of the nursery should cause every father of a family to make allowance for the French Republic, which must be liable to convulsions during its period of infancy. When we consider that it has hardly had time to cut its teeth, we ought not to wonder that there are yet no symptoms of its wisdom-teeth, which, it is to be hoped, will come by and by.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

THE old proverb says "A miss is as good as a mile;" but when we look at the extraordinary length of MR. BANVARD'S Panorama, we may say that a Miss-issipi is as good as three miles.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

WILLIAM BROWN, Badge No. 7462, in humble imitation of LOUIS NAPOLEON, has adopted the following plan, to secure the patronage of an enlightened British Public:—

REWARDS OF AUTHORSHIP.

THE papers have been talking about the £600 a-year, for ten years, to be paid to MR MACAULAY for his *History of England*. This is cited as an instance of high remuneration; but the public may not, perhaps, be aware of the rate received by the writers of *Punch* for their inspirations and flashes of genius. It is true that the process of paying them is something like giving change for diamonds, or dissolving pearls in the drops of a metallic currency; but, nevertheless, attempts *are* made to attach something like an adequate money value to the contributors to this periodical.

Some of the merely average jokes have brought to their authors a graceful little compliment in the way of Consols; and an Epigram has been, not unfrequently, acknowledged by a small parcel of Exchequer Bills. Every one of the writers has affluence secured to him in his old age, by a judicious investment in the Deferred Annuities: and it may not, perhaps, be generally known, that a magnificent site has been already taken—*Punch* hopes the public will excuse him for taking a site on this occasion—for erecting a splendid range of buildings for the reception of the decayed contributors. The absurdity of looking for decay in this quarter, for the next century at least, caused the site to be let on a lease for ninety-nine years, at the expiration of which period the contingency may possibly happen which it has been intended to provide against.

SWEARING AND DRUNKENNESS.

ACCORDING to a recent Police report in the *Morning Post*, one JAMES JOHNSON *alias* ROBERTSON was brought before the LORD MAYOR on a charge of stealing paper, which he alleged that he had purchased. The case having been dismissed for want of evidence—

"The prisoner, who was tipsy, and appeared to be overjoyed at the order issued for his discharge, was then called upon as a witness against the young man whom he had pointed out as the seller of the paper to him. At first he hesitated to undergo the ceremony of swearing, but upon being told that it was in the LORD MAYOR'S power to commit him if he refused, he seized the Testament, and kissed it with rapture."

We have sometimes heard of people swearing when tipsy, but never before of any one being sworn—at least, before a magistrate—in a state of intoxication. *In vino veritas* may be a sound proverb; but for all that, we really must protest against taking an affidavit from a man in liquor. MR. JOHNSON *alias* ROBERTSON, in spite of his kissing the Testament with rapture, could scarcely have been aware of the nature of an oath, nor, we imagine, could the worshipful Court which could administer one under such circumstances.

CHILD'S PARTIES:

AND A REMONSTRANCE CONCERNING THEM.

CONDESCENDING SIR,

As your publication (which an admirable critic in the *Quarterly Review* justly pronounces to be the wonder of the age) finds its way to almost every drawing-room table in this metropolis, and is read by the young and old in every family, I beseech you to give admission to the remonstrance of an unhappy parent, and to endeavour to put a stop to a practice which appears to me to be increasing daily, and is likely to operate most injuriously upon the health, morals, and comfort of society in general.

The awful spread of JUVENILE PARTIES, Sir, is the fact to which I would draw your attention. There is no end to those entertainments, and if the custom be not speedily checked, people will be obliged to fly from London at Christmas, and hide their children during the holidays. I gave mine warning in a speech at breakfast this day, and said with tears in my eyes that if the Juvenile Party system went on, I would take a house at Margate next winter, for that, by Heavens! I could not bear another Juvenile Season in London.

If they would but transfer Innocent's Day to the summer holidays, and let the children have their pleasures in May or June, we might get on. But now in this most ruthless and cut-throat season of sleet, thaw, frost, wind, snow, mud, and sore-throats, it is quite a tempting of fate to be going much abroad; and this is the time of all others that is selected for the amusement of our little darlings.

As a first step towards the remedying of the evil of which I complain, I am obliged to look *Mr. Punch* himself in his venerable beard, and say, "You, Sir, have, by your agents, caused not a little of the mischief. I desire that, during Christmas time at least, MR. LEECH should be abolished, or sent to take a holiday. Judging from his sketches, I should say that he must be endowed with a perfectly monstrous organ of philoprogenitiveness; he revels in the delineation of the dearest and most beautiful little boys and girls in turned-down collars and broad sashes, and in the *Almanack*, just published, produces a picture of a child's costume ball, in which he has made the little wretches in the dresses of every age, and looking so happy, beautiful, and charming, that I have carefully kept the picture from the sight of the women and children of my own household, and—I will not say burned it, for I had not the heart to do that—but locked it away privately, lest they should conspire to have a costume ball themselves, and little POLLY should insist upon appearing in the dress of *Ann Bullen*, or little JACKY upon turning out as an Ancient Briton."

An odious, revolting, and disagreeable practice, Sir, I say, ought not to be described in a manner so atrociously pleasing. The real satirist has no right to lead the public astray about the Juvenile *Fête* nuisance, and to describe a child's ball as if it was a sort of Paradise, and the little imps engaged as happy and pretty as so many cherubs. They should be drawn, one and all, as hideous—disagreeable—distorted—affected—jealous of each other—dancing awkwardly—with shoes too tight for them—over-eating themselves at supper—very unwell (and deservedly so) the next morning, with Mamma administering a mixture made after the Doctor's prescription, and which should be painted awfully black, in an immense large teacup, and (as might be shown by the horrible expression on the little patient's face) of the most disgusting flavour. Banish, I say, that MR. LEECH during Christmas time, at least; for by a misplaced kindness and absurd fondness for children, he is likely to do them and their parents an incalculable quantity of harm.

As every man, Sir, looks at the world out of his own eyes or spectacles, or, in other words, speaks of it as he finds it himself, I will lay before you my own case, being perfectly sure that many another parent will sympathise with me. My family, already inconveniently large, is yet constantly on the increase, and it is out of the question that MRS. SPEC should go to parties, as that admirable woman has the best of occupations at home, where she is always nursing the baby. Hence, it becomes the father's duty to accompany his children abroad and to give them pleasure during the holidays.

Our own place of residence is in South Carolina Place, Clapham Road North, in one of the most healthy of the suburbs of this great City. But our relatives and acquaintances are numerous; and they are spread all over the town and its outskirts. MRS. S. has sisters married, and dwelling respectively in Islington, Haverstock Hill, Bedford Place, Upper Baker Street, and Tyburn Gardens; besides the children's grandmother, Kensington Gravel Pits, whose parties we are all of course obliged to attend. A *very* great connexion of ours, and *nearly related* to a B-r-n-t and M.P., lives not a hundred miles from B-lgr-ve Square. I could enumerate a dozen more places where our kinsmen or intimate friends are—heads of families every one of them, with their quivers more or less full of little arrows.

What is the consequence? I herewith send it to you in the shape of these eighteen inclosed notes, written in various styles more or less correct, and corrected from MISS FANNY'S, aged seven, who hopes, in round hand, that her dear cousins will come and drink tea with her on New Year's Eve, her birth-day,—to that of the Governess of the B-r-n-t in question, who requests the pleasure of our company at a ball, a conjuror, and a Christmas Tree. MRS. SPEC, for the valid reason above stated, cannot frequent these meetings: I am the deplorable chaperon of the young people. I am called upon to conduct my family five miles to tea at six o'clock. No count is taken of our personal habits, hours of dinner, or intervals of rest. We are made the victims of an infantile conspiracy, nor will the lady of the house hear of any revolt or denial.

"Why," says she, with the spirit which becomes a woman and mother, "you go to your *man's* parties eagerly enough: what an unnatural wretch you must be to grudge your children their pleasures!" She looks round, sweeps all six of them into her arms, whilst the baby on her lap begins to bawl, and you are assailed by seven pairs of imploring eyes, against which there is no appeal. You must go. If you are dying of lumbago, if you are engaged to the best of dinners, if you are longing to stop at home and read *Macaulay*, you must give up all and go.

And it is not to one party or two, but to almost all. You must go to the Gravel Pits, otherwise the Grandmother will cut the children out of her will, and leave her property to her *other* grandchildren. If you refuse Islington, and accept Tyburn Gardens, you sneer at a poor relation, and acknowledge a rich one readily enough. If you decline Tyburn Gardens, you fling away the chances of the poor dear children in life, and the hopes of the cadetship for little JACKY. If you go to Hampstead, having declined Bedford Place, it is because you never refuse an invitation to Hampstead, where they make much of you, and MISS MARIA is pretty, (as *you* think, though your wife doesn't,) and do not care for the Doctor in Bedford Place. And if you accept Bedford Place, you dare not refuse Upper Baker Street, because there is a coolness between the two families, and you must on no account seem to take part with one or the other.

In this way many a man besides myself, I dare say, finds himself miserably tied down, and a helpless prisoner, like GULLIVER in the hands of the Liliputians. Let us just enumerate a few of the miseries of the pitiable parental slave.

In the first place, examine the question in a pecuniary point of view. The expenses of children's toilets at this present time is perfectly frightful.

My eldest boy, GUSTAVUS, at home from DR. BIRCH'S Academy, Rodwell Regis, wears turquoise studs, fine linen shirts, white waistcoats, and shiny boots; and, when I proposed that he should go to a party in Berlin gloves, asked me if I wished that he should be mistaken for a footman?

My second, AUGUSTUS, grumbles about getting his elder brother's clothes, nor could he be brought to accommodate himself to GUSTAVUS'S waistcoats at all, had not his mother coaxed him by the loan of her chain and watch, which latter the child broke, after many desperate attempts to wind it up.

As for the little fellow, ADOLPHUS, his mother has him attired in a costume partly Scotch, partly Hungarian, mostly buttons, and with a LOUIS QUATORZE hat and scarlet feather, and she curls this child's hair with her own blessed tongs, every night.

I wish she would do as much for the girls, though: but no, MONSIEUR FLORIDOR must do that; and accordingly, every day this season, that abominable little Frenchman, who is, I have no doubt, a Red Republican, and smells of cigars and hair-oil, comes over, and, at a cost of eighteenpence *par tête*, figs out my little creatures' heads with fixature, bandoline, crinoline—the deuce knows what.

The bill for silk stockings, sashes, white frocks, is so enormous, that I have not been able to pay my own tailor these three years.

The bill for flys to 'Amstid and back, to Hizzlinton and take up, &c., is fearful. The drivers, in this extra weather, must be paid extra, and they drink extra. Having to go to

Hackney in the snow, on the night of the 5th of January, our man was so hopelessly inebriated, that I was compelled to get out and drive myself; and I am now, on what is called Twelfth Day (with, of course, another child's party before me for the evening), writing this from my bed, Sir, with a severe cold, a violent toothache, and a most acute rheumatism.

As I hear the knock of our medical man, whom an anxious wife has called in, I close this letter; asking leave, however, if I survive, to return to this painful subject next week. And, wishing you a *merry!* New Year, I have the honour to be, dear *Mr. Punch*,

Your constant reader,

SPEC.

AN UNHAPPY SUBALTERN IN IRELAND.—January, 1849.

Subaltern (*snuffles*). "I WISH THE DUKE HAD TO WEAR THAT D—— SHELL-JACKET OF MINE THIS COLD WEATHER!"

The Celebrated Dunup Diamond.

THE *Mining Journal* gives a dazzling description of a monster diamond, known as the Koh-i-nor, or Mountain of Light, which has just been seized as a hostage in the war, which seems to be one of "diamond cut diamond," at Mooltan. This tremendous gem is one of the eyes of the "jewelled peacock" of the famous "Musnud." All this sounds extremely well; but it is not perhaps generally known that there is an extraordinary diamond of enormous dimensions, equal in weight to several bunches of carats, and deserving literally the appellation of the "Mountain of Light," in the family of MR. DUNUP. The diamond is a black one, from the mines of Sunderland, and is set in a splendid brazen scuttle, from which it might easily be transferred, for the purpose of conversion into a mountain of light, of a far more cheering quality than that produced by the much-puffed-up Koh-i-nor. MR. DUNUP never uses anything but a pair of bellows for puffing his diamonds, which have the peculiarity of consuming into cinders instead of into charcoal, like the diamonds of an ordinary character.

Hume versus Humbug.

MR. HUME'S exposure, in the *Times*, of the "unworthy attempt" of "SCRUTATOR" to mislead the public with reference to the connexion of the expenses of the Indian Army with the magnitude of the Military Estimates, suggests the hope that "SCRUTATOR," although he may be an experienced veteran, will not, when next he writes upon Financial Reform, again try to "come the old soldier" over us.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

THE Funds keep falling in France, not because there is any disturbance, but because every one expects something of the kind. This comes from accustoming a nation to such strong stimulants. It is all the force of habit. France has been so used lately to revolutions, that it is almost frightened out of its life if a fortnight passes without one.

EDUCATION!

From one of the Rising Generation to another of ditto.

"DEAR CHARLIE,"

"ISN'T it abominable that a fellow can't take up the *Times* newspaper during the holidays, just to see what they're doing at the Palace and the Playhouses, without a chance of running bang against a column or two of 'Education' in the advertisements? It does make a fellow's blood run cold to see what gammon is put there, and all to carry away a chap from the comforts of home, the pantomimes, and the pleasure of teasing his sister. How they do bait their traps to catch us! I've just run through a few of 'em. One 'A. B.' says that for six guineas a quarter there's 'Education, premises, treatment, diet, &c., all first-rate.' Why, it can't be done: I should be ashamed to learn anything—'twould be robbing 'em—for the money. Another, for next to nothing, offers

"'Latin, French, German, Greek, composition, arithmetic, surveying, algebra, music, drilling, &c.; superior penmanship, salubrious situation, polite deportment, unlimited diet, excellent library, and a happy home'

—and all at a price that can't come to two-and-sixpence an article, the unlimited diet and happy home by no means included. There's a place at Twickenham, where 'the pupils enjoy unusual domestic advantages.' What's that? Leave, no doubt, for every young gent. to buy his own cigars, and use his own warming-pan. Here's another—a beauty:—

"'The above sum (50 guineas) includes instruction by professors of the first eminence, in the following accomplishments—the pianoforte, French, drawing in various styles, dancing, writing, &c., and *the use* of the globes, together *with books, laundress, &c.* The family arrangements are conducted upon the most liberal scale, including wine and porter when necessary.'

"I don't say much of the style of this, CHARLIE; but wouldn't old BUZWIG give it us, if we didn't make better work of our syntax. Do the wine and porter come in *with* books, laundress, &c.? *When* are they judged necessary—and when not? Here's another: where—(for £22 per annum)—

"'The table is supplied with the best provisions, without limitation, and *every* domestic indulgence afforded.'

"That is, latch-key at night, and breakfast abed in the morning.

"One 'Omicron' advertises for a precious rum lot, 'Spoiled Boys' or Wayward Ones.' He is going for Holy Orders, and having—

"'In conjunction with *other* liberal branches of education, *closely compared* the phases of the mind, and associated them with the grades of mental capacity, from the thinking mind to the low idiots, affords PRIVATE TUITION TO LITTLE BOYS, ladies' school, adults under strict secrecy, enduring those *bitter hangers on of neglected education*, which, however, soon vanish under a right system.'

"Dreadful, isn't it, CHARLIE, to think that we should be advertised for in this fashion—all of us, from bright chaps to low idiots—as if 'Education' was a sort of sleight-of-hand—like a trick of the Wizard of the North's—and as if, at the smallest charge, even a low idiot could be set on his legs for a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Do you know what was brought to my mind when I considered this long line of 'Education' bait in the newspaper? Why, I thought of that sly, knowing old chap, SLEEK, the miller, who, when he can do nothing else, squats down upon the bank, and bobs for eels. He looks so kind, and smiles so all the time he's bobbing, and when he's caught his fish—his young friends—he walks home, skins 'em, cuts 'em to bits, and makes his dinner off 'em.

"Yours, Old Fellow, for life,

"EDWIN."

"P.S. Been to the Theatres? *King of the Peacocks* beats all the kings I ever saw; and MRS. C. KEAN keeps the *Wife's Secret* like a beauty. And then, for WRIGHT, at the Adelphi! He's going to play before the QUEEN. I only hope he won't be made a knight of real Windsor, and kept at the Castle to make HER MAJESTY laugh for life."

NO ORDERS ADMITTED.

THE absurd system of theatrical orders is likely to be put down. A manager of one of our principal theatres, upon being solicited for one (the applicant only keeps his cab), sent back his compliments, and he was extremely sorry to say, that "Economy now was the only order of the day."

TRUISM.—Gold is so plentiful in California, that it can be had literally *dirt cheap*.

MOTTO FOR JENNY LIND.—*Vox, et præterea aliquid.*

THE NIGHTINGALE THAT SINGS IN THE WINTER.

When the waters are stark, and the crystalline snow
Sparkles keen and unchanged in the morn's ruddy glow,
And the prism-coloured icicles flash in the sun,
The bitter cold stills all the song-birds but one.

Now the linnet, the lark, and the throstle are dumb,
E'en the stout little wren's gallant heart is o'ercome,
And the Nightingale, warbler so wondrous of tone,
That sings in the winter, is tuneful alone.

Sweetest creature, in song without rival or peer,
Far more inwardly vibrate thy notes than the ear,
For there speaks in that music, pure, gentle, refined,
The exquisite voice of a beautiful mind—

Of a spirit of earnestness, goodness, and truth,
Of a heart full of tender compassion and ruth,
Ever ready to comfort, and succour, and bless,
In sorrow and suffering, in want and distress.

And the Nightingale's name by faint voices is praised,
For poverty aided and Charities raised;
Not more good was the bird in whom childhood believes—
The Redbreast that cover'd the children with leaves.

And in tribute and love to a Memory revered,
By her magical voice noble monuments reared,
The high-minded communion with Genius attest,
Which gloriously thrills in the Nightingale's breast.

Now this Nightingale rare, in the winter who sings,
Being not yet a seraph, is one without wings;
And her name, which has travell'd as wide as the wind,
Is kind-hearted, generous, dear Jenny Lind.

A WIRE-DRAWN MESSAGE.

The Electric Telegraph has been complimented lately upon an enormous feat of strength in transmitting, from one corner of America to the other, the President's Message. We are ready to admit this Herculean power of carrying a weight, which no light porter, under the united constitutions of Hercules and Atlas, could possibly have lifted. There was never such a Message, and the strongest pair of lungs must have been exhausted in delivering it. It occupied six or seven close columns of the *Times*, and took the poor Electric Telegraph some six-and-thirty hours before it got to the end of it. Still, we do not think the powers of the Telegraph have been properly tested even by this interminable Message.

There is a feat of strength still more wonderful for it to accomplish. It has never been submitted yet to the ordeal of one of Mr. Anstey's speeches. If it succeeds in getting through one of these—say the shortest—we will acknowledge that the Electric Telegraph has powers of endurance to hold up under anything; but then, again, there is a most serious question, which common sense cannot help putting to the charitable mind—What has the Electric Telegraph done to deserve such an unparalleled shock of cruelty? There is a limit to all things—the American Sea-Serpent always excepted—and we think the American Message is the utmost stretch which wire is capable of yielding to. If it is rash enough to undertake one of The Chisholm speeches, it will certainly require nothing less than ether or chloroform, together with the magical aid of Mr. Robert Houdin, to sustain it under the tremendous "Suspension Ærienne."

ANOTHER GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

It is not only at California that a golden harvest is to be made, but such things may be met with nearer home, and the newspapers have lately been noticing something of the kind in the shape of a "Golden Lectureship." This tit-bit is quite worthy of any *morceau* lying about the new Tom Tiddler's ground, where everybody is literally, as the old song says, "picking up gold and silver." The Golden Lectureship requires not even a pickaxe to pick it up; though it is, to a certain extent, "to be had for axeing for." One of the candidates is the Reverend something Melville, with a fixed salary of £2000 a year as Principal of a college, and it may be inferred that his *auri sacra fames* is a sort of appetite that has grown by what it feeds upon. Since the celebrated case of our reverend friend Archdeacon Hale, who thought it ought never to rain good luck unless it also poured, and who consequently presented himself to the best thing he could get hold of, as if some witch, like those in *Macbeth*, had whispered in his ear, "Hale! all hale!"—since, we repeat, this celebrated case, we have heard of nothing so good as Melville with his £2000 a year looking out for an extra five hundred from the almost sinecure office of the Golden Lectureship.

THE "TERRIFIC" SENTRY DUTY.

A Correspondent, writing under the signature of Emeritus, in the *Times*, though justly complaining of the undue privileges of the household troops, adds the remark that "the night and sentry duty of London is indeed terrific." We can testify from actual knowledge to the truth of this observation. Any one who has watched the gallant fellows during the season, undergoing the fatigues of an opera campaign, must have remarked the jaded appearance of the officer in command, after listening from his box—on these occasions a sort of sentry box—to the strains of Jenny Lind, while the private soldiers in the vestibule below, occupy the outposts, and expose themselves to the constant fire—a blazing coal one—of the manager.

These duties, however, are nothing to the very severe service performed at the gates of the Parks, which, we presume, forms the "terrific" sentry duty described by Emeritus. We have ourselves seen a gallant fellow exposed to the shells—we mean the periwinkle shells—of a juvenile foe, secreted behind the Nelson Column; and we have witnessed the embarrassment of the hero to ascertain the quarter whence the attack proceeded. The duty at the entrance to the town of Kensington is sometimes very harassing, particularly in case of collision with the civil or uncivil power of abuse from the omnibus cads, and others who frequent, in a more or less friendly or hostile spirit, this populous neighbourhood. At Storey's Gate the service is frequently terrific indeed, and we have sometimes observed the most fearful collisions between the trooper on duty and some determined washerwoman, resolved on forcing a passage at the point of the clothes-basket.

When we remember that these exhausting achievements require the soldiery to remain on duty for two consecutive hours, without any relief, the nature of their exploits is better capable of being thoroughly appreciated.

THE CHATELAINE; A REALLY USEFUL PRESENT.

Laura. "OH! LOOK, MA' DEAR; SEE WHAT A *LOVE* OF A CHATELAINE EDWARD HAS GIVEN ME."

DEATH OF AGITATION.

LATELY died in Ireland, after several years of profitable business, during which he accumulated a handsome fortune in the most stirring times of his unfortunate country, the celebrated disturber of the peace, called AGITATION. The deceased led a most active life, and there was scarcely a village in Ireland where he was not known. He had an immense number of followers, who lived on the spoil he collected on his route. This monster—for he had but very few attributes of a reasoning being—was noted for his enormous appetite, which was truly insatiable. The more he had, the more he wanted; and the thousands upon thousands he cleared from his distressed country was the only relief it ever received from his hands. Where he found happiness, he left discontent, —and shrieks and fires and tumultuous assemblages and utter misery followed his steps everywhere. He was literally a trader in the destitution of his countrymen—a wholesale dealer in rags. The monster is now dead. His effects are sold off —his race is almost extinct—his one or two disciples have lately abjured, in shame and poverty, his abandoned cause— AGITATION is now no more! He died without a struggle, sincerely unregretted by every one. His timely decease bequeathes to Ireland the hope that she may enjoy (at last) a Happy New Year.

A Solemn Denial.

THE Legislature of South Carolina, in opposition to the free movement, has put forth certain resolutions against any attempt to meddle with man-selling:—

"We *solemnly deny* the power of Congress, under the federal compact, to interfere, directly or indirectly, *with the existence of slavery* in the district of Columbia, or *to prohibit its introduction* into any territory acquired by treaty, or by the joint arms of the separate sovereign and independent States of this confederacy, or into any portion of this continent."

Something at once impudent and grim in this solemn denial. "We solemnly deny" the right of the Police—say pickpockets —to interfere with us in our vocation. Or, if they do *not* say so, it is only that the stealers of chattels have more shame than the robbers of human flesh.

"I KNOW A BANK."—The Sacramento (in California) is the safest Bank to draw upon, as not a single draught has yet been returned "No effects."

PUNCH AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE Court Newsman, with that jealousy which is so frequent among our brethren of the press, omitted to insert the name of *Punch* among the distinguished individuals forming the audience at the Private Theatricals at Windsor Castle. An invitation having been forwarded by GENERAL (Postman) JONES, of the fleet-footed Fleet Street division, *Punch* proceeded to the "abode of Royalty," where he was received in the archest way, under the great archway, by a Maid of Honour, the presence of Gold, Silver, and the other Sticks being dispensed with, it having been understood that all Sticks should be strictly excluded on the occasion of a play being acted before HER MAJESTY.

Previous to the opening of the doors of the RUBENS Room, *Punch* found himself waiting outside as one of a most aristocratic crowd of ten or twelve, all preparing for the rush, and wearing their orders on their breasts, as the Palace Play Bill did not contain an intimation, that "not a single order would on any account be admitted."

Punch, being anxious to "stand by his order," like the rest of the audience, wore on his chest a superb gallery check, from the Treasury of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, and on the opening of the doors, every effort was made to give the semblance of a real play to the Windsor theatricals. *Punch* himself raised an occasional cry of "Keep back!" "Don't be in a hurry!" "There's plenty of room!" and on gaining the interior, he endeavoured to keep up the allegory of the rush by calling out to his friend, LORD TOM NODDY, "Hollo, TOM! There's room here!" and by other little acts, that imparted to the RUBENS Room the air of a regular theatre.

Mr. Punch had contemplated various other proceedings of a similar nature, under the impression that HER MAJESTY wished to fancy herself in an actual play-house; but upon the intimation being conveyed to him that such was not the Royal desire, and that if he persisted in carrying out his intentions, he would be carried out himself, he evinced his usual loyalty by desisting from the course he had resolved upon. Had he been permitted to complete his project, he was prepared with a cry of "Throw him over!" and "Turn him out!" just to give *vraisemblance* to the whole affair; but as "Turn him out!" and "Throw him over!" might have been understood in a political sense, it is perhaps as well that *Punch* was prevented from uttering these fearfully portentous words in the presence of the QUEEN and her Ministers. It is understood, however, that at the next representation some female voices will be employed to ejaculate "Pine-apples, oranges, tea, coffee, or a bill of the play," as a sort of substitute for the old familiar shout inviting the public to some of the above luxuries, with the addition of "Nuts and pears, ginger-beer, porter,"—a cry which, in any theatre, and especially in one that may be fairly called a Royal Victoria Theatre, will have a sound at once characteristic and natural.

How very Absurd.

So high and unreasonable are the expectations raised on the subject of California, that several laundresses in the suburbs have already advertised to take in Gold Washing, and we shall soon see the words "Wanted, a Family's Gold Washing," as a heading to newspaper advertisements. Several persons hearing that the gold in California is found in quartz, expect to find a number of ready-made tankards, to satisfy their thirst for gold, immediately on their arrival. Others, who have heard that the precious metal exists in carats, are taking out a quantity of carrot-seed in their personal luggage, in order to be prepared with what they term their "plant" for working their enterprise. But we strongly suspect that the frequent result of a Latin vocative— namely, Caret—will be the result of the calculations of these enthusiasts.

A JOKE FOR YOUR MONEY.

WE see a book advertised under the title of *What is Money?* What is money indeed! Why, in our opinion, money is extremely difficult to get, and when got, still more difficult to keep.

A REGULAR GOLD DUSTMAN.

"HOLLO! WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO NOW?"

"OH! I AINT A GOING TO STOP HERE, LOOKING FOR TEASPOONS IN CINDERS. I'M OFF TO KALLIFORNIER, VERE THERE'S HEAPS O' GOLD DUST TO BE HAD FOR THE SWEEPIN'."

MISS BENIMBLE'S TEA-AND-TOAST.

MR. PUNCH,—This I *will* say. With the tea poured out, and smelling of Indy—the toast mellering afore the fire, like so much buttered happiness—the cat upon the rug—and the newspaper on my lap, to take it up, and, when I like, to lay it down again—why, *Mr. Punch*, I don't know—perticularly when revolutions are in—I don't know that I'd change my chair with the throne of my gracious neighbour the QUEEN, that—when the standard with the harps and lions in it, is flying above the door—lives opposite.

Talking of lions, I see at last they've pitched upon the live unicorn. Poor thing! Well, I knew it would right itself at some time. A great comfort and a sweet moral to them as may be backbitten all their days, to come out like the over-drifted snow at the end.

But it seems what we freeborn Britons call a unicorn, the misbenighted savages in Kordofan—says BARON VON MULLER—call A'nasa; which, no doubt on it, is Arabby for a Neddy. For, says the Baron—and I write it from my paper—for "It is the size of a donkey, has a thick body and thin bones, coarse hair, and tail like a boar. It has a long horn on its forehead, and lets it hang when alone, but erects it immeditly on seeing an enemy." I should like to know what this is but our own precious unicorn in a wild condition, unaccustomed to public braying. It is the size of a donkey, says the Baron. Very good; but isn't it nat'ral that a donkey would grow any size that's been so long taken care of in the Royal Arms. It has coarse hair, says the Baron. Hair coarse or fine's all a matter of feed, and the British unicorn has had no end of beans. Very true, our unicorn always has his horn erect, because he's always supposed to be in state—whereas the wild unicorn, as the Baron says, has his horn out of curl when alone, and gets it up in full fig only when he sees company. Howsomever, I spose they'll not be long afore they send an A'nasa to the Theological Society, when an enlightened public will be able to judge atwixt the wild and the tame—atwixt the unicorn when in polished society, and the unicorn in the rough.

But, *Mr. Punch*, the unicorn has carried me off of my subject. What I was going to say, was this. I've long thought it; but I got up this blessed morning with the notion rivetted in me that I was born to do something. I know I come into this world with an admission! But, Sir, to begin with last night. If I didn't dream I was turned into a porkipine, I am one this very minute. A porkipine, with every quill dipped in ink. And then, I thought I did no more than walk over a white sheet of paper as big as any table-cloth, and if it warn't all printed with widely-circ'lated columns—murders and accidents and all—my name is not MATILDA. And though I was a porkipine, I thought I was still myself, and had the perfect use of my quills, and while writing, was sensible to the last drop of ink. And this brings me to my letter.

I do think, *Mr. Punch*, that my habits and feelings—to say nothing o' my dream—pint me out to myself as a public writer. Yes; that's the admission I was born with. But, Sir, to give you my story with not a bit of varnish.

I am the only daughter of parints that was once repitable, but are now, unfortunately, no more. Blessed by Providence with a competent muffin-walk which, as you may know, lasts only four months in the year, they were always enabled to take themselves and me abroad six months at least, to beguile ourselves with the artful foreigner. The Courts we peeped into—but this by-and-by. Still, I may say, if the younger branches of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS was the first of the Imperial Rushes to know what was crumpets, they owe that blessing of civilisation—as my dear father would call it—to a freeborn Briton.

You are not the man, *Mr. Punch*, to ask a lady's age. I am not the woman to name it. Still, this I will say. I am old enough to remember the feelings that fought in my bosom on the trial of QUEEN CAROLINE. How I wished I was a man, to take a spear and shield, and go afore Buckingham Palace (over the way) and fling a glove down under the marble arch. But I was young then. You can't think how young.

I might have married many times, and therefore never have. "MATILDA'S mind was too strong to bend about a wedding ring." This is what my father said, and he was a man that never told an untruth. Never. Though you'd put him behind his own counter, he couldn't do it.

Well, *Mr. Punch*, being, in the course of things, left an orphan, with a small Chancery property, and being of a roving mind, and not having a temper that could take up with one room, I give up myself to housekeeping—that is, to minding other people's houses. At this very minute I'm in Pimlico. Fourteen rooms, rent £150; water, hard and soft; taxes next to nothing; never seen a flea since I've been here; and chimneys that don't know what smoke is.

And in this way, for this past ten years, I've been moved about town—like a Queen on a chess-board—though not always in a square. The quantity of life I've seen in this way is wonderful. The shades of human feelings, like colours in a ribbin-box, that unroll 'emselves afore me, are not to be reckoned. In this way I've been brought into a persition with the first people as ever walked; and so a little down the ladder—though I make it a pint of principle never to have a house on my hands under £70 per ann., taxes not included.

It isn't for me, *Mr. Punch*, to boast of what I know. I should despise myself if I could be brought so much as to elude to the *perlitical secrets*, from QUEEN ANNE'S time upwards and downwards, as are in my box. But this I may say; that the days of spring panels is not past. It is not likely that I should have had the run of so many mansions all to myself, without rummaging all the closets, and sounding all the wainskits. And the upshot of this is, writings and parchments enuff to make your knees knock together. You don't know what things I've brought to light! You don't know what may be hidden in a crust of blue mildoo! I've come at writings that'll turn the *History of England* inside out, and make all the Kings in Westminster Abbey rattle in their coughings. And these, *Mr. Punch*, are at your service.

But, Sir, don't think I have nothing to perpose but mouldy writings and dead skins of our ansistors. My principal object is the life about us: the life as fresh and as bright as the sprats this minute crying under me. *Mr. Punch*, I live on a newspaper. As the bee goes from rose to lillie—and from lillie to mariegolde—and so on to polyantus and Londonpride—packing up about her all the honey as she finds; so, *Mr. Punch*, do I go about my paper.

When I sets myself down to my tea and toast—(strange fikleness of human natur!—but I never could like muffins!)—and throws myself upon the world in print, you've no notion how I *do* expand! You can't guess the many feelings that fight within me, like a crowd on a boxin night! Feelings of all sorts,—but praps, like the hop in BASS'S ale, bitterness is uppermost. And for this, the kindest of reasons—to see what *a mess* (excuse strong writing)—a mess the men, the lords of the creation, make of the world they've taken all to theirselves, leaving such a little of it to the women to make up into anything.

It is quite time that these feelings should be poured out in ink. And so, *Mr. Punch*—thinking that I've seen in a good many of your works a heart that could feel for a sister—I perpose, in whatever mansion I may have to keep—(tho' between ourselves, I like Pimlico and the nearness to the Pallis so well that I shan't let this house in a hurry—not if I know it)—in whatever mansion, to write to you upon the world that's turning round us,—that I may, though late, do credit to the admission I was born with.

Mr. Punch, there is at this minute something serous—awful—in this house and its round about. It is five in the afternoon. There is a fog in the street that might be cut like Wenham ice, and packed off to our unnat'ral enemies. There is a jamming of vehikels and all the roar of life, and cussing of cabs, with a silver cry of sprats—like the voice of ope above a tempest—in the street below. And here above am I, in a drawin-room of somethin like ninety by a hundred: with appear glass that would take in GOLIAH, over the chimney—and on the sealing, garlands of roses and apples and pumgrannies in plaster. Here I sits, like the Empress of ROBINSON CRUSOE, with the Emperor out. And in my lap is the "great globe itself" made flat into a newspaper. What thoughts it opens up! Now I'm in Pimlico, and—now in Californy!——Gold! Nothing but gold! One minute the room I sit in is a shadow—and now if it isn't luminated, lighted up with the precious mettle like the furniss of ABEDNEGO!

But, *Mr. Punch*, with your kind permission—and with your gen'ral allowance—I'll give you, next week, my notions of Californy, as it appears (with other things) in the newspaper. Meanwhile,

Yours to cumand,

Pimlico. MATILDA BENIMBLE.

From Bad to Worse.

THE French must have some novelty. They have no sooner got their NAPOLEON than they want to change him. Not pleased with him as a President, they want to have him as an Emperor. They had better be content with their bad bargain; for we can kindly caution France—and if it only looks in the Dictionary, it will see our word is perfectly good—that the very next thing that follows an *Empire*, is—*Empirer*.

NEW WORK.

JUST out.—STAITE'S *Electric Light*.

"A FEW DAYS IN THE DIGGINS." By a "Free and Independent."

anded at St. Francisco, after a 'tarnal tossin of five months. This *is* coming thro' the small eend of the Horn, I reckon, and there ought to be pretty considerable *some* on the other side to make up for leavin' my dry goods store and family fixins in Broadway.

Traded with a Down-Easter, who is makin' tracks for the settlements, with 30,000 dollars in his carpet-bag, for a spade, pick, scoop, and washin' trough—givin' 800 dollars for the plunder, and glad to get it, as Increase Niles Flint, of Salem, Mass., went 750, and he is a 'tarnal old hoss at a deal.

Swopped my traps and blankets, a quarter cask of pickled pork, and a demi-john of peach brandy, which I had laid in, for six pounds ginoo*ine* gold. Pretty considerable smart tradin.

Toted my tools to Hiram K. Doughboy's boarding shanty, and settled with him for blankets and board, at 30 dollars per diem. Catawampus prices here, that's a fact; but everybody's got more dust than he knows what to do with.

Off to the diggins with a party; mighty small potatoes most of 'em; all sorts and colours, and everlastin ragged—Bay-statesmen, Backwoodsmen, Buckeyes from Ohio, Hosses from Kentuck, Cape Cod Whalers, St. Francisco Indians, Leperos from Santa Cruz, Texan Volunteers, Philadelphia Quakers, a Latter-day Saint, six Irish Sympathisers, twelve Yankees, as many Britishers, a squad of Deserters, a Blackfoot Guide, a Methodist Parson, and a Mormon Elder. A 'tarnal nigger tried to join us, but got cow-hided.

Struck diggins, and sot to serious washin'; parson began to ask a blessin', but seein' Silas T. Forks, of Orangeburgh, N. Ca., helpin' himself, parson cut it short off, and we went to work, like niggers at cane hoin', agreein' to dig in company, and share profits. Cotched the Quaker sunnin' himself, and takin' kink out of his back with a Havannah. Convened a meetin', cow-hided Quaker, and at it again. Gold lyin' about like earth-nuts, and riddlin' through the water like hail-storm in a sherry-cobbler.

Sounded the cough for grub, and found nobody got anything, but that 'cute old coon, Zerubbabel W. Peabody, of Staten Island, who had brought a bag of biscuit, and some meat fixins. The varmint wouldn't sell a notion under an ounce of dust, and sacked the whole bilin.

To work again; totted up at sun-down, and found we'd averaged 28 dollars per man. Got back to shanty; but before that darned Hiram K. Doughboy would let me inside the door, forced to pay down 30 dollars for day's board and lodgin'. So wound up 2 dollars worse than in the mornin'. Calcilated to camp out in future, cut Hiram, and work on my own hook, havin' realised that Socialism ain't no go in gold diggin'. Asked Hiram why he didn't go out with his bowie-knife and washing-pail. Hiram sniggered, and said he warn't greedy, and preferred helpin' folks in his shanty. Hiram usen't to be such a concarned fool.

* * * * * *

Started alone—having swopped the gold I got from Down-Easter yesterday, for one blanket, half-quarter cask of pork, and half demi-john of brandy. Must convene that I've lost 50 per cent. by bargains; but a cargo of new diggers having just come in from Panama, great demand for such fixins, and forced to give what that old flint of a Down-Easter chose to ask. *He's* made considerable some by his trade, that's a fact, and I doubt if he could have done better at the diggins.

Made a great day—havin' sacked 40 dollars at least. Got sorter lost, and found, when I tracked back to the tree where I'd *cached* my

plunder, that those 'tarnal *Ingines* had absquatulated with blanket, pork, and brandy. Luckily I've got my tools.

Spent the night under a cotton tree; mighty sharp set in the mornin', having eat nothin' since yesterday at twelve. Struck the trail of ZERUBBABEL W. PEABODY, and traded with him for some bread and pork doin's for which the everlastin' old skin-flint made me come down cruel, cleanin' me out of all I'd raised yesterday.

ZERUBBABEL says he ain't diggin', but goin' about with a provision and liquor store. It's amazin' how long-headed men like ZERUBBABEL can be such darned idiots.

* * * * * *

I've got out of the track of the settlement, and into a prime diggin' —all to myself—where the lumps of gold run as big as pigeon's eggs, and lie as thick as hailstones in Broadway, after a come-down in the fall. But I'm darned weak for want of grub, and so rheumatic with campin' out that it's quite a caution.

* * * * * *

Two days without seein food—gold gets more abundant than ever.

* * * * * *

Extract from the "St. Francisco Star."

"Yesterday some Indians from the up diggins came to the settlement with a man whom they had found lying insensible farther up the St. Sacramento than any of our diggers have yet penetrated. He had a bag by his side, which contained £18,000, in dust and lumps of the precious metal; but the Indians exacted most of it for bringing him back to the settlement. He was fearfully emaciated; and, in another twelve hours, the adventurous treasure-seeker must have perished of hunger."

MORE MISERIES OF THE 'BUS CONDUCTOR.

"MISTER PUNCH, SIR,

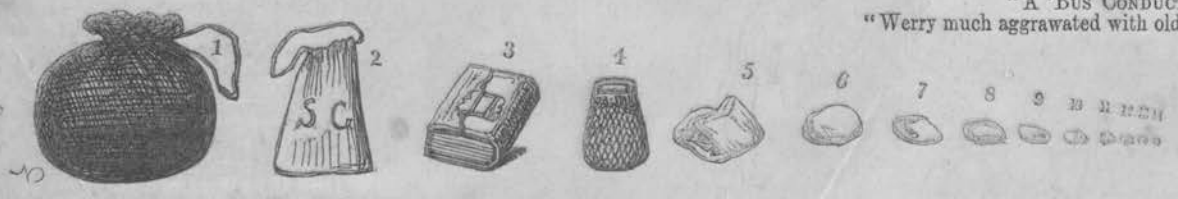
"YOU'VE guv us Conductors a vipe afore now, and if so be I may make so bold as to pint out a matter whereby the aggrawashun ov it is not to be told, I means in regard of these 'ere threepenny fairs wich it is well nown to all conduktors how impossible it is to get the old ladys to be reddy with their coppurs, wich if an oppersishun behind yer, it *is* ard to see the creme of the road tuk between yer teeth, 'cause an old woman will spend as much time to put together her browns as they'd be a payin' away an underd poun' note at the Bank.

"Yesterday as ever vos ve takes up a old lady—wich she called Vitechapel, and we goes to the Roil Hoax, but that's nither 'ere nor there—and ven she find out vere she vos a goin to, wich the fust place she knowed was the corner of Edgur Rode, she fairly riz the bus a-callin and a-hollerin, and a jumpin' up and a comin' down werry wiolent on the stout gent's toes next the dore, and let me out sez she. 'Yes marm, sez I,—threepence sez I,' wich she pulls out her bag—and bless yer, I thort there ud never been an end of that 'ere bag; fust there was another bag inside it, and then there was a prare book or a littul wobbler, and then there was a puss, but not the von she keeps her browns in; and then there was a angkwercher, then there was a wax end, and then a bit of frensh chork, and then a nutmegreater, and then a peppermint drop, and then a dubble nut, and then a bit o' paper, and thinks I this *is* the coppers, but it wasn't only sum buttons, and then a wariety of articles too numerus to menhsun, wich I took a note of em on my time book, and 'ere they are, and all afore she cum to that blessed threepence—wich I think such bags is a little too strong; so trusting you will notis the same in your perodical,

"I remaine, yours truly,

"A 'BUS CONDUCTOR,

"Werry much aggrawated with old ladies."



WHIST.

PUNCH'S recent question—"Will LOUIS-NAPOLEON lead up to the King, or play the deuce?" has created a sensation over all the world; and rather than keep the whole world waiting for an answer, *Punch* will give one himself.

LOUIS-NAPOLEON will not lead up to the King, but if he should get out all the knaves, with the assistance of a few trumps, he may perhaps make the honour he now has in his hands. If, on the contrary, he tries to win by tricks, the elder hands will probably get the game by the honours falling to their share in another deal of the cards. His best suit to rely upon at present is Hearts; while his opponents are rather strong in Clubs. But much will depend on the next game that is played; "for, there's the rub."

It has been since suggested to us by an ingenious Liverpool friend, that PRINCE LOUIS-NAPOLEON may not only adopt both the courses suggested in our original query, but that also, before the game is up, he will have to "Cut for Deal"—in a fishing-boat.

Giving 1848 a Character.

WHEN we look back at that profligate year 1848, we see nothing but flights running through it. The flight of LOUIS-PHILIPPE, the double flight of FERDINAND, and the flight of his iron master, METTERNICH; the flight of the poor POPE, and the flights of ministers, *ouvriers*, citizens, and labour-organizers innumerable. Nothing but a rapid succession of flights. Most decidedly Posterity, when she puts on her spectacles to relate the History of our present age, will write down the Anno Domini, 1848, as the *flightiest* year on record.

THE SHELL JACKET.

THE forebodings that were entertained as to the failure of the Shell Jacket in the Army have, during the late cold weather, been bitterly justified. Many of the wearers complain that these jackets are properly called shells, as they are likely to be preliminary to coffins.

THE GREATEST SPELL OF LIFE.—Reading the *Fonetik Nuz*.

A NEW FEATURE IN "PUNCH."

WE can fancy the surprise of the whole world—to whom the features of *Punch* are so well known, and by whom they are considered so perfect—at this announcement. *Punch* intends to report the Parliamentary Debates of the forthcoming session, without any enlargement of paper, and without any extra expense to his multitudinous readers. *Punch* has always had his *bâton*, and he has now his *staff*—of Parliamentary reporters. He has too often lent his ideas to his contemporaries—he will now, for the first and last time, borrow an idea from one of them. It will be recollected that a morning contemporary, the *Daily News*, during last autumn published the daily state of the weather in the principal towns in the kingdom. That is the model on which *Punch* will report the Debates, and remodel the art of Parliamentary reporting. The only difference between *Punch's* reports and his contemporaries' will be, that his will be read, and theirs will not. Here is a specimen:—

WAYS AND MEANS.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER	Heavy, dull.
SIR ROBERT PEEL	Variable.
MR. DISRAELI	Bitter, cutting, brilliant.
LORD JOHN RUSSELL	Cold, fitful, cheerless.
MR. COBDEN	Bright, sunshiny, clear, cheering.
MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY	Hazy, dreary, muggy.
MR. URQUHART	Murky, dismal.
LORD PALMERSTON	Sharp, biting."
COL. SIBTHORP	Short gusts of wind; exhilarating.
MR. BRIGHT	Sombre, pelting.
MR. BANKS	Wretched.

The debate was then adjourned.

The above is a mere specimen. Will our contemporaries have the hardihood to say that their reports will be more faithful or more intelligible to the mass of their readers, than ours will be? We pause for a reply.

THE GOLDEN COUNTRY.—Such is the richness of the soil in California, that steel pens, if put into the ground over night, are found to be gold ones on the following morning.

THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE.—Paris has been tranquil for a week.

CATTLE AND CORPORATION.

GREENHILL'S RENTS are near to Smithfield. Lodgings are let there. With all tenderness for the Corporation of London, so determined to turn the muck and blood of Smithfield into money, we should like to accommodate a few Aldermen and Common Councilmen in some of the kitchens, parlours, and first-floors on hire. The lodgings—on the faith of an unsophisticated inhabitant—have these bestial advantages:—

"On the *Level with our Kitchens* is where they keep a Quantity of *Bullocks*. And *level with the Parlours* they keep a Quantity of *Pigs & Calves*. And level with our *First floor* they keep a *Quantity of Sheep*. And the Distance of these Sheds to the Back of Some of Our Houses they are within *Six Inches* Of each other—And Underneath all of these sheds there is a large Cavity, of which they Slaughter a Quantity of Pigs, Both on *Sundays as well As Other Days*."

We should like to take a sufficient number of Corporation worthies, and—according to their intelligence—quarter them; the more stolid with the bullocks; the more stupid with the pigs and calves; and the more simple with the sheep.

"And what with the Foundation of Our Houses being Decayed By the Rats burrowing between, And the Dreadful Stench that arises from Those Sheds and Slaughterhouses, Together from the Noise from the Cattle, We Cannot keep our Apartments let long Together. For Our Lodgers Complain and tell us that they cannot Sleep for the Noise Of the Beasts."

And what is the remedy? None, we fear, from the Corporation of London; none, short of this,—an Act to compel the residence by rota of every Alderman of London in kitchen, parlour, and first-floor of Greenhill's Rents. As for the LORD MAYOR, he should be obliged to pass his Sundays there: his only food, one black pudding from the pigs slaughtered on the Sabbath.

COMING OUT OF ST. SEPULCHRE'S ON A SUNDAY EVENING.

THE CHATELAINE OF THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A TALE OF FASHION.

"SIR,—IF you consider ghost stories appropriate to this season of the year, all I can say is, that here is a tale of a Haunted House, which is heartily at your service.

"I am, Sir, an octogenarian and a bachelor: and, Sir, probably the latter circumstance may account for the former. I was lately confined to my bed-room by an attack of the gout, at the commencement of which, my niece, with a number of grown-up daughters, came to stay at my house. Well, Sir, no sooner had my visiters arrived, than my house began to be disquieted day and night, by the most unaccountable noises. They exactly resembled the jingling of chains, and appeared to run from the bottom to the top of the house, and *vice versâ*, and to pass in and out of the various rooms, sometimes over head, and sometimes under. Of course, Sir, you are aware that sounds of this nature are popularly associated with the idea of ghosts and goblins; and at last I began to say 'Eh, what? Upon my word, I really do believe that this house is haunted.'

"I assure you, Sir, that they were a most serious annoyance to me; they distracted my attention whilst reading the paper, disturbed me at my meals, and, I believe, interfered with my digestion. But, Sir, when I recovered, and left my room, the whole mystery was explained, and what I say is, you will always find it so in similar cases. I then discovered, Sir, that my ghosts were no other than my guests. The clinking and clanking by which I had been exasperated, proceeded from a sort of band of steel chains, which my niece and each of the girls had dangling at their waistbands, with a miscellaneous parcel of keys, cutlery, and other hardware at the end of them. I asked what the deuce these things were, and was told they were called *chatelaines*. *Chatelaines!* Now, Sir, I do say that these *chatelaines* are utterly destructive to domestic quiet, and by no means elegant appendages to costume. They may enable young ladies to dance the Polka in fetters; but such fetters will never serve the purpose of binding the hearts of admirers. The next new fashion, I suppose, will be handcuffs instead of bracelets. I do not like to see, and still less to hear, a lady with a chain at her waist, swinging about an assortment of marine stores. The appearance is unsightly, and the rattle intolerable to

"Your humble Servant,
"SENEX."

SEASONABLE MORAL.—If you wish to do good at this season of the year, do it for goodness' sake.

MASQUERADING MENDICANTS.

WE are glad to find there is some chance of the begging profession being thoroughly done up at last, by the light of exposure being brought to bear upon it. The professors of the art of street mendicancy can scarcely be called actors, though perhaps ex-actors is not an inappropriate name for them. The most surprising part of their performance is that of their "infant prodigies," whose assumptions and personations are truly wonderful.

We have seen a marvellous display of juvenile talent in a boy, who, in the course of a single week, has been an orphan with six little brothers and sisters, a pleader for a dying mother and a bedridden father, as well as a poor sailor-boy just cast ashore in the middle of the Strand; thus entitling himself to rank with those actors whose chief merit is their versatility.

We must give credit to the professional mendicants for the attention they devote to costume, which has evidently become a study with most of them. There are public wardrobes, to which the acting, or exacting, beggars resort for the purpose of "making up," and the effect is often worthy of the skill and taste of the most accomplished theatrical *costumier*. The reduced-clergyman dodge is a highly successful branch of the begging profession, and a seedy clerical suit is understood to pay much better than an average country curacy.

An investment in the reduced gent's togs—as the slang phrase has it among the fraternity—is far more profitable than a small investment in the Reduced Threes; and there is a speculator in this branch, with whom many of our readers may be familiar, who wears a white choker, holds a few sticks of sealing-wax in his hand, affects shame at his situation, keeps a corner of his eye on the look-out for the police, and clears his ten shillings or a pound a-day, from the softness of the heads and hearts of the passengers.

The durability of grief among this class is something quite remarkable, for we have seen the same man with a piece of crape round his hat for the same wife for six or seven successive years; and the female professors are quite as tenacious of the weeds of their widowhood. "Once a widow or widower, always a widow or widower," appears to be the motto with these bereaved individuals.

Chicken Hazard.

THE Million are to be disappointed of their promised poultry. The celebrated egg-hatching machine is for sale. Money is wanted to keep up the steam. Some 16,000 juvenile cocks and hens are panting in solitary confinement to throw off the yolk. If not soon taken out, they must die the death of the bad and musty. Their case is almost hopeless; go apparently they must; but in the meantime every respect has been paid to their remains. As the last experiment, a hatchment has been placed over the door.

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MISS BENIMBLE'S TEA-AND-TOAST.

MISS B. ON THE FRENCH CHIMPANZEE AND THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.—CALIFORNIA AND THE ABOMINATION OF GOLD.—COBDEN'S WAR WITH STATE &c.

OR! it's wonderful—and I've often thought upon it, pokin the cunnin things with a parasol, at the Theological Gardens—it's wonderful what sense there is in monkies! If they ain't as wise in their mischief as a Christian, I'm not in Pimlico. And to think that the French—'bove all the folks in the world—should know so little on 'em? Why, if a Frenchman knew hisself, he ought to look upon a monkey for all the world like a poor relation, denied the use of his articles of speech. And yet, *Mr. Punch*, what do I read in my paper? Why this:—"*The Chimpanzee, which had been for the last five months at the Museum of Natural History, has just expired, not being able to resist the effects of the cold.*" Yes: in course; but what sort of cold? What says MR. SHAKESPEARE—who 's been invited to my Gracious Naybor opposite, to Windsor, to make him fit for decent people—what says he?

"Blow, blow, thou nor'-east wind,
Thou 'rt by no means so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

Not the cold of France, but the cold of Frenchmen, has killed that senseativ plant of a monkey. Of course, the poor cretur expected to be made a President of, and never thought they'd go and put over his head that LEWIS-NAPOLEYON. It's enough to break the heart of an oister, thro' shell and all. For consider, *Mr. Punch*, as the British Lion with us, so with the French is the Paris Monkey a nashunal animal. The Shimpanzee had a right to the *foetool*, which you know is French politics for the President's chair. For 'spose LEWIS can ride a horse—why, Shimpanzee could stride a camel! And while LEWIS can make speeches, and what 's more, write letters—Shimpanzee couldn't, for his life, say a sillabul, or make a single pothook up'ards or down-'ards. And, then, think on Shimpanzee's dignitie. Why, a monkey, with his Act of Parlimint eyes, will look as wise as six judges, wigs or not. Shimpanzee must have been a great improvement on LEWIS as, what I read, the embodded expressyun of the French Public. And the poor monkey felt this, no doubt; and so died of the ballad-box.

It only wants a little fancy to look, and the newspaper—there 's so much about Californy—shines all over like a new gilt weathercock. Well, it 's wonderful; but, upon my life—after gas, and steam, and 'lectric wire—this discovery of a land all gold, comes in like a fairy pallis at the end of a pantomine. In 1848, to think that so many royal crowns should ha' gone to the melting-pot—and that at the very time that gold enough turns up to make a crown for every day in the week for the heads of King Mob, with three crowns, like the Pope's, for Sundays! Isn't here a Revolution of mettles, when a 'Merican chimbley-sweeper may have upon him as much treble gilt as the KING OF NAPLES, or any other King of the House of Bonbon?

Howsumever, it 's a good thing for the 'Mericans, as I 'm ready to show 'em. The gold was sent a purpose to settle the Black Question; and in this way. The 'Mericans have only to send half of their slave-niggers to Californy to pick up gold enough to buy their own freedom and pay for the liberty of the other half that 's left behind. This I may call settling two slaves with one charge of gold dust. It 's a sweet thought that when the 'Mericans hadn't heart enough theirselves to give liberty to the blacks, that Providence should kindly step in with gold galore to buy it for 'em!

But, *Mr. Punch*, Californy is making a revolution in London. I, who live in Pimlico, may be supposed to know something of tip-top life in Bellgravy. There 's tears, and wailing, and istericks to no end in the higher succles. Younger sons sellin out o' the Army—younger ones again turning their backs on the Church, and thinking no more of DR. PUSSY and MR. NEWMAN than if they were bedels—and all resolved to go to Californy. Only this very day, the milkman told me he saw the younger sion of a markwis cheapening a spade, and flourishing a pickax, at a hardware shop—as if he 'd been born to the disgusting implements. And the frenzie has—it may be supposed—fired the female heart. Timid young ladies, without money enough—*dots* they 're called in high life—to buy husbands at home, have, as I heer, chartered a skewner, to get fortunes for theirselves in Californy. What 's to become of us? I know a little of perlitical economy—I haven't so often paid the taxgatherer for father not to know something of the sighence—and it isn't likely that milliners, and shirtmakers, and all the packets of needles (as I call 'em) will stop here, starving on shillins a week, when—with no more than their bare bodkins—they may every day pick up mettle that 's so many guineas in a virgin state. I know what it will come to: Dutchesses will have to go to Court in gowns o' their own make: and—it 's dreadful to think on—praps a Prime Minister be obliged to stand up in Parliment in a shirt of his wife's sowin! Vessels goin to Californy ought immedtly to be stopt; and this is only to be done by laying upon every port a strong lumbago.

To be sure, there is another way. Some o' the Bishops might be asked to preach against the folly, and the wickedness, and the horror, and the crime, and the stupiditie, and the burnin shame, and the lust and darkness, and strait-jacket ravin madness of gold! What sweet discorses might be made upon the yellar trashe!!! I see by the paper, they 've been doin' it in Ameriky. One clergyman preached upon the text—"*How much better is it to get wisdom than gold!*" And all the congregation emptied their pockets to buy a testimonal—a silver-gilt tea-service—for the preacher, whose return of thanks will no doubt come by the next packet. And in this way, all our Bishops might discorse against this *gold rot*—I must call it so—as threatens to eat up the fibers of the people's heart. Think, *Mr. Punch*, if the BISHOP OF LONDON, for one, was to walk up from Fulham to St. James's Church, and having taken off his modest gaturs and his 'Merican overshoes in the vestry, and gone up in the pulpit, and was then and there to put down the sinful mettle for ever! Wouldn't it be a sight to see the Bishop killing the golden dragon that threatened to eat the hearts and souls out of us? And suppose the BISHOP OF EXETER in another pulpit—West End, of course!—And there, laying out a handful o' sovrings on the pulpit cushion afore him—'spose he showed to the sinners in poohs, that the golden sovrings was ashes, and dirt, and blood, and wickedness, and—all shiny as they were—was not a bit better than sin and death? Why, at one and the same time he 'd turn people's souls inside out with their pockets! What a sight would this be, when on the same Sunday all the Bishops, and Deans, and Prebans, and Recturs and Vickers, one and all got into the pulpit, and took up their Bibles to knock down gold!

No doubt on it, folks would very much rejoice; there 'd be 'luminations, and fireworks, and bullocks roasted, and the winders of two or three stockbrokers smashed to celebrate the moral triumf. Meanwhile, how the papers do burn and twinkel with news of Californy! And meanwhile—for, born with an admission to write the truth, I shall never be above it, as if truth was not good enough for me—meanwhile I do feel my heart drawn toward Helldorado! I allow that gold is wickedness; but human natur was born with a low love of the yellar sin. Gold, I own it, is dirt; but then, don't the best of us love to be dirty? We keep, like taturs, all the better for it. Gold is the root of evil; but lor! how sweet is the pippins, the fruit that grows upon the tree with that golden root to it! Gold is, I know, like a thief that walks by night: and yet, timid woman as I am, I could never be brought to bolt my door aginst it. "MR. BAGSTER," says I, this very afternoon—BAGSTER is the milkman, and I 'm afeard, a low Chartist; for even the cat looks twice at his milk, there 's so much more water than human kindness in it—"MR. BAGSTER," says I—"I tell you what it is: you 're one o' those people that 'ud level everything; bring down gold to pewter. It 's very well for you to abuse what you call money, the vice of the age; but that's acause you can't be vishus. The fact is, we do with gold as we 're too apt to do with our acquaintance—abuse and pick it to pieces, only when it 's away from us." That was a bit of truth; and in course it was rewarded as sich; for BAGSTER—as I and the cat afterwards found—give me short measure for it.

Mr. Punch, as my candle is coming to an end, so for the present must my writin. Else I 'd a good deal to say; but it 'll keep. MR. COBDEN is, I see, come out agin. I expected it. If he *was* thrashed lately, why—like the corn he 's talked of so much—it was only that he might sprout and grow for the thrashing. He 's a going, I hear, to cut Government down to the quick. Going—as that wretch BAGSTER said, with a demonick laugh—"to cut from the State it 's expensive &c.!" If it 's true, there 's an end o' England. I look upon that &c. as the very tail o' the British Lion: it is in the &c. that is the strength, and the grace, and the glory—as I once heard at a play—of the land. Why, in that little &c. is curled up thousands and thousands, and thousands of pounds! In that very &c—as in the British oak—I don't know how many birds of fine feather find roost and shelter. And after all, what—as I said to BAGSTER—what is our limited monarkie? Why, nothin in the world, but a Republic with &c.! "True," said the horrid leveller—"only the anpersan (meaning the &c.) has, at present, a little too expensive a flourish; we just want to take an inch or two of its golden tail off." Low fellar!

And MR. BRIGHT is, of course, in this. To be sure. For, as I said to BAGSTER—and he hadn't a word to answer—as I said—"What 's quakerism itself? Why, hard, common life, with not a morsel of &c.!"

M. B.

(PRIVATE). A good many have called to see the house. Once I trembled and thought it let. I dropt a few black beatles, and have heard nothin more. Like Pimlico better every day; and shall certainly wait till my royal naybor's flags a flyin.

A MAN OF ACTION.

If there were any doubt as to whether LOUIS-NAPOLEON is or is not a man of action, such doubts would be removed by his recent appointment of one who is the acknowledged master of action—or at least of the *ballet d' action*—to an office under government. A late proclamation about the new year's day levee is signed CHANGARNIER, and countersigned PERROT, from which we find that the popular little dancer is regularly installed in office under the new President. We see no objection to this arrangement, for we are sure PERROT will go through the ceremonial business at a levee, whatever the duties may be, with quite as much grace and dignity as any aristocratic Stick in Waiting, whether Gold or Silver, could possibly have exhibited. Perhaps, however, there is a deep political motive under this appointment, and LOUIS-NAPOLEON may calculate on the power of PERROT to fascinate the public in the President's favour by some new *pas de fascination*, or to lead the enemies of the Government a very pretty dance in a *trouandaise* of the most intricate character.

Whatever the intention of the President may be, we are inclined to look on the appointment as a happy one. There is, perhaps, a stern and simple republican feeling at the bottom of the apparently *bizarre* idea of selecting a dancer to superintend those unmeaning ceremonies which make up the proceedings at the levees and receptions of sovereigns. It is also not unlikely that the extraordinary powers of PERROT in spinning, which have caused him to be likened to a human teetotum, may have recommended him to the favour of one who has been indebted for his present position to certain wonderful and rapid revolutions of the world in general, and the wheel of fortune in particular.

INSTANTANEOUS DIPLOMACY.

THE prospect of the establishment of a Submarine Electric Telegraph between Folkestone and Boulogne, and thus of an instantaneous communication between London and Paris, suggests many weighty and some light reflections. The possibility of an immediate interchange of messages between the Governments of France and England, will save our Ambassador at Paris one half of his trouble, and the nation, of course, just so much of his salary. A great economy also will, doubtless, be effected in the language of diplomacy, which will become idiomatic, pithy, and pertinent. As for instance: "Can't you reduce that tariff?" "Not in the present state of the Exchequer." "Take the duty off our claret." "Don't you wish you may get it?" "We think about interfering in Germany." "You'd better not." "What do you say to cutting down our armaments?" "We will if you will." "Well, if you will we will." "Come, then, you begin." "No, you." "After you is manners." "CAPTAIN HAWSER complains that you have insulted our flag." "No such thing." "*Pax* or *bellum?*" "*Pax.*" "Stop thief!" "Who?" "Five feet ten inches, light hair, and squints." "Oblige our Bank with a loan." "How much?" "Only a million." "We 're too hard up." "London quiet?" "Tolerably. How's Paris?" "All right."

The only objection to a Submarine Telegraph between the two countries, that we can see, is, that any shock originating in France is felt quite soon enough in England already.

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE POLITICIANS.

In Words of One Syllable.

THERE was a Small Boy whose name was JOHN BULL, and he felt much Pain from a Rod; not that he was a Bad Boy who ought to have the Rod, but that those who did rule him did love to lay it on to him so hard, that he could not bear it. Now one day JOHN did find the Rod, and when he saw it, he was much struck by some Twigs, which he did twig as those which had much struck him, and struck him too much, as he thought, and he had good Cause to think so. So when he saw the Twigs which did bear on him too hard, he did make up his Mind to pull at them till he should pull them quite out, and make an end of them. So a Friend did chance to call on him, whose name was DICK COB, who said if JOHN would lend his own Hand to pull out the Twig that stung the most, he, DICK COB, would lend his Hand too, and he had no doubt that they would both gain their End if they both gave a long Pull, a strong Pull, and a Pull at the right Time. So JOHN BULL and DICK COB did give the long Pull, and the strong Pull, and the Twig came out quite well; so that the Rod did not hurt poor JOHN BULL half so much as it once had done, and his Back could now bear all that for his good it was right to put on it.

The Beauties of Floorer.

THE *Builder* recommends the immediate flooring of the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge. We regret to find our respected contemporary labouring under such destructive tendencies. It is bad enough to floor a policeman now and then, but the flooring of the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge is a proposition of such a monstrous character that we are surprised at the very respectable quarter in which it originates.

LATEST COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Californian Digger.)

A PENNY loaf is worth its weight in gold.

THE GREATEST NOVELTY SINCE TOM THUMB.—Parliament is announced to meet on the 1st "*for the despatch of business!*" We shall certainly not believe it till we see it.

THE BEGGING PROFESSION.

Boo Hoo—I've dropped all my Lucifers.
The Ragged and Picturesque Do
Do with Policeman in the distance
The Clean and Respectable dodge

MEMBERS OF THE BEGGING PROFESSION.

In these days there is unfortunately so much real distress, that *Punch* cannot tolerate the mockery of it, which is so likely to disgust the charitable who find themselves deceived, and dry up the fountains of benevolence, which never were needed to flow with greater freedom than at the present moment.

While *Punch* puts the public on its guard against imposture, he would put the police on the alert to ascertain all cases of real distress—to divide the genuine from the false, by taking cognisance of every one—and thus prevent actual want from being denied relief, by being confounded with falsehood and hypocrisy. It is against the actors of misery, and not the sufferers, that we are wielding our *bâton*, and endeavouring to put kind-hearted people on their guard, by exposing the infamous tricks that are employed to impose on their benevolence. The number of actors has fearfully increased, until almost every mendicant we meet appears, theatrically speaking, "in character."

In consequence of the great depression in the dramatic and vocal arts, they can scarcely be exercised with profit anywhere but in the public thoroughfares. We understand that MR. RICHARD JONES, MR. COOPER, and other retired actors who have been in the habit of advertising "To prepare gentlemen for the Church, the Senate, and the Bar," will shortly commence receiving pupils for the purpose of perfecting them in mendicant oratory, including "Shame to appear in present degraded situation," appeals to the feelings, on the ground of abstinence from food for eight-and-forty hours, with occasional statistics referring to the decline of manufactures, and the stagnation in particular branches of industry.

The vocal branch of the Begging Profession has lately been much cultivated; and the connexion between the "most musical," and the "most melancholy," is now so readily admitted, that singing-classes are regularly formed with the view of qualifying the professors of Mendicancy to operate on the hearts of the public by operatic effects. The study of the shake is strongly recommended for "family use," that is to say, where the family of the mendicant is large, and the shake may give a sort of shivering effect to the melody. The *allegro* is quite out of favour with the vocalists of the mendicant profession; but a *sostenuto* of the most comprehensive kind, enabling the singer to carry one note through a whole street, at a very high pitch, and turn the corner with a *legato* passage which prepares him to sport his *sostenuto* again down a second street, is found to be a very profitable class of vocalism, as it attracts hearers by startling them in the first instance; and if the "make up" is tolerably good, if the rags are picturesquely adjusted, the arms bare, and the chest quite naked, the vocalist may be tolerably sure of a running accompaniment of copper—a sort of *largo* ending in *largesse* to an amount that will be very satisfactory.

LEGAL RUMOURS.

THE disinclination of the LORD CHANCELLOR to give silk gowns, has created much dissatisfaction at the Bar, and the complaints, both at Common Law and Equity, of the back rows being over-stuffed, are becoming loud and general. It is rumoured that MR. BRIEFLESS, wishing to make room for some of his contemporaries, has almost determined on taking the coif, but sees a difficulty about the thousand pounds he will have to pay for the dignity. It is whispered that he intends making the bold experiment of offering to settle the matter by instalments—a mode of arrangement that will throw open the dignity of a Serjeantship to a class of talent at present debarred by the smallness of their means from obtaining the honours of forensic *coiffure*. MR. BRIEFLESS, it is said, will propose to take up the coif by bills at long dates, or to enter into a cognovit for the entire sum, with an insurance on his life by way of collateral security. Should he be admitted into the learned brotherhood, he will follow the usual practice of giving rings with a motto, and he has selected the characteristic letters I.O.U., which will combine cheapness of engraving with significance of meaning.

A MISFIT.

LAST week a bootmaker, of considerable standing, called upon MR. COBDEN to measure him for LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S shoes. The Hon. Member declined on the ground that he had all through his life set his foot against Whig measures, and it was not likely he would step into them now. The bootmaker seeing plainly that MR. COBDEN'S sole and understanding were several sizes larger than LORD JOHN'S, left without trying it on any further.

DOLLARINE; A TALE OF CALIFORNIA.

A FRAGMENT IN HEXAMETERS.

BY PROFESSOR W. H. LONGANDSHORTFELLOW,
Of Cambridge, Connecticut.

In St. Francisco located was NATHAN JEHOIAKIM BOWIE;
Down by the wharf on the harbour he traded in liquors and dry goods,
Darned hard knot at a deal, at Meetin' a powerful elder.
There at his store, in the shade, they met, onbraced and enlightened
Traders and trappers and captings, and lawyers and editors also.
Freely they liquored and chewed, indulgin' in expectoration,
Rockin' with heels over heads, and whittlin', laborious, the counter.

Like dough-nut at a frolic, or yellow-pine stump in a clearin',
Sharp as a backwoodsman's axe, and 'cute as a bachelor beaver,
Glimmer'd, through clouds of Virginny, the cypherin' mug of NATHANIEL.
Sweeter nor candy of maple, a'most too genteel to be raal,
Straight as a hickory sapling, and clean as a Nar'ganset pacer,
Tall *she* moved through the bar, a-sarvin' of juleps and cock-tails,
Sweetenin' the cobblers with smiles, and fixin' Havannahs with glances,
NATHAN J. BOWIE'S fair darter, splendiferous MISS DOLLARINA!
Tall she moved thro' the bar, collectin' the joes and the cents in:
Not that she needed to did it, but 'cause nigger helps there's no trustin',
And she was too tender-hearted to get the black varmint cow-hided.
—There in pastoral peace, since first the *lo*cation was ceded,
Dwelt the old man and his child, beneath their own vine and their fig-tree,
Doin' a good stroke of business, for cash or beaver-skins only.

On NAT.'s roof of split shingle, illustrious GOVERNOR TARBOX
Hoisted the Stars and the Stripes, representative there of the Mighty,
The Free, and the Fearless of 'airth, the Go-a-head 'Merican people;
Boarded there the great TARBOX, and took his horn like a mere man,
Paying four dollars *per diem* for grub, grog, shake-down, and washin'.

Then came down, like iled lightning, on St. Francisco a rumour—
Fame her brazen trump turned best mint metal to puff it—
How that the root of all evil was found growin' wild up the country,
How gold stuck to folk's fingers that washed in the St. Sacramento!
NAT. chawed two plugs extra to hear it; the editor swore he
Wished to be darned, if it wasn't a caution how folks could be gammoned.
"My!" sighed sweet DOLLARINA, and paused as she squoze a half-lemon;
But the magnanimous TARBOX, he reckoned 'tmight be kinder likely,
Seein' the States whipt the airth for men, and why not for metals?

Came from the diggins a straanger, with two carpet-bags full of goold-dust;
NATHAN diskivered the fact, as he traded a pinch for a gin-sling;
And as that straanger loafed, thro' the bar, from parlor to bedroom,
Streams of the glorious sand oozed out thro' a hole in his trowsers.
—Gathered the rumour and grew, and soon rose a sudden demand for
Calabash, can, keg, and kettle; and NATHAN'S prime lot of tin fixin's,
Crockery, also, went off at figgers that beat to etarnal
Smash all prices he'd thought, in dreams e'en, of e'er realisin'.
Soon the traders upped hook, and the editor talked edifyin'
All about lucre and dross, and the lawyer convened it was awful;
Till one mornin' tramposed the lawyer and editor with him.

Off were the trappers for beaver, they said, but "it warn't noways likely,"
NATHAN remarked, "they would strike beaver-trail in them there locations."
Then the captings went too, they said, to bring back their sailors;
And as it stands to natur', their customers followed the captings.
Next the Meetin's they thinned—that's a fact—till, down to the elders,
Dropped, like leaves in the fall, congregations of e'en the awakened,
Until the deacon was forced to look arter the flock of backsliders,
Minister mizzlin' himself, before long, to look arter the deacon.
Why should NATHAN hold on, with his bar of its customers empty,
Strawers unsucked in the cobblers, and mint unplucked in the garding,
Swopped his prime tin doin's, or sold to the uttermost pipkin?
So he went—but before him the helps, black and Irish, had vanished.
Lone in the shanty she lingered, the fair and forlorn DOLLARINA—
Lone like a flower, in the face of great natur', and GOVERNOR TARBOX!
Blushin' she bowed to the governor's snigger, when first to his bed-room,
Bearin' his boots and his breakfast, she came like a minist'rin' angel—
Blushin' she raised her bright face—and the Governor swore catawampus,
"Burn my old bree——that is, boots—gals like you didn't ought for to do it."
—Soft was the heart of Great TARBOX, and most horrid hansum the maiden.
Loftily spoke he of goold, and the tarnal low hitch of the humans,
Leavin' such gals all alone, to go the whole hog at the washin's.
Sweetly she 'd set there beside him, the while with his governor's hands he
Washed his own dickey or fried his simple repast of pork fixins;
Sweetly she sot there beside him, and TARBOX a-slavin' was happy!
Still now and then that bright eye from its tail would glance up to the mountains,
And a faint sigh be the echo of TARBOXES glowin' soft-sawder;
Oft in her pail of ablution he 'd catch her a rinsin' the water;
And once she ventured to murmur, "I wonder what nateral goold 's like."
—Down came the moment at last—sat TARBOX a-mendin' his shoe-sole,
Breathin' his love in a Sonnet, and chawin' a plug of tobaccer—
Entered the maiden so stately—and bowin' her beauty before him,
Smilingly, sobbingly uttered, "Adoo—I am off for the diggins!"

* * * * * * * *

Burst the full heart of Great TARBOX——

(Here the MSS. becomes illegible, apparently from tears.)

AWFUL NEWS FOR THE CITY.

THE *Globe* of Monday diffused through London the awful intelligence that the Mayor of Wakefield, having declared himself a tee-totaller, caused ginger-beer to be set before his guests at his inauguration banquet. This ginger-beer has caused such an effervescence of feeling in the City of London, that a deputation has already waited on the LORD MAYOR to ascertain his sentiments on the great pop question, and to pop the question to him whether he will ever think of saturating his fellow citizens with this flatulent diluent.

The Mayor of Wakefield has endeavoured to shelter himself under a quotation from SHAKESPEARE, where the idea of "ginger" being "hot i' the mouth" is brought forward in connection with the subject of festivity. It is true that ginger is hot in everybody's mouth who takes an interest in civic hospitality; for the idea of falling down from champagne to that cheap and nasty substitute, ginger-beer, has created such a sensation of horror among the officials in every Corporation, that the highly respectable Remembrancer of the City of London has been heard to say he is afraid he may forget himself, should he allow his feelings to dwell on this painful subject.

The Frying-Pan and the Fire.

WE understand that an alteration—severe, certainly, but wholesome—is about to be made in the system of prison discipline. Union-paupers, it is well known, often commit theft, or do damage, for the purpose of procuring for themselves the better diet and accommodation of a gaol. Henceforward it is intended to commit all convicts who may violate the gaol regulations to—the workhouse.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

OUR COURTS OF LAW.

No. I.—THE PALACE COURT.

In the neighbourhood of Whitehall, and not far from the official abode of the Sanitary Commissioners—who, if they were employed in looking after the moral as well as the corporeal health of the public, would doubtless have their eye on the building—stands the structure known—and far better known than trusted—as the Palace Court. It is exactly opposite the head quarters of the Metropolitan Police, and affords a striking proof of what may be carried on, in some cases, under the very nose of the authorities appointed for the protection of property. The police cannot, however, be blamed, for the Palace Court exists under the protection of privilege. The policeman's staff is therefore powerless in his paralysed hands, and the flame of exposure flickers as its ineffectual fires are paled within his bull's-eye, by the whole thing being within the pale of a perverted authority.

Punch, however, has constituted himself a Commissioner, under the Removal of Nuisances Act, which he intends to interpret as applying to moral as well as physical nuisances, and he pledges himself that the Palace Court shall be removed. We know that the Augean Stable was a mere mare's-nest compared with this legal menagerie, which we have undertaken to clean out as effectually as it has cleaned out those suitors who have been drawn into it.

We will begin our task with a description of this temple of Themis; and, though it beggars description, as it beggars everything else, we may be successful in giving the public some idea of it.

THE EXTERIOR OF THE PALACE COURT

Presents a very unpretending elevation, which prepares us for its low position in public estimation; and though the style of architecture is, on the whole, unmeaning, there is something rather typical in the enormous sort of pigeon-house over the door, which seems to indicate the process of plucking that is carried on within the building. There are no windows in front, for the Court has a sort of natural repugnance to the light of day, and carries on most of its proceedings by the dim twilight of half a-pound of composites. The absence of windows prevents also the doings inside from being overlooked by the neighbours—a precaution that the Palace Court has the advantage of in common with illicit stills and other premises devoted to nefarious practices.

The entrance to the Court is by a sort of side-door, which is quite emblematical of the mode by which the whole concern has found admission into our legal system. This brings us at once to the

INTERIOR OF THE PALACE COURT,

Which consists of a sort of hall, having a stove in the centre, which throws out an enormous heat, and reminds the unfortunate suitor at once that he is likely to have warm work of it. The first object at which the visitor arrives is the witness-box—if he is allowed to get so far by the number of officials who erect themselves into barricades at different points, for the apparent purpose of acting in a spirit of wilful obstructiveness, as if they felt that the penetralia of the Court will not bear a very close inspection. The witness-box is a contrivance somewhat on the principle of a plate-rack, being surrounded with open wooden railings; and the design may be intended to convey the idea of the witness being literally on the rack, under the powerful cross-examination of the great forensic lights of the Palace Court.

On the right of the witness-box is a small space, which gives employment to three or four functionaries in plain clothes, whose occupation seems to be, 1st, to fill up the space; 2nd, to call out "Silence" by turns when the door opens, and "Pray, silence," in chorus, when a vehicle is heard passing outside the Court; while the duty of one of the officials is to keep clear the space between himself and the great central stove, so that he and his colleagues may all get an uninterrupted view of the fire-place.

On the immediate right of this aperture is a box, raised about a foot from the ground, and here there sits, on a small perch, an individual in a black gown, whose chief employment seems to consist in shoving the public off the step that leads up to his box, and exclaiming, with much evident warmth, that he cannot bear to be suffocated, and "what's more, he won't for nobody." This personage is the acting usher of the Court, and his wand of office is a sort of linendraper's measure, some three or four yards in length, intended no doubt to represent the ample measure of law—if not of justice—that the Palace Court is in the habit of dealing out to its customers.

A little in the rear of the usher, and also in a box, is a veteran whose duty it is to look to the safe custody of the jury, and who contributes—by way of extra services—an occasional laugh at the wit of the barristers. This task, if faithfully performed, is one of the hardest that devolves on the functionaries of the Palace Court.

We now approach the judicial Bench, but not without a feeling of awe and reverence. This locality is divided from the body of the Court by a sort of gulf, and is, in fact, a kind of peninsula, connected with the mainland of the Palace Court by a species of isthmus, which is peopled with the Bar, who look down upon the sea of heads below, which is, in fact, a miniature Mediterranean, being inclosed on all sides, and having for its eastern coast a long tract of jurymen.

Dropping, however, the geographical tone of our description, we would call attention to the judgment seat, which is surmounted with a tasteful cornice, and is backed by an antique tapestry of red cloth, on which are worked in worsted—much worsted by time—the initials of his ante-penultimate Majesty, GEORGE THE THIRD, with what formerly were the Arms of England before our happy separation from Hanover. The whole thing speaks of a by-gone age, and there is an air of obsoleteness even in the decorations of the Court, which belong to a period no less than four reigns back in our history.

Perhaps the greatest feature of the whole Court is the Prothonotary, who sits under the Judge, and is certainly a prize specimen of his order. The reading of this gentleman must be something tremendous, if the saying of BACON, that "Reading makes a full man," can be relied upon, and he may be said to have literally absorbed the library of the Court, for his seat, being situated in the centre of a nest of book-shelves, has been widened from time to time, by cutting away the shelves on each side, and contracting the space allotted to the printed lore or law of the Palace Court. "The Books," to which lawyers are in the habit of referring with so much respect, consist, as far as this tribunal is concerned, of an old *Impey*; a *Directory for the year* 1819; a *Ready Reckoner*; a *Dax*; a first edition of *Chitty*, and some odd volumes of the *Novelist's Library*.

Such is the internal economy of this Court, if we may use the word economy in reference to a place notorious for its extravagancies of a pecuniary as well as of a social and moral character.

Having made the public acquainted with the *locus in quo*, we shall continue to report, as long as they last, the doings at the Palace Court.

AN ELIGIBLE OPPORTUNITY.

THE papers are full of "eligible opportunities" offered by the state of things at California; and we may expect to find "EVERY MAN HIS OWN CRŒSUS," adopted as a common heading to an advertisement. All sorts of owners of all sorts of vessels are advertising their willingness to place their craft—to say nothing of their cunning—at the service of those who like to pay for it.

One of the richest schemes—using the term richest in its facetious rather than its pecuniary sense—that we have yet heard of, is a proposition for the public to come forward and employ a number of men "accustomed to the extraction of gold in all its forms," and who would, perhaps, justify their claim to the possession of this sort of talent by immediately extracting gold in the form of preliminary deposits from the pockets of those inclined to become shareholders in the new project. The whole world is being invited in various ways to take the pickaxe in hand, and come and pick a bit of the pot-luck—please to observe, that the gold is found in quartz, and hence we are justified in the allusion to pot-luck—now waiting at California.

Waggeries of the Court Circular.

WE suspect that, by some extraordinary turn in the wheel of fortune, some wag has been permitted to put his spoke into the *Court Circular*. We should as soon have thought of looking for a covey of partridges at Charing Cross, a reindeer in Whetstone Park, or a shilling in St. Giles's pound, as for a joke in those stolid paragraphs that chronicle from day to day the whereabouts and whatabouts of Royalty. It is, however, no less strange than true, that a facetious hand has lately been at work on the *Court Circular*. The wit shown in its pages is not yet of the very highest description; but we give a specimen to enable the public to judge for themselves of the actual state of the Court newsman's fund of facetiousness. He informed the world a few days ago, just as the thaw had set in, that "HER MAJESTY, PRINCE ALBERT, and the Royal children walked in the Slops as usual." The cunning omission of the letter *e*, by which "Slopes" becomes Slops, forms the point in this merry paragraph.

RATHER A BAD LOOK-OUT.

Young Sister. "I SHOULD SO LIKE TO GO TO A PARTY, MA."

Mamma. "MY DEAR, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. AS I HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE (I AM SURE A HUNDRED AND FIFTY TIMES), THAT UNTIL FLORA IS MARRIED, IT IS UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO GO OUT; SO DO NOT ALLUDE TO THE SUBJECT AGAIN, I BEG."

IMPORTANT POINT OF PRECEDENCE.

WESTMINSTER HALL, or rather a square yard of one corner of it, was thrown into a state of considerable uproar on the first day of Term by the warm discussion of a point of precedence between our distinguished and learned friend, MR. BRIEFLESS, and another somewhat less learned, but not at all distinguished, gentleman of the name of STUBBS, a member of the Nor' by Nor' East Circuit, practising, or wishing to practise at the Sou' Western Petty Sessions.

These two gentlemen had each been intrusted with a motion: that of Mr. BRIEFLESS being an application for a mandamus, to compel one of the game-keepers of Hare Court to show by what authority he exercised his office; and the brief of Mr. STUBBS had given him, in the great Horse-Guards Clock case, instructions to apply for a rule—a 3-foot rule—to settle the minutes. The two learned, or rather the-not-by-any-means-too-learned gentlemen, were each contending in a corner of the Hall for their respective rights of pre-audience, when MR. BRIEFLESS, thinking to settle the matter by stating the date of his call, announced 1840 as the year of his accession to the Bar of England. "Pooh," replied MR. STUBBS, J.C. (Junior Counsel), "my call dates as far back as 1810." "Why, that," replied MR. BRIEFLESS, U.B. (Utter Barrister), "was the year of your birth." "Granted," rejoined STUBBS, B.A.L. (Barrister-at-Law); "but I was born *with a caul*, and therefore my right of pre-audience is established."

MR. BRIEFLESS, after a few minutes' consideration of the knotty point, buried his face in his stuff sleeve, shed a tear, which reduced his bands to the condition of weepers, and allowed MR. STUBBS the precedence he had demanded.

ELLIOTT'S ENTIRE.—The Admiralty.

MOLOCH.

MUCH ink has been sacrificed to this idol. Quills have been drawn against quills; much papyrus, much parchment, much paper writ and over-writ with doubt and dogmatism. Nevertheless, though so many sages have laid their heads and beards together that, in the end, they might drag MOLOCH from the mists of Israelite antiquity into the "light of common day," MOLOCH is yet an idol of darkness; a vague, grim horror, indefinite in its terrible proportions. DIODORUS SICULUS avers that MOLOCH was a brazen statue, heated red hot; and in its glowing outstretched arms a child was laid, that it might be consumed, falling piecemeal in the fire beneath. We cannot take MOLOCH upon this description. It is, in the words of political wisdom, too bad.

We have, of late—wherefore it matters not—been made to turn our thoughts to MOLOCH. We have had cause to ponder on the form and attributes of the olden idol; and find the thing to be, like so many other recent discoveries, a mere myth.

MOLOCH has been worshipped in many places, in Tophet, in the Valley of Hinnom; and—a fact that has escaped all the Rabbinical commentators—in a place called *Toot-in*, which in the Syriac implies *To tout* or *Draw-in*. It appears that upon this place was a large shed or building, large enough to afford hospitality to some eight hundred children, that—with adroit squeezing—would give room for six hundred or so more; making some fourteen hundred at the least.

Now this place was watered by a ditch. And the ditch was fed by a stream from the *Lun A Tica Syl Um*, which in Syriac means a home for men filled with devils, and for lepers. And pestilence brooded upon the ditch; and the angel of Death would rise from it, and cover with its darkening wings fifty or a hundred of these little children. And so, they were sacrificed.

But the little ones were never laid upon the red-hot arms of a brazen statue, to be burned bit by bit. Certainly not. They were not put upon fiery brass, but on parochial metal. The arms of MOLOCH mean the alms of a parish. Finally, for the brazen limbs of MOLOCH, read the silver sixpences of Chelsea.

THE BEST AMERICAN JOKE.—A dig at the Californian Gold Mines.

THE REAL LAND OF GOLD.

POOR old Golden Square has seen many vicissitudes; but an attempt is now being made to revive it, by circulating an old legend that it derives its name of Golden Square from the gold supposed to abound in the soil, if any one would dig for it. There is some apparent authority [for the] story, in the fact of the square being almost filled with lawyers, who were very likely to rush to any place where gold may be procurable. We have heard that the inhabitants contemplate the formation of a Company, with a view to the discovery of gold; and if they should not succeed, they will ask for more capital in order to carry their operations into the silver districts supposed to lie about Silver Street. The present occupants, hearing that a rush will be made upon their district, have taken the precaution to protect themselves, by laying down large barricades of granite, which has rendered the Square for some time to come practicably inaccessible. This measure has been taken under the pretence of repairing the carriage-way; but it is obvious, at a glance, that a nine-inch coating of granite on a road over which the average traffic is two carriages and ten cabs per week, could not have been intended for anything but to shut out from Golden Square all but those who are already in possession of the locality. Golden Square is virtually knocked out of the map of Europe, by the heaps of enormous stones that have been pitched into it.

The Polka Plague.

WHEN the Polka first made its appearance we regarded it as a pleasant air enough; but it has lately assumed the appearance of a perfect mal-aria, invading our whole musical atmosphere. The Mons JULLIEN, the modern musical JUPITER, has mingled a little of his thunder with the air, by the introduction of what he calls his Drum Polka; but this, instead of clearing the air, has only encouraged some one else to bring out a Trumpet Polka; and we are expecting every day to see the Tongs, Shovel, and Poker Polka advertised. It seems to matter little what may be the instruments employed for producing novelty, so that novelty is achieved; and we should not be surprised to hear of the Dutch (Clock) Polka, the German (Silver) Polka, or the Police Polka, accompanied by the beating of the staves on heads arranged in various thicknesses, with a view to perfect harmony.

PUNCH'S STREET ORDERLIES.

As the snow, and the sleet, and the hail, and the ice, all paid us a short visit, each in its turn, last week, it is as well that we should make preparations to receive them on a proper footing. We would therefore establish a new corps of Street Orderlies, and their duties should be as follows:—

They should take up all little boys who are found pouring water on the pavements over night, so as to have a jolly slide the next morning.

They should abolish all hoops, which are known to have a particular facility of running between elderly gentlemen's legs, and tripping them up in a manner which need not be felt to be appreciated.

They should ring the bells (servants' and visitors' and area) of every house that is too proud to sweep away the snow before its railings, and keep on ringing the same till the nuisance is removed.

They might be furnished with summonses to serve immediately upon such refractory houses as refused to comply with the above order.

They might be engaged by gentlemen of property and liberality to sprinkle salt, or sawdust, or tea-leaves, or sand, or cheap moist sugar, on the most slippery thoroughfares.

They should be directed to offer assistance to all horses who may have found their level on the icy stones, and to lend a shoulder, when needed, to every cart that finds a difficulty in moving its wheels.

They should be generally employed in preventing all the accidents that occur from wintry causes, and in giving the utmost aid when the same do occur.

There is no doubt such a body of men, well disciplined and not badly paid, would render great service to every member of the community. In short, *Punch's* Street Orderlies would do exactly what the police ought to do, if the poor fellows had not so much hard work to perform in every area, kitchen, cellar, and scullery, of the metropolis.

ILLUSTRATED CROSSINGS.

A NEW walk has been lately opened in the wide Field of Art. Everything has been turned over for illustration; the Art-Manufacturers have seized hold of our pokers and tongs, and given a blow to our bread-baskets; but still our street crossings continued untouched by the hand of Fancy, and no artist has apparently thought it worth his while to stoop to give them the slightest stir with the finger of Taste. We knew this could not last. The soles of boots had been richly illuminated in a style that only made us regret gentlemen did not walk on their hands to exhibit the rich decorations of their heels; for really the Mosaic work, as displayed in the windows of Burlington Arcade, is so dazzling on the under-leathers, that it looks as if it was only worthy to tread in the halls of the Alhambra, or to be a binding to one of OWEN JONES'S gorgeous books of colours. The street-crossing is now in every way worthy of the boot. The mud, in many quarters, is carefully swept into picturesque little pyramids on each side. These are connected by a running border of the same material. The middle space is clean enough for the most aristocratic spaniel to walk across. It is as smooth as a Bishop's lawn, and the sprigs of holly and the evergreens which are gracefully planted on the proud summit of each pyramid, make it a pleasant avenue, which insensibly reminds one of the country, and shady lanes, and quiet walks across the fields. Occasionally a shell is thrown in along the border, and transports you to the seaside—thus bringing the briny air of Margate into the foggy heart of London.

These Illustrated Crossings are a great advance upon the old vulgar art of Sweeping.

THE TUSSAUD TEST OF POPULARITY.

IN these days, no one can be considered positively popular, unless he is admitted into the company of MADAME TUSSAUD'S celebrities in Baker Street. The only way in which a powerful and lasting impression can be made on the public mind, is through the medium of wax. You must be a doll in Baker Street before you can become the i-dol(l) of the multitude. The British Pantheon is the Bazaar occupied by that lady, and immortality is only to be purchased in this country, by getting admission into that distinguished body, of which NAPOLEON and HARE, PIUS THE NINTH, BURKE, LOUIS-PHILIPPE, and JENNY LIND, form some of the most renowned members.

MADAME TUSSAUD has become, in fact, the only efficient dispenser of permanent reputation; and the glory of a sovereign, the triumphs of a warrior, the wisdom of a statesman, the genius of an author, or even the utmost atrocity of a criminal, would be insufficient as a passport to fame, if MADAME TUSSAUD'S wax failed to own the soft impeachment, and hand down to posterity the virtues, the achievements, or the villanies, by which the parties in question have bought notoricty.

It is one of the advantages of a waxen medium of notoriety, that when the popularity of the object waxes faint, the material may be easily moulded into the shape of the new object, whoever he may be; and thus a succession of wax-lights of the age can be kept up without the cost of new stuff, as one replaces the other in public favour. When CAVAIGNAC came into power, LEDRU ROLLIN was melted down in one of those melting moods to which MADAME TUSSAUD is liable; and since

then, poor CAVAIGNAC himself has found his way into the pot, in order that LOUIS-NAPOLEON, the last new lad of wax, may be formed out of the remains of the lately all-popular General.

DOMESTIC HEROISMS:

BEING A DECEMBER DAY IN THE LIFE OF A DETERMINED MAN.

AWOKE at six, with sense of duty so strong that it carried me without the least difficulty (and I weigh sixteen stone) from my bed into the middle of the room, with the thermometer (as I ascertained by my rush-light) nearly down to freezing point. I stood shivering for a moment—a new HERCULES, between Self-indulgence on the one side, and Duty on the other. The former, with her lazy eyes and tempting lip, drawing me gently to the bed, the latter, with her severe brow, indignantly dragging me towards the shower-bath.

A rush—a strip—a pull—psh—plush—plush—slush—er-er-er-er-er—Ah—h—h—h! Reader! Did you ever pull the string of your shower-bath (and you in it, remember,) at six on a December morning, thermometer two degrees above freezing point?

If you have, you will understand the hearty shake of the hand which I received from Duty, when in a minute I emerged from my curtains celestial rosy red, like a river-god, in a mist of my own raising.

GOLD DUST OH! DUST!

THE newspapers are already beginning to enjoy, by anticipation, some of the Californian gold, in the shape of the money spent in advertisements arising out of the great discovery. We shall soon have whole columns of Californian Mining Schemes, Californian Shipping Companies, and Californian Conveyance Associations, to say nothing of implements for digging gold, and machines for washing it. We heard of an old woman the other day who had formerly been a laundress—one of those plebeian mothers whose expected sale of her mangle had been the subject of popular inquiry—and who drew up an advertisement announcing that—

"Having no further use for her washing-tub, she should be happy to part with it to any one intending to go out on a Gold Washing Expedition to California."

Already has an order arrived at Birmingham for ten thousand shovels to dig up the gold; for it is generally understood that in the game of fortune now being played in California, Spades will be trumps, and any one who has not a Spade in his hand will have very little chance of winning. A celebrated tin-ware house is beginning to advertise "Dust-pans for the collection of gold dust;" and it is evident that a good deal of this dust has already found its way into the eyes of the public in England, as well as in America.

DO THE "UNPAID" PAY?

THE public are, we suspect, beginning to find out the real value of the Great Unpaid, and the truth, that what costs nothing is usually worth nothing, grows daily more obvious. There was a specimen of gratuitous wisdom a few days ago, on the first examination of the parties suspected of the railway post-office robbery. The proceedings commenced by a gossip among the magistrates on the subject of the past lives of the accused, and the conversation took an anecdotical turn, in the course of which stories were told of the sudden and unaccountable wealth of one of the parties in custody, his alleged habit of wearing disguises, and other little prejudicial facts, which were far more amusing than relevant.

In another instance a worthy Unpaid is reported to have set down a jury as a pack of fools, for disbelieving a witness; and, not content with this, the worthy magistrate proceeded to bully a reverend brother on the Bench, who ventured to disclaim the sentiments of the chairman. It is all very well for the country to get the benefit of gratuitous magisterial wisdom; but there is no reason why juries should put up with gratuitous abuse, or an entire Bench submit to one individual's gratuitous insolence.

The amount of modern Midasism spread over the country is something quite alarming to contemplate; and though the committals by the Unpaid are numerous enough, the self-committals would be found to preponderate.

A RUS IN URBE; OR, THE GREEN HILLS (RENTS) OF SMITHFIELD.

COME, ye Sanitary Powers,
In American golosh;
Like a troop of laughing Hours,
Strewing sweetly-smelling flowers,
Trip it through the Smithfield squash.

Scattering marjoram and thyme,
Fraught with disinfecting scents,
Fresh as breath of Summer's prime,
Chlorids sprinkling round of lime,
Let us roam o'er Greenhill's Rents.

There to view the stalls and pens,
Housing cattle, sheep, and swine,
And the close-adjoining dens,
Where, thank London's citizens,
Human creatures herd with kine.

Crib on shed, and sty on fold,
Side by side with floor on floor,
Here—the flocks and herds behold,
To the blue-robed Merchant sold,
There—the dwellings of the poor.

Posies to your nostrils held,
Gaze on the contrasted scene;
By its odour unrepelled
Mark the lodgings, paralleled,
Scarcely half a foot between.

Listen to the lambkins' bleat,
Mingled with the infants' cry;
Human speech in concert sweet
With the lowing of the neat,
And the music of the sty.

Pleasant incense is the reek
Rising from that vaulted cell
With the hog's expiring squeak,
On the First Day of the week,
Blending with the early bell.

To inhale this healthful breeze,
How refreshing, day and night!
Soothed with rural sounds like these
Gentle pastoral harmonics,
Must not slumber, too, be light?

Come then, Sanitary Powers,
Come with fragrant vinegar;
Shed we purifying showers
On these blest and balmy bowers,
Driving pestilence afar.

Gingerly, on cautious toe,
Let us then our steps retrace,
To the Corporation go,
And demand the cause to know
Why they suffer such a place?

Filthy are the brutes that fill
Smithfield's noisome stalls and sties;
There are others, filthier still,
At whose door this monstrous ill,
This atrocious nuisance, lies.

CHILD'S PARTIES:

AND A REMONSTRANCE CONCERNING THEM.

CONCEIVE, Sir, that in spite of my warning and entreaty we were invited to no less than three Childs' Parties last Tuesday; to two of which a lady in this house, who shall be nameless, desired that her children should be taken. On Wednesday we had DR. LENS's microscope; and on Thursday you were good enough to send me your box for the Haymarket Theatre; and of course MRS. S. and the children are extremely obliged to you for the attention. I did not mind the theatre so much. I sate in the back of the box, and fell asleep. I wish there was a room with easy chairs and silence enjoined, whither parents might retire, in the houses where Children's Parties are given. But no—it would be of no use: the fiddling and piano-forte playing and scuffling and laughing of the children would keep you awake.

I am looking out in the papers for some eligible schools where there shall be no vacations—I can't bear these festivities much longer. I begin to hate children in their evening dresses: when children are attired in those absurd best clothes, what can you expect from them but affectation and airs of fashion? One day last year, Sir, having to conduct the two young ladies who then frequented juvenile parties, I found them, upon entering the fly, into which they had preceded me under convoy of their maid—I found them—in what a condition think you? Why, with the skirts of their stiff muslin frocks actually thrown over their heads, so that they should not crumple in the carriage! A child who cannot go into society but with a muslin frock in this position, I say, had best stay in the nursery in her pinafore. If you are not able to enter the world with your dress in its proper place, I say stay at home. I blushed, Sir, to see that MRS. S. *didn't* blush when I informed her of this incident, but only laughed in a strange indecorous manner, and said that the girls must keep their dresses neat.—Neatness as much as you please, but *I* should have thought Neatness would wear her frock in the natural way.

And look at the children when they arrive at their place of destination; what processes of coquetry they are made to go through! They are first carried into a room where there are pins, combs, looking-glasses, and lady's-maids, who shake the children's ringlets out, spread abroad their great immense sashes and ribbons, and finally send them full sail into the dancing-room. With what a monstrous precocity they ogle their own faces in the looking-glasses! I have seen my boys, GUSTAVUS and ADOLPHUS, grin into the glass, and arrange their curls or the ties of their neckcloths with as much eagerness as any grown-up man could show, who was going to pay a visit to the lady of his heart. With what an abominable complacency they get out their little gloves, and examine their silk stockings! How can they be natural or unaffected when they are so preposterously conceited about their fine clothes? The other day we met one of GUS's schoolfellows, MASTER CHAFFERS, at a party, who entered the room with a little gibus hat under his arm, and to be sure made his bow with the *aplomb* of a dancing-master of sixty; and my boys, who I suspect envied their comrade the gibus hat, began to giggle and sneer at him: and, further to disconcert him, GUS goes up to him and says, "Why, CHAFFERS, you consider yourself a deuced fine fellow, but there's a straw on your trowsers." Why shouldn't there be? And why should that poor little boy be called upon to blush because he came to a party in a hack-cab? I, for my part, ordered the children to walk home on that night, in order to punish them for their pride. It rained. GUS wet and spoiled his shiny boots, DOL got a cold, and my wife scolded me for cruelty.

As to the airs which the wretches give themselves about dancing, I need not enlarge upon them here, for the dangerous artist of the "Rising Generation" has already taken them in hand. Not that his satire does the children the least good; *they* don't see anything absurd in courting pretty girls, or in asserting the superiority of their own sex over the female. A few nights since, I saw MASTER SULTAN at a juvenile ball, standing at the door of the dancing-room, egregiously displaying his muslin pocket-handkerchief, and waving it about as if he was in doubt to which of the young beauties he should cast it. "Why don't you dance, MASTER SULTAN?" says I. "My good Sir," he answered, "just look round at those girls and say if I *can* dance?" *Blasé* and selfish now, what will that boy be, Sir, when his whiskers grow?

And when you think how MRS. MAINCHANCE seeks out rich partners for her little boys—how my own admirable ELIZA has warned her children—"My dears, I would rather you should dance with your BROWN cousins than your JONES cousins," who are a little rough in their manners; (the fact being, that our sister MARIA JONES lives at Islington, while FANNY BROWN is an Upper Baker Street lady)—when I have heard my dear wife, I say, instruct our boy, on going to a party at the Baronet's, by no means to neglect his cousin ADELIZA, but to dance with her as soon as ever he can engage her—what can I say, Sir, but that the world of men and boys is the same—that society is poisoned at its source—and that our little chubby-cheeked cherubim are instructed to be artful and egotistical, when you would think by their faces they are just fresh from heaven.

Among the *very* little children, I confess I get a consolation as I watch them, in seeing the artless little girls walking after the boys to whom they incline, and courting them by a hundred innocent little wiles and caresses, putting out their little hands, and inviting them to dances, seeking them out to pull crackers with them, and begging them to read the mottoes, and so forth—this is as it should be—this is natural and kindly. The women, by rights, ought to court the men; and they would if we but left them alone.*

And, absurd as the games are, I own I like to see some thirty or forty of the creatures on the floor in a ring, playing at *petits jeux*, of all ages and sexes, from the most insubordinate infanthood of MASTER JACKY, who will crawl out of the circle, and talks louder than anybody in it, though he can't speak, to blushing MISS LILY, who is just conscious that she is sixteen—I own, I say, that I can't look at such a circlet or chaplet of children, as it were, in a hundred different colours, laughing and happy, without a sort of pleasure. How they laugh, how they twine together, how they wave about, as if the wind was passing over the flowers! Poor little buds, shall you bloom long?—(I then say to myself, by way of keeping up a proper frame of mind)—shall frosts nip you, or tempests scatter you, drought wither you, or rain beat you down? And, oppressed with my feelings, I go below and get some of the weak negus with which Children's Parties are refreshed.

At those houses where the magic lantern is practised, I still sometimes get a degree of pleasure, by hearing the voices of the children in the dark, and the absurd remarks which they make as the various scenes are presented—as, in the dissolving views, Cornhill changes into Grand Cairo, as CUPID comes down with a wreath and pops it on to the head of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, as Saint Peter's at Rome suddenly becomes illuminated, and fireworks, not the least like real fireworks, begin to go off from Fort St. Angelo—it is certainly not unpleasant to hear the "o-o-o's" of the audience, and the little children chattering in the darkness. But I think I used to like the "Pull devil, pull baker," and the DOCTOR SYNTAX of our youth, much better than all your new-fangled dissolving views and pyrotechnic imitations.

As for the conjuror, I am sick of him. There is one conjuror I have met so often this year and the last, that the man looks quite guilty when the folding doors are opened and he sees my party of children, and myself amongst the seniors in the back rows. He forgets his jokes when he beholds me: his wretched claptraps and waggeries fail him: he trembles, falters, and turns pale.

I on my side too feel reciprocally uneasy. What right have we to be staring that creature out of his silly countenance? Very likely he has a wife and family dependent for their bread upon his antics. I should be glad to admire them if I could; but how do so? When I see him squeeze an orange or a cannon-ball right away into nothing, as it were, or multiply either into three cannon-balls or oranges, I know the others are in his pockets somewhere. I know that he doesn't put out his eye when he sticks the penknife into it: or that after swallowing (as the miserable humbug pretends to do) a pocket handkerchief, he cannot by any possibility convert it into a quantity of coloured wood-shavings. These flimsy artifices may amuse children, but not *us*. I think I shall go and sit down below amongst the servants whilst this wretched man pursues his idiotic delusions before the children.

And the supper, Sir, of which our darlings are made to partake. Have they dined? I ask. Do they have a supper at home, and why do not they? Because it is unwholesome. If it is unwholesome, why do they have supper at all? I have mentioned the wretched quality of the negus. How they can administer such stuff to children I can't think. Though only last week I heard a little boy, MASTER SWILBY, at MISS WATERS' say, that he had drunk nine glasses of it, and eaten I don't know how many tasteless sandwiches and insipid cakes; after which feats he proposed to fight my youngest son.

As for that Christmas Tree, which we have from the Germans—anybody who knows what has happened to *them* may judge what will befal us from following their absurd customs. Are we to put up pine-trees in our parlours, with wax candles and *bonbons*, after the manner of the ancient Druids? Are we . . . . .

. . My dear Sir, my manuscript must here abruptly terminate. MRS. S. has just come into my study, and my daughter enters, grinning behind her, with twenty-five little notes, announcing that MASTER and MISS SPEC request the pleasure of MISS BROWN, MISS F. BROWN, and M. A. BROWN'S company on the 25th instant. There is to be a

* On our friend's manuscript there is here written, in a female handwriting, "Vulgar, immodest.—E. S."

conjuror in the back drawing-room, a magic lantern in my study, a Christmas Tree in the dining-room, dancing in the drawing-room—"And, my dear, we can have whist in our bed-room," my wife says. "You know we must be civil to those who have been so kind to our darling children." SPEC.

MORNINGS AT THE MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

THERE is something quite delightful in the gossip occasionally reported by the newspapers as having formed the mornings' occupation at the Middlesex Sessions. SERJEANT ADAMS is a perfect PEPYS in his way; and as to the small talk of MR. PAYNE, we perceive it continuing to get so very "small by degrees," that in time we hope we shall have "beautifully less" of it.

Nothing can be more cheerful and chatty than the Bench and the Bar at Clerkenwell, where nearly every business morning is converted into a *Matinée Anecdotique* by the interchange of remarks and *historiettes* between the judge and the barristers. MR. SERJEANT ADAMS most beautifully adapts his matter to his subject; for it is when he has a small boy before him, that his small talk flows forth in wondrous affluence. With a convicted urchin in the dock, the good-natured Judge pours out such a copious stream of *ana*, that MATHEWS's entertainments may be said to be revived at the Clerkenwell Sessions. Anecdotes of Parkhurst, little traits of juvenile character, the horrors of an open door, excruciating agony of a judge with a stiff neck, with some of the minor topics of the day, treated occasionally in a didactic, sometimes in a conversational, and now and then in a facetious style, will well repay a prosecutor at the Middlesex Sessions for the loss of an occasional pocket-handkerchief.

A few days ago, the proceedings went suddenly off into a *conversazione*, which was briefly opened by MR. MELLOR, who asked whether SERJEANT ADAMS had been present at MR. CHARLES PEARSON'S lecture on Prison Discipline. The Learned Serjeant had not, but he took the question as a cue for a lecture of his own on the same subject, in the course of which he introduced an essay on the Art of Thieving, which he declared was a trade; and he threw out by way of hint—which nobody took—that he had close at hand, in his private room, "hundreds of authenticated cases showing the training of thieves;" but he received no encouragement to step into the next room and produce his precious documents for perusal and comment.

MR. PAYNE, who makes a fairish *Boswell* to the Serjeant's *Johnson*, endeavoured to "cut in" with an episode on Education, and had just declared Ragged Schools to be his "hobby," when the learned Judge, fearing that a ride on the "hobby" was meditated, pulled the barrister up pretty sharp, and discovered that the whole thing was very irregular.

It is a peculiar and happy knack of the Serjeant's, that he is able to terminate a Sessions *conversazione* directly it becomes rather dry, or when any one else is talking but himself, by a sudden recollection that the business of the Court is at a stand-still and that the *Matinée* should be *judiciaire* instead of *chit-chatique*, which is too apt to be the quality of the Mornings at Middlesex.

A Split in the Bank.

WE see MR. BALDWIN has been splitting a bank note. We do not know whether a bank note, like a secret, is likely to go any further for being split, or whether a £5 note, split into two notes, is equal to £10; but if MR. BALDWIN will only give us £10 for every £5 note we have, he is perfectly welcome to split the difference. By-the-bye, MR. BALDWIN would not be a bad mediator to send to Schleswig-Holstein, in order to split the difference (whatever it may be) that has so long existed there. But if MR. BALDWIN can increase our resources two-fold, merely by dividing them, he is unquestionably the first Financial Reformer of the age, and should certainly have a seat in the House, if it is only to represent *Dublin*. The next time he tries an experiment upon a £1000 note—the Bank will of course supply the material—we should like uncommonly to be present, merely to cry out "Halves."

COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING.

THE French are really a complimentary nation; they are most anxious not to offend LOUIS-NAPOLEON in their election of Vice President—for they say our President is so very bad, that it will never do for him to find his *Vice-versor*. (*If* COLONEL SIBTHORPE *does not remove this joke from our office in less than two days, he may certainly expect an action for damages.*—PUNCH.

THE HALF-WAY HOUSE TO ROME.—Oxford.

THE BEGGARS.

WE continue to receive numerous communications from that respectable fraternity of mumpers, cadgers, or street beggars, who, like SAM HALL, indulge in "bam," complaining of our last week's illustration of their persons, peculiarities, and professional habits. Among them is this touching remonstrance:—

"SIR,

"Your artist ought to have more sympathy with artists, tho' in a different walk of life from his own, than to ridicule a numerous and respectable body, who, since the pulpit has ceased to influence, and the stage has become too low to teach, do more than any other class to keep up the exercise of the Christian virtues, and to feed the sacred flame on the altar of Benevolence. Sir, I am a begging letter-writer—impostor, Mr. HORSFORD would call me—and I am not ashamed of the calling. In the severe weather I occasionally stoop to the 'I am starving' dodge, tho' that is generally considered a lower walk of the art; and my wife and small family, (twins in white night-caps,) well daffied, continue, I am happy to say, to draw in the back streets and thoroughfares, notwithstanding the efforts of yourself and your contemporary the *Times*, to seal the sacred fount of charity in the public bosom.

"Sir, you do not know the class you malign—neither our industry nor our sufferings in the great cause of national education. But a grateful public judges us more fairly; and the following extract from my diary will show you that we continue to be well provided for.

"Your constant reader,

"MENDICUS."

"*Jan.* 17, 8 *o'clock*.—Bed and breakfast gratis, at the Refuge for the Houseless, Ogle-street.—N.B. To try the Palace Yard Asylum next time, as the beds are decidedly better, and the supper-soup contains a larger allowance of bullock's head. N.B. 2. To direct public attention, thro' MR. CHARLES COCHRANE, to the shamefully weak character of the coffee supplied us for breakfast in these institutions.

"10 *o'clock*.—A few hours' labour in Coventry-street. Character—reduced young man who has known better days,—white choker, face in which shame and suffering struggle for mastery, well blacked boots, and stick of sealing-wax. Delightful exhibition of benevolence in several old ladies, and worked on one bad boy's feelings, whose mamma made him give me a sixpence, on its way to the confectioner's shop at the corner. What a privilege thus to second the efforts of maternal teaching!

"12 *o'clock*.—Lunch at the soup-kitchen in Leicester Square. Shocked at the squalid and clamorous herds of low Irish, who intercept the charities of England.—N.B. To write to the *Times* in character of contributor to relief fund.

"1 *to* 3.—Called on several benevolent noblemen, and afforded them that luxury of doing good, which the great may so easily enjoy with our assistance. Dined on LADY TOOGOOD'S door-step, at that excellent lady's expense.

"4 *o'clock*.—Took cold bath in the ornamental water, followed as usual by my warm-bath, brandy-and-water hot with, and siesta in the R.H.S. tent. The admirable arrangements of this valuable Society deserve all support, and shall have my humble assistance on all occasions.

"6 *to* 8 *o'clock*.—At the old Club in Westminster. Rehearsal of the burnt-out tradesman's part for to-morrow. Show of prize babies: demand somewhat slack; probably in consequence of the infamous letter in the *Times*. Arranged self and wife's wardrobe for to-morrow's exhibition. Wound up with a little dance.

"10 *o'clock*.—Home, in the consciousness of a day well spent. Arranged to let out our youngest at an advance of 6*d. per diem*, for a provincial engagement."

MISSING.—The Two Quadrant Beadles. They were last seen with their staffs in the London Docks. They are supposed to have gone to California. This is to give them notice, that there is a vacancy, if either of them should like to fill the Passage, when it is made a thoroughfare, at the North Pole.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PAUPER FARMING.

DESCENDING from our high pinnacle of moral elevation to the level of common humanity—or not uncommon inhumanity—we ask ourselves what we should do with pauper children if we farmed them of a parish at four-and-sixpence a head, as the pauper infants were farmed at Tooting? We think we should endeavour to get as much out of our four-and-sixpence as we could. It strikes us that we should try to make one blanket do the work of two, and a bed originally calculated to accommodate but one, hold three. We should have frocks and trowsers cut very short and low, with a view to economy of material. We should test to the utmost the elasticity of cloth, worsted, and flannel, in the attempt with a limited extent of fabric to clothe a given body. We should not inquire very closely into the mealiness or waxiness, soundness or unsoundness, of potatoes, provided we were satisfied with their price. We should be solicitous to compress the largest number of inmates into the smallest dimensions of space, and to warm the latter with as little fuel as we could. In our dietetic arrangements, farinaceous and vegetable especially, vegetable would preponderate greatly over animal food. In the event of sickness, we should be disposed to lean to the homœopathic system, and to trust rather to the healing power of cheap Nature than to the curative efficacy of expensive medicine. In short, we should be for sustaining human life by the scantiest of means, at the lowest of figures, and should consider all outlay for human comfort as extravagance.

Our farming operations would not include a system of extensive drainage, since the field we should cultivate would not be rendered more productive by that process. We should sow the seeds of disorder, but not much else. We should cut down everything on the farm that did not bring grist to the mill. Thus, no doubt, we should reap a remunerative harvest—together with such consequences as those which have occurred at Tooting.

It becomes, then, a question for parochial authorities to consider whether they will continue to maintain the system of pauper-farming; which, looking down upon it from our reassumed altitude of feeling, we regard as decidedly scandalous.

PENMANSHIP FOR PHYSICIANS.

GRIEVOUS complaints have reached *Mr. Punch* of the disastrous consequences which have arisen from illegible prescriptions. Ever anxious for the improvement of all bad writers, *Mr. Punch* has been induced to offer his services to physicians; and he has great pleasure in publishing the following testimonial to the efficacy of his system, which is simply that of writing medical prescriptions in words at length and in plain English:—

This is the way in which I wrote a prescription before taking six lessons from *Mr. Punch*.

R Acid: Hydrocyanic: ♏ x
Træ Hyoscy: ℥ vss
Træ: Dig: ℥ iss
Aq: Menth: Pip: ℥ xivss—ft
Mist: cuj: str ℥iss ter die.

The subjoined is a specimen of my new and improved style of writing a prescription, after having received the benefit of six lessons in the method of *Mr. Punch*.

Take ten drops of prussic acid, five drachms and a half of tincture of henbane, one drachm and a half of tincture of foxglove, and fourteen ounces and a half of peppermint water, to make a mixture, of which three tablespoonfuls are to be taken thrice a-day.

January 22, 1849. PARACELSUS PILLICOCK, M.D.

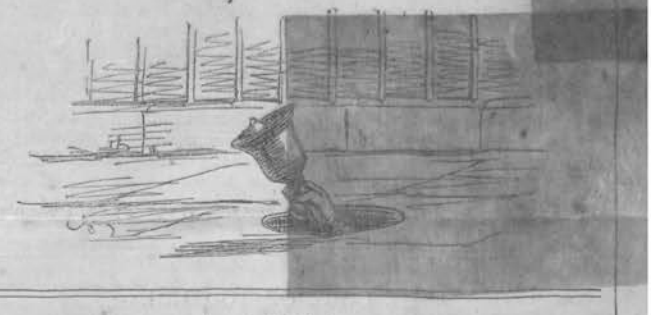
Of these prescriptions, one is a literal translation of the other; and since all druggists' apprentices do not understand Latin, and a mistake as to a zigzag may occasion an ℥ to be dispensed for a ℥, that is to say, an ounce for a drachm,—whereas such a mistake, in the case of such medicines as henbane and foxglove would prove fatal, therefore it is respectfully submitted to the Faculty that they had much better write their orders in words at length, and in their native tongue, than in a dead language and in symbols. And *Mr. Punch* hereby desires the President of the College of Physicians to tell that learned body to take this important matter into consideration, and at their next meeting to discuss the question why a prescription should not be as intelligible as a receipt in a cookery book? There is now no occasion for concealing from patients what it is that they have to swallow. Ignorance in this respect is no longer bliss, and consequently it is not folly to be wise: for the time has gone by when doctors ordered spirit of earthworms, and powder of burnt toads, and Egyptian mummy.

WHERE'S THE POLICE?

Oh, where and oh where is the new policeman gone?
He's gone to eat cold meat with the cookmaid all alone,
And I wish in my heart I was there to break his bone.

Oh how and oh how is the new policeman clad?
His cape it is of oilskin and his coat's by no means bad,
And I wish in my heart that the dusting it I had!

The above song gushes from the imagination of every householder when, in the midst of his daily walks, the question "Where's the police?" occurs to him. It is hopeless now to attempt to blockade our areas against these officials, whose right of visit to our safes, under the pretext of "seeing all safe," has become indisputable. All we can now expect or ask for is, that they shall be bound to put up some signals or landmarks, to tell us of their whereabouts. The *cantoniers* who work on the roads in France are compelled to carry about with them a ticket, inscribed with a number, which they set up in the highway, for the information of the public; and why should not every policeman be bound to exhibit some badge of the kind, either on the area railings or in some other conspicuous place? when, instead of quelling a row in the streets, he has got "a bone to pick" in a gentleman's kitchen.



Acute Criticism.

A CRITIC of one of the morning papers, speaking of the performance of *Hamlet* at the Haymarket, says that one of the actors "gave colour to the part of *Osrick*."

The extreme astuteness of this remark is quite astounding; and we only regret that the able critic did not go on to enlighten us as to the mode employed by the actor in giving colour to *Osrick*. The ordinary instrument is a hare's foot; but perhaps the newspaper critic would have gone so learnedly into the subject, as to show some other mode of giving colour in this instance. We are surprised at his having omitted all allusion to the colour given by the actor to *Hamlet*, whose celebrated remark, "To this complexion must we come at last," seems to create the sort of criticism the writer has been indulging in.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF A JOKE.

THE gold in California is found, we are informed, in "precious strata." SIBTHORPE declares that if any one there is in a fix, and trusts to his gold to get him out of it, he will soon find it a "*precious traitor*." We have heard many worse from SIBTHORPE. This is quite a Treasure Trove.

NOT A BAD SOLUTION.

MR. MACCULLOCH, upon being asked by a promising pupil where he would meet with the best solution of the Currency Question, recommended him to dip into the Sacramento,—or to go through any of the gold washings in California—and he would have the solution at his finger's-ends.

TAVERN CONVERSATIONS.

Old Gentleman. "Waiter, this bottle of Port is exceedingly crummy."

Waiter. "Crummy, Sir? never heard of such a term, Sir. Crummy, Sir?"

Old Gentleman. "Yes, I tell you it is very crummy—all crummy—for the deuce of a bit of crust do I see in it!"

Country Friend to Sporting Gent from Town. "WELL, JACK, I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE A CAPITAL DAY. YOU SEE THE FROST IS QUITE GONE!'

THE OGRE OF TOOTING.

WE have hitherto been accustomed to consider the OGRE as a fabulous being—the mere chimera of the nursery. Henceforth, we believe in OGRES. History will place it indelibly on record, that there was once upon a time such a monster at Tooting — a stomach-pinching, back-stripping OGRE. He kept his little victims huddled in noisome dens, in abominable filth and misery; he suffered them to shiver, half-clad, in the bitterest cold, and he starved them to such a degree that they were glad to devour swine's offal. And so he continued his ill treatment of the poor wretches, till Death, in consequence of it, at last rushed in and released them from his gripe.

These children were consigned to the clutches of the OGRE (for 4*s.* 6*d.* a head), by reason of a certain trifling mistake on the part of those who were called their Guardians. The mistake was evidently a notion that they, being paupers, possessed neither sensitive bodies nor human souls. We have described some of the outrages which were inflicted on them physically; now for atrocities practised on them both in body and soul. Let PATRICK SHEEN, a boy 10 years of age, speak here, to this point, as he spoke at the Coroner's Inquest on the dead.

"They would not let us go out for a walk, for fear we should run away. When the boys ran away, they used to beat them and *shave their heads* for punishment. When they were caught, some of them were birched, *and others had to put girls' clothes on.* Sometimes they *had to wear girls' clothes* three or four days—sometimes a week."

Fancy this! Let anybody, once a high-minded boy, imagine to himself the frantic rage, the ferocious hatred which would have burnt in his heart, had he been made the subject of this devilish mockery. Birched, and dressed in girls' clothes, and kept in the agonies of ineffable shame for a week! And merely for playing truant. Is it conceivable that even the most disgraceful offence could deserve such a torment as this? Think, too, of the "moral and religious training" of children thus habituated to inflict on one another the tortures of derision—made mutual executioners, like a society of fiends. The man who could impose so infamous a punishment, would be inadequately requited by the brand, the feather-bed, and the tar-brush, inflictions which, though sufficiently nasty and brutal, are at least not unnaturally revolting.

A DANCING UNIVERSITY.

IN these days of University Reform, we are not surprised at the bold attempt of our noble friend NATHAN to establish, in his barony at Kennington, a College of Dancing.

That the Terpsichorean art was once identified with our great seats of learning, may be gathered from the fact of the existence of the College Hornpipe, in which it is possible our youths used once to graduate; for every step of it is a *gradus ad scientiam* of a very different character. Who so fit as the man who, COLUMBUS-like, yolked the egg with an ingenious discovery, to associate the dance with the severer studies, and to found a College in which there shall be such degrees as Bachelor of Reels, Master of Minuets, Fellow of Highland Flings, and Doctor of Polkas? In his new University the *Pons Asinorum* will be passed in a *pas seul*, and the classical tripos will be arranged as a sort of three-legged dance in the form of a *pas de deux* for two competitors.

We understand that a site is in contemplation for the new College at Kennington Oval, the spot being considered appropriate to one whose name will go down to posterity in connection with those oval feats by which his numerous ovations have been merited.

Drinking Gold.

THE grape, we read, is cultivated with the greatest success in California. Fancy drinking Californian wine! How rich it must be! It must be something like our very best "golden sherries," only with much more gold in it. The bouquets alone, we can fancy, would fetch a guinea a-piece, in Covent Garden Market, and the crust of one of their full-bodied Californian ports must supply the poor family to whom it was thrown, with bread all its life. Only imagine, also, what quantities of *Eau de Vie de Dantzic* must be made every year on the banks of the Sacramento! They have only to dip the bottle into the river to bring it out filled with those little rags of gold that you see dancing up and down, as if each particle was tipsy, in the above-named brandy. Of course, the vine which flourishes in California was originally imported from the *Côte-D'or;* and a gown made from such a slip would be a sure fortune to a lady. Why, it would be nothing but a tissue of gold!

FOOZLE, COLONEL AND TAILOR
IN THIS STYLE VERY CHEAP
YES MY BOYS THIS IS THE SHOP ONLY 10 per Cent PROFIT
JOBS PROMPTLY EXECUTED
HABILIMENTS

THE GREAT ARMY TAILORING QUESTION;

OR, WHO IS THE REAL SUFFERER—THE PRIVATE OR THE COLONEL?

MISS BENIMBLE'S TEA-AND-TOAST.

MISS B. AND THE VICE-CHANCELLOR'S "CONVICTS" OF LITERATURE.—COBDEN IN DANGER!—THE MONKEY AND THE BALANCE OF POWER.—THE POPE'S SPIDER.

ON my life, *Mr. Punch*, I've a good mind to lay down my pen for ever and ever. I've been reading all the long law account—spinning off the cobwebs, as BAGSTER, the milkman, says—in the Court of Chancery, where the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT are at this present minute like the lowest subjeck. And this is called the Majesty of the Law, that altogether tops the Majesty of the Sov'reign. Well, if I'd been a queen, and my fine arts had been interfered with by any bookseller soever, if I wouldn't have sent him off to the Tower, with nothing but a quire of foolscap, a bottle of ink, and a steel pen, to get his living with! Yes; with nothing to do but to write a book, and nobody to buy it of him. In Chancery! Well, I do pity poor PRINCE ALBERT, and our sweet Lady the QUEEN, my gracious naybor. I'm only thinking if the bookseller had been in Russia, and meddled with the plates of the Emp'ror—that all our *Red Book* fell in love with, he was so handsome, and so tall in his stockings—I'm only thinking that NICHOLAS would have immeditly sent for the bookseller's head in a dish, by the very first delivery. But with us there is what is called the Majesty of the Law, that won't let our beloved Queen cut off the head of even a bookseller. A limited monarkie, indeed! Why, it's shameful!

However, what 'specially set me in a twitter was this. The Vice-Chancellor, KNIGHT BRUCE—(whether he won his spurs of knighthood in the Court, or like a chanticleer was born with 'em, I don't care to know)—the Vice said these stunnin words—"*There were even now callings, in which, to be convicted of literature, was dangerous.*" I know the Vice reads *Punch*—could he point at me? Am I to believe, if it 's known that I, MATILDA BENIMBLE, who takes care of empty houses—mansions I should say—if I'm convicted of pen and ink, that I'm no longer to be trusted? That I'm to be turned out of my bis'ness because writing 's dangerous? I've known folks convicted of bigamy, and other foolish superfluities; convicted of stolen spoons, convicted of setting a house a fire—but convicted of a book! Lor! *Mr. Punch*, shouldn't you and I like to be some of the convicts I could name? There 's that convict SHAKSPEARE, that 's been shaking his chains of "linked sweetness," as I've somewhere read, afore the QUEEN—and the convict WALTER SCOTT—and the convict in high life, LORD BYRON, and a whole gang of convicts that, as I said, have made the world—not a Botany Bay—but a big flower-garden. And then, how very rude, even in a judge, afore the convicts that were in Court under his very nose! For instance, there was the convict SERJEANT TALFOURD, with all his *Ion* on him (why has he no more *Ions* in the fire?), and the convict SAMIVEL WARREN, that writ that sweet big book *How and When!* Why should they have their ink-phials poured upon their heads, from the hands of any Vice that may sit upon a bench? It's cruel: it 's worse—it 's low.

There 's nothing talked of but the parings-down of RICHARD COBDEN, that, as the poet says of beauty—"when unadorned 's adorned the most." He is going to turn the whole government into a Savings Bank. All the world 's to go upon a peace 'stablishment; and what we 're to save in gunpowder, we are to take out in tea; what we do without in pipeclay, we 're to get back in butter; and, saving money for grape-shot, we 're to spend the more in cheap malt. My 'pinion is, it never can be done. What says the Mutiny Act, that was turned inside out by MR. MILNER GIBSON? It says (I copy from the paper)—"*It is judged necessary by the Crown and Parliament to continue a body of forces for the safety of the United Kingdom, and for the preservation of the balance of power.*" The balance of power is all very well; but certainly JOHN BULL is always called upon to find the golden weights. But I see what MR. COBDEN 's up to: he wants to trim the balance of power, just as the monkey weighed the two bits of cheese. When one bit was too heavy, he took a good bite of it; well, this bite made it lighter than the other, and down went the other scale; then the monkey took the heavier piece, and bit his name with all his teeth in that,—and of the two bits, why, that of course was made lightest. And so the monkey first bit one piece and then the other, that, at last, there was not a single crumb of cheese left in either of the scales. Now, this, I know it, is precisely what MR. COBDEN wants to do with the balance of Europe:—To take regiments and cannon out of one scale, and squadrons and bomb-shells out of the other; and French guards, and British grenadiers. Now Don Cossacks, and now PRINCE ALBERT's cherry-coloured Eleventh. This is the unadorned way in which RICHARD COBDEN wants to leave Britannia; without a single flounce of cannon,—and then, I should like to know who'd go to Brighton; who 'd visit Margate, Gravesend, Herne Bay? To have what is called a descent made when there was no moon, upon peaceable families, and be carried off to France, in one's night-cap!—My blood runs cold to think of it!

But, as I understand—(a military family looked at the house on Monday, and I heard MAJOR SWALLOWFIRE talking of it to a friend)—as I understand, the Clubs perpose to circumnavigate COBDEN; and in this manner. He is to be watched for going down to Parliament: then violently laid hold on, and carried into a back room of the United Pipeclay and Oakum. When there, he will be gagged with an old *Army List*, that he mayn't go into his old trick of argiment. He will be made to sit down upon a drum, when SIR WILLIAM NAPIER—ready primed—will come in with a crowd of officers, blue and red, and read to RICHARD COBDEN the lives—with running comments—of ALEXANDER, and CESAR, and BONAPARTE, and BLUECUR, and WINDYSCRATCH, and all the heroes that have raised sprigs of laurels with the flesh-and-blood of human creturs. Then another officer, with a good bold voice, will sing a new song, to be called *The Army Tailor; or, Laurel and Cabbage;* and when RICHARD COBDEN is carried out of himself, as he must be, into the very scarlet fever of glory, why, then, in the moment of gunpowder weakness, the serjeant will come in, give him a shilling, take off the recruit in a cab, and the very next morning COBDEN will be seen adorned in red, and—with JOHN BRIGHT, no doubt, weeping in the distance—doing the goose-step in Birdcage Walk. This, dear *Mr. Punch*, is the conspiracy against MR. COBDEN. A course, I didn't seem to hear a word. Oh, no! But you should have heard how that horrid Major grinned, like SAWNEY BEAN at a banquet of baby, as he laid out the whole plan. "We shall see"—cried the horrid wretch—"we shall see whether the Manchester print will take scarlet." Disgusting!

I hope MR. COBDEN reads *Punch:* if so, he is warned and saved; if not, he is crimped, drilled—(they call it drilling, *I* call it boring)—and sent abroad. And, peaceable as we now are, MR. COBDEN, in his private capacity of a military man, may be leading a forlorn hope against the guns of the Chinese, instead of standing up for their gunpowder in the Commons. And, I must confess, of the two, my feelings don't go so much with the cannon as the teapot. After all, it will be a sweet thing to save ten millions—(how much, *Mr. Punch*, will that be a-piece, the poor included?)—ten millions, if it 's only for pocket-money. But I look at it in this way. Why, every extra spoonful I put into the tea-pot is so much saved from a forty-two pounder. Every extra bit of butter—(MR. COBDEN promises butter with no tax at all)—is so much got out of the pitch and tar; every glass of ale—(and I do like my half-pint of ale)—is the cheap blood of JOHN BARLEYCORN, and not the dreadful, as well as dear commodity, that runs to waste when it runs to glory.

Only, *Punch*, there 's this to be settled. MR. COBDEN looks at the map of the world; and, stretching out his hands, says, "Peace;" while other folks—'specially the Army and the Navy—cry, "War." They 're like two folks in a house—one *will* smell fire, and the other won't: one *will* send off for the engines; and one will lock the door, and won't, on no account, let the Fenix in. My own 'pinion is—it looks a little thick in Italy. As for all the rumpus of 1848, why, it 's my notion, that, like a cat in a china-closet, the POPE has done it all. He began the game—(mind, I'm not a blaming him for that; he meant like a gentleman, I am sure)—but what he did in Italy stirred 'em up in France, and so it went on. And now he 's to be taken back into the bosom of Rome—taken and lodged once more in the Watercan, astride on a cannon! I have heard of the cannons of the Church; but I never thought that even a Pope would ride over 'em. But, no doubt, all will by-and-bye be right. In this world, as my poor father used to say—he said it was Latin, but I don't know, I 'm sure—"Great is truth, and prevails a bit."

To be sure, the Pope, since he 's been in trouble, has taken to odd sorts of pets. There 's that Bonbon, the King where the Naples soap comes from—(with *such* soap, why can't His Majesty keep cleaner hands?)—why, the Pope, poor man, has been saying all sorts of sugar-candy of him. Here 's a bit, that I write from my paper—the Pope says, of the Naples Soap that came to pay his duty to him, the Pope says—"*The mere beholding the example of your most religious sovereign repeated by the magistrates,*" and so on. Religious sovereign! Well, I *don't* know; but if butchering people is religion, I suppose a dagger is to pass for a prayer-book. But I know how it is. Trouble brought the poor Pope to this. Wasn't it BARON TRENCK, or somebody of that sort, who was put into a dungeon by FREDERICK THE GREAT BEAST—wasn't it he that made a pet of a nasty spider?—fiddling and whistling to the dirty little reptile, and no doubt calling the thing all sorts of pretty names. Well, the Baron—poor man!—was brought to it by trouble. He had tumbled into ill luck, and so made friends of a crawling, cruel insect. So, we musn't, all things considered, be hard upon the poor Pope. Away from Rome—missing all the comforts of the Watercan—we can't wonder that in his trouble, a little forgetting

hisself, he should call FERDINAND of Naples "a most religious king!" We must remember TRENCK and the spider: the cases are quite asparagous.

Pimlico. M. B.

P.S. I see, *Mr. Punch*, that your printer altered a good deal of my spelling in my last. I merely allude to the fact to show that I've observed it. Do as you please, but for myself, I think spelling a part of style—but never mind.

Old Lady (loq.) "BLESS MY HEART! HOW RIDICULOUSLY SMALL THEY MAKE THE EYES OF THE NEEDLES NOW-A-DAYS, TO BE SURE!"

ON THE MORAL, SOCIAL, & PROFESSIONAL DUTIES OF ATTORNIES AND SOLICITORS.

Delivered in the Hall (of his Chambers) by J. BRIEFLESS, ESQ., *&c. &c.*
BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

LECTURE V.

SIR,

MY Lectures have lately been suspended, partly, Sir, on account of the Christmas holidays, when we lawyers are employed in eating our own goose, instead of cooking that of our clients. But Term has recommenced, and I avail myself of your attendance here to-day with that document, which, if I mistake not, will instruct me to ask for judgment against the casual ejector DOE—that very useful DOE, out of whom we make so much of our bread. Yes, Sir, you have come here to instruct me, but I feel it is my mission to instruct you, and I will do so by a resumption of my Lectures in this Hall, whose umbrella-stand jingles again in sympathetic response to my eloquence.

Let me now approach a very delicate subject—I mean the nature and extent of the use which you ought to make of our branch of the profession. When ought you to employ counsel? is a question which you may fairly ask, and which, when I know the state of your funds, I may fairly answer. It is an old saying, that he who is his own counsel has a fool for his client. But I am my own counsel; and am I a fool? No, Sir, I am a much greater fool when I am your counsel, if I consent to become so without having in hand the required *quiddam*. In employing counsel you must use your discretion; but counsel, in being employed by you, must use his discretion also. Woe to that barrister who, caught by the tape-tied foolscap, and flattered by his name appearing on the back of it, with the illusory addition of 2, 3, or 5 *gas.*, as the case may be, Woe, Gee Woe! I say to that barrister who shall eagerly clutch at the brief delusion, and find that the attorney, baser than the baseless fabric of a vision, has gone away, and literally

"Left not a rap behind."

No, Sir, try not on that desperate game again with me. You have set down that cause for trial a little too frequently, and I have allowed my judgment to go by default; in future, Sir, you must come with your money, as the song says—

"Down, derry down, derry down, derry down, down,"

or it is useless your coming here at all. This reminds me of a caution I once received from my leader in a case of some importance, where I was engaged to do the work, and a Queen's Counsel, now on the Bench, was secured, for the look of the thing, my client having said to me, "We must have a bit of silk, MR. BRIEFLESS, for ornament; but it is to you I look for the right sort of stuff." My client, who was a wag although an attorney, referred to the materials of our respective gowns, though, after all, the material is the most immaterial thing that can be imagined. Well, Sir, we went into Court. My leader took me aside, and, with a look I never shall forget, a tone I shall never cease to remember, and a poke in the ribs that haunts me still, he said to me, "BRIEFLESS, my boy, we are done." "How done?" said I. "My clerk tells me he has not had the fee," said he; and then he added, "Have you got yours?" My vacant stare expressed, I suppose, the vacancy of my pocket, for my leader resumed, "It's a do; but let this be a lesson to you, and never let this do be a ditto, or, to use the ordinary abbreviation, a do repeated." I never forgot the advice thus given me; and when I see my former leader, now sitting in *banco*, with all the dignity that a red riding-habit, an ermine tippet, and two pillows of horse-hair enveloping his benevolent head can impart, I often feel inclined to return that poke in the ribs—of which I still owe him one—and to whisper to him, as I hand in my accustomed motion of course, "I've taken your advice, my lord: the *do* has not been repeated at my expense, and I don't intend it ever shall be again."

I see, Sir, that you understand the force and the application of this little anecdote. You are returning that brief to your pocket—that pocket which you know is unsupplied with the indispensable fee! Go, Sir, elsewhere if you please, but the *do* will not do, and, as I have already hinted, must not be a *do* repeated here. As the bard has beautifully expressed it, "Take back thy brief," or, to use still more expressive language—

"Monster, away!—I've discovered your game:
You want for your papers the use of my name;
But back with disdain I the document fling;
The motion I'll make when the *quiddam* you bring."

No, Sir, I will not lend myself to these practices. They open the door to everything disreputable, and my clerk is almost a party to them when he opens the door to you. Go, Sir, and reflect upon my words, as I have reflected on your actions. "Out, out," as *Lady Macbeth* says, "Out, out, damned spot" on your profession—get out.

EVENING PARTIES.

"BILL, YOU GOES OUT A GOOD DEAL.—TELL US, IS IT THE KERRECT THING TO TAKE ONE'S AT INTO A HEVENING PARTY?"

SHORTLY WILL BE PUBLISHED, a New Edition of SHAKSPEARE, corrected, amended, and considerably improved, by COLONEL PHIPPS. This is the popular acting copy, as lately performed at Windsor Castle. The abridgment of *Hamlet*, with numerous cuts, is highly recommended, everything "shocking" and "dreadful" being carefully removed. To prevent disappointment, be sure to ask for the "Phippsian Edition."

ASTONISHING THE BROWNS.

We are told that a number of Browns are going over to California. Now we are afraid that Browns will not go far in a country where there is nothing but gold; but if they should be hard pushed, and find that no one will have anything to do with them, we recommend them to bathe in the Sacramento, as it is reported that every Brown that goes into that river comes out a bran-new sovereign. The little Browns, of course, would only be half-sovereigns, but a large family of them would be quite a treasure to a parent in these hard times.

THE JOLLY LONDON BEGGARS.

A CANTATA (A LONG WAY) AFTER BURNS.

Where oyster-shells bestrew the court,
Or, piled by urchin-hands in sport,
Compose the mimic grot;
Where cabbage-leaves and turnip-tops,
Potato parings, scraps, and slops,
In open kennel rot;
One night, at twelve, a ragged set,
Sham blind, and maimed, and cripple,
At Stunning Buggins's were met,
To revel, sing, and tipple.
What whizzing and fizzing
Of liver fried, and crow;
Tripe boiling, steak broiling,
Among those shades below!

First, next the fire, a varlet fat,
In tatter'd ducks, and oil-skin hat,
And nautical round-jacket,
With bandaged eye, and arm in sling,
And curling locks, and ear with ring,
Kept up a constant racket.
And still he shouted, laughed, and swore,
And swill'd with might and main;
Now hiccup'd forth an oath the more,
Now took another drain.
Thus guzzled, unmuzzled,
The drunken, foul-mouthed knave;
Then hoarsely and coarsely
He bellowed out this stave:—

I am a jovial Tar that ne'er saw a man of war,
Nor have I scratch or scar, yet the lame-dodge I come;
This here patch is all my eye, this bandaged limb a lie,
And thus the trade I ply, of a do and a hum.

I learnt my naval cant from the Surrey playhouse rant,
Oh! the broken sailor's plant beats the blind or the dumb;
With "Your honour," from the gents I wheedle out the pence,
On a fraudulent pretence, by a hoax and a hum.

On what I call the "shot," from the greenhorns' "locker" got,
I enjoy my pipe and pot, or my jorum of rum;
But "Avast there!" and "Yoho!" now and then I find no go,
For a sailor sees at once that I'm a rogue and a hum.

He ceased; the jingling glasses rang
Amid the laughter's roar,
While dingy fists the table bang,
And spill the liquor o'er;
Some noisy members of the gang
Demanded an encore:
A crone, whose gown in shreds did hang,
Did then her ditty pour.

I once had some children, I hardly know when,
But now I go begging, declaring I've ten,
With one in my arms all so sickly and shabby;
No wonder I carries that there young babby.

That child I have hired to pass off for my own,
I pinch it and make it to whine and to moan;
It screams like a rat in the claws of a tabby,
And so I compassion excites by babby.

Thus my living I get—and a fig for the wrong—
Provided it gives me my glass and my song:
So here's to the health of each soft-hearted gaby,
As pities my crying and squalling babby.

Then next a fellow, simpering meekly,
Outspake, with voice so mild and weakly,
In threadbare black, and white cravat,
And batter'd, broad-brimm'd, old silk hat—
With smirk and leer he thus began
To sing the Serious Poor Young Man.

A lazy humbug I was born,
To earn my bread I held it scorn,
And found it far a better plan
To act the Serious Poor Young Man.
Sing, hey the Serious Poor Young Man!
Sing, ho the Serious Poor Young Man!
There's not a scamp in all our clan,
Can match the Serious Poor Young Man

With cedar pencils in my hand,
Or sticks of sealing-wax, I stand:
"Soft Tommies'" hearts I thus trepan,
The decent, Serious Poor Young Man.
Sing, hey, &c.

I'm ne'er caught begging in the fact,
So don't infringe the Vagrant Act;
And let the Law do what it can
Agin the Serious Poor Young Man!
Sing, hey, &c.

So sang the Do; and plaudits loud
Burst from the ragamuffin crowd,
Who then, in chorus wild,
Joined, mendicant impostors all,
Tag rag and bobtail, great and small,
In "free-and-easy" tiled.

CHORUS.

A fig for honest occupation!
Beggary's an easier trade:
Industry is mere starvation,
Mendicancy's better paid.

Alms for ever—no employment!
Labour is a dreary bore:
Let us idle in enjoyment,
Robbing the deserving poor!

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO PARENTS.

The child is the father of the man.
The pump is the father of the cow.
The salmon is the father of the headache.
The calf is the father of the mock turtle.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The papers are continually announcing "Dates from Smyrna." This is strange taste. They will next be publishing "Sausages from Bologna," or "Shrimps from Pegwell Bay." However, it would be quite a treat to devour the newspaper at one's breakfast, if there were always so many good things wrapt up in it.

EPITOME OF THE ENGLISH CLIMATE.

Skating on the Sunday.
Bathing on the Monday.
This was really the case in the Regent's Park two weeks ago.

To Benevolent Mothers.—A Young Widow, not yet 40, is anxious to proceed to California, but is only detained by the harrowing thought of leaving ten beloved children behind her. It is only the idea of the separation that grieves her; but if any lady of respectability would take care of them in her absence, and promise to treat them as ten of her own family, a liberal reward shall be given on the lady's return from California, and the kindness not quickly forgotten. Answers to be sent immediately, stating what masters and kind of table-beer are kept, to Mrs. Pringle, Bellevue Villa, Wapping.

P.S. They all touch the piano, and are the quietest little children ever known.

DECOY DUCKINGS.

THAT respectable and garrulous old "gent," PEPYS, tells us, more than once, of the decoy for ducks that used to be kept up in St. James's Park. The thing still appears to exist, with the slight change, that instead of a decoy for ducks, the "ornamental water" has become, under the auspices of the Royal Humane Society, a decoy for duckings.

They have put a very high premium on immersion in frosty weather. It is not to be expected that poor persons, unused to warm baths, hot brandy-and-water, and well-aired blankets, should be able to resist the temptation of a tumble-in that is certain to be followed by the prompt and liberal supply of such luxurious comforts. It is true they do go through the ceremony of putting up a post and tablet marked "Dangerous." But this is like a placard in a pantomime. Enter *Harlequin* as a R.H.S. man with a life-preserver—taps the placard with his ice-pike, and it changes to "Baths, blankets, and brandy-and-water, to be had within!"

We are writing in very mild weather, or we might shrink from giving further publicity to the arrangements made by the R.H.S. for the comforts of the skating public, lest we might induce a rush to the soft parts of the ice, and a run on the accommodation of the tent.

We offer the above transformation to next year's pantomime-makers, and would only remind the persons who show such a determination to break the ice, that those who dive after the comforts of the R.H.S. do not always come up again.

THE CHILD-FARM.

A JOLLY life the farmer's life, a hearty and a hale,
Who sows the seed and mows the mead, gives beef and bread and ale;
Blest of a hungry world is he—so said a sage of yore—
Who makes two blades of grass to grow where one blade grew before.

A pleasant sight the golden light of a yellow harvest-field,
With rich ripe ears that whisper to the wind of glorious yield;
The laden wains that tell of pains with ample increase crowned,
The vats that ream, the churns that cream, the plenty all around.

But if a hungry world cries praise and honour unto him,
The farmer of the food which feeds the nation's life and limb—
What should a crowded world bestow on the other farmer keen,
Who thins the human crop that grows so over rankly green?

If harvest fields be fair to see, with milky spikes a-row,
There is that other harvest-field where little children grow;
So thankfully our country views the increase of the first,
So with unloving looks and harsh is the last's increase curst.

Not under Heaven's blue, open eye, not fanned by sweet spring gale,
But darkly pent in fœtid dens, stunted, and shrunk, and pale,
Wither those listless little ones, or grow to England's harm,
The fruits of our o'er-fatted mould, crop of the Children's Farm.

A cheerful man the farmer—merry, and kind, and bland,
To Guardians shovelling workhouse seed into his open hand;
The o'er-gorged Union pours and pours, but the expansive ground
Swallows all up, and to the crop enlarges still its bound.

A constant crop—no stay, no stop—no lying fallow there,
The seed is Want and Wretchedness, the growth Disease, Despair.
O, that such shoots from human roots at human hands should grow!
O, Limbo-gates with infant deaths inscribed, and tears and woe!

About those naked tables grows Hunger, sharp and shrewd;
In those close-crowded sleeping wards grows Sin, unshamed and rude;
Through those dank yards grows Pestilence, in scant and squalid dress,
And everywhere, rank undergrowth, Disgust, Distrust, Distress.

A crop for Hell to foster—a crop for Heaven to blight—
I see a cloud of infant souls, thick floating up the light;
Innocent souls of infants, by an Almighty arm
Plucked from the tender nurture of an English Children's Farm.

For us, with Laws and Churches, with pulpits and with pens,
And monthly visitations of such unhallowed dens—
Oh well for us and well for ours, methinks, it needs must be,
And, looking on our neighbours' faults, what spotless things are we!

THE PUBLIC VOICE.

THE Public Voice, for the last fortnight, has had a frightful cold. It has been doing nothing but sneezing and coughing everywhere. JENNY LIND's songs at Exeter Hall were sung to a running accompaniment of catarrhs, and each soft entreaty to "hush" was responded to by a mighty "Hi-i-i-sh-Ha" that sounded exactly as if the big drum had burst. Really, an intimation ought to be put at the bottom of the bills: "NO COUGHS ADMITTED." A song from the Swedish Nightingale is one of those things that should not be sneezed at. A sanitary commission should sit at the doors, and take a *vivâ voce* examination of all persons who enter; for if the Public Voice cannot remain quiet when it is in public, it had better stop at home, and take its gruel by the fireside, and put its feet in warm water, and get cured as soon as possible. The Public Voice, when it has a cold, is very like one of VERDI's operas—all noise and no melody.

The Spread of Literature.

ALL the papers have got a fit of enlargement. It is lucky the law has fixed the largest size of a newspaper, or else our present small houses would never be large enough to read one in. If our newspapers keep enlarging at their present rate, London must be enlarged also, to contain them. By the bye, has any one ever attempted to read an enlarged newspaper completely through? We really think, if the most diligent reader began the first thing on Sunday morning, it would take him a good fortnight before he could possibly get to the end of his long journey of type!

A CHANCE NOT OFTEN MET WITH.—A young Gentleman, of an active, enterprising disposition, is anxious to join a spirited companion with £500,—or £1000 would be better. It is his desire to proceed instantly to California, where a certain fortune awaits them both. The young gentleman has no means of his own, but he would be too happy to repay any sum, however large, that was advanced to him, out of the very first proceeds he clears on the "Continent of Gold." The young gentleman is lively, cheerful, full of anecdote, can sing a good song, knows the most entertaining tricks at cards, whistles, fights, shoots, swims, all to perfection, and engages to make himself generally useful and agreeable. He has also the quickest eye for money, and can tell a piece of gold the moment he sees it. Address to JEREMY D—DDL—R, ESQ., Swindal Chambers, Cheapside. References of the greatest respectability required, but no premium.

TO THE CHARITABLE.—We read a great deal in the papers about "DAVIS' STRAITS." Can nothing be done to help the poor fellow through?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 27th, 1849.

MISS BENIMBLE'S TEA-AND-TOAST.

MISS B.'S ACQUAINTANCE WITH MR. LOVELACE, POLICEMAN.—MISS B. ON THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

You must not think, *Mr. Punch*, that I altogether give myself up to believe in magdalenism or miasmarism. Still, you 'll allow the eccentric fluid is not to be denied. Neither is the emetic projection that warns you of something just afore it comes. We know that people wouldn't for a long time believe in Calvanism; and now Calvanism 's over-run the country, carrying all sorts of messages. These things are facts; real as taxis. Very well, then. With these things afore us, is it any wonder that what is going on in Buckinam Pallis should eccentrically affect me here in —— Street, Pimlico? If ever—as dear DOCTOR DAFFY once said—if ever there was an eccentric subjick in the world, I am that subjick. Therefore, not a mouse can stir in Buckinam Pallis, or any where else in the naybourhood, but directly I feel that mouse all over me.

With this gift, can it be a matter of 'stonishment that I should be kept wakin night after night with the thoughts of the QUEEN'S Speech? Is it wonderful to them who 've studied cawsaneffeck that I, knowin that the QUEEN'S Crown—may HER MAJESTY wear it long as the stars shall twinkel—that the QUEEN'S Crown was being polished up for Parliment, that I should be more than ever particular in the starch of my caps? Why, 'twas the eccentric fluid, and miasmarism: for the Pallis, I should say, not but what it 's well known, is in the very thick of the latter.

Well, *Mr. Punch*, it was only last night that MR. LOVELACE and I, taking a cup o' tea and toast with PLATO—as MR. L. observed—that HER MAJESTY'S Speech was, so to say it, laid upon the table. But first for MR. LOVELACE. MR. L. is praps the most gentlemanlike pelisseman as ever looked blue. I don't know what I owe to MR. LOVELACE; and as true gratitood doesn't care for exact accounts, I shall never ask. But you shall judge. Only a week ago, about two in the mornin' I heard a horrid shoutin in the passage. Puttin my hand under my pillar, I found my pocket was safe. So, thankful for all things, I jumped out o' bed, and screamed and sprung my rattle, which I always carry from house to house along with me. (I wouldn't go to bed without that rattle for any money—not for a million stirring.)

Opening the winder, I continued to scream and rattle "Murder!" bein earnest, I always cry it. "It isn't murder yet, mum," said the manliest tones I ever did hear; "not murder yet, but it might have been, for you 've gone to bed with your door open! You might have been killed, and had your pictur in the newspapers." I never was in such a twitter. So I went down stairs, chained and bolted, and back to bed. Well, every night after that, for I laid awake to listen, I heard that faithful pelisseman—about twelve—take hold of the handle, and shake the door. Sometimes, when in doubt, he 'd kick it. And, until then, *Mr. Punch*, I 'd no ideer that a door might be shook and kicked, in so many different ways, as to convey so many different 'motions to the soul. But, I 'm convinced, there 's magdalenism in it; magdalenism and the eccentric fluid.

I hope I 've said enuff, *Mr. Punch*, to account for MR. LOVELACE'S persition at my tea-table. If he wasn't born a gentleman, he 's picked it up wonderful since he came into the world. He has the blackest whisker and the whitest hand that I ever see on the same individooal. As for his years, he 's of the middle age, takin it for granted that he 'll live till ninety. Besides this, he has what the female hart so much admires—I mean, such a sweet touch of meloncoly: he carries a shadder on his face that speaks of better times. I 'm sure he 's lost a deal of properly; there is all the rex of it in his countenance. I don't know how it is; but ev'rybody as loves him ave int'rest in me. Sometimes, lookin at him, I think it 's love; and the next minute, contemplatin the lines in his brow, I 'm sertin its railways.

But as I was sayin, *Mr. Punch*, it was only last night MR. LOVELACE and me talked o' the QUEEN'S Speech. LOVELACE—bein admitted to my table is, you may suppose, a very diff'rent beein from that low Chartist, BAGSTER, the milkman—LOVELACE is a Tory of the good old school, which as I larfed and said is now so old, that all the scholars must be in their second childhood—LOVELACE is a Tory; but I like him none the less for that, but all the better; it keeps up wholesome opposition atween us.

"I wonder," says MR. LOVELACE, "what our gracious missus is goin to say to Parliment."

"Don't you know, MR. LOVELACE?" says I; and I felt a proud smile crumple my mouth all over.

"Not an ideer; not the skintillation of a notion," said LOVELACE, in his fine manner; for when he likes he 's as flow'ry as the month of June.

"I think, MR. LOVELACE," says I, "that I know ev'ry sillabul on it. You 'll think this strange; for praps you don't believe in magdalenism and eccentricity."

"In both," said he, "as a pelisseman."

"Then, listen, MR. LOVELACE. And, by the way, what a blessing it is, MR. LOVELACE, that your beat bein' so near the Pallis, the people about Pimlico are all so well-behaved and honest, you can leave 'em hours and hours to gather, while you are taking your comfortable toast and tea."

"I feel it," said LOVELACE, and doo, visible doo, sparkled in his eyes. "I ought to be thankful for my beat. It 's strued with roses, and with hyson and gunpowder; 'specially the hearth-rug of MISS BENIMBLE." (Understand, *Mr. Punch*, it isn't my pride as writes this; but only to do justice to the fine mind of the pelisseman.) "But my dear madam," said LOVELACE, "about the QUEEN'S Speech. Could you waft me the least flavour of it?"

"In the first place," said I, feelin' the miasmatic effeck very strong, "in the first place, the QUEEN will say this to the Lords, and Bishops, and Commons:—'Take your seats, and make yourselves as comfortable as you can for the Seshun.' Everybody bein' down, HER MAJESTY will read, with her own tones o' silver, which changed into goold wouldn't be half so preshus—will read in this manner:—'I have the happiness to inform you that I am on the best of terms with all my forain relashuns. KING LEOPOLD, my respected uncle (so dear to every Briton), has, considerin' all things, the best understandin' with my 'Chequer. The last letter received from my brother at Coburg, as a proof of his kind intentions towards my throne, promises a visit to London, early in the summer.

"'I am gratified to state that trade is improvin. All provisions have been in better demand, as is shown by the increased consumption of toothpicks.

"'The Army Estimates will be laid before you. With the best regard to economie, I 've cut 'em down to the quick. Thus the prodigal extravaganz of wearin' coat-tails is for ever abolished; and all officers are henceforth ordered to confine themselves—like oysters—to coverins that are shells. And further, to retrench the reckless expenditure in the article of pipe-clay, the belts, &c., &c., will receive, for once and all, a substantial coat of white paint.

"'The Woods and Forests will also call for your attention. I am sorry to inform you that a number of people—who ought to know better, being of respectable parents, and brought up, as one would think, for better things—that a number of offenders, Dukes and Lords among 'em—for my maternal bosom spares nobody—haunt and infest Woods and Forests, living a disrepitable life, not at all like ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN, robbing the rich to give to the poor—but *vice versâ*, and the more shame for 'em. And it is my maternal hope that you will make all the Dukes who cut underwood, cut sticks.

"'And to conclude, My Lords and Gentlemen; let me, before I go home, 'specially impress one thing upon your minds. I ask it as a Queen—as a woman. Don't talk so much. Don't. As the old saying runs, think twice before you speak once; but—improve upon this—some of ye think three times, and then—don't speak at all.'"

"My dear MISS BENIMBLE!" cried LOVELACE.

I jumped up; bein at once browt to myself by the familyarity.

"My dear MISS BENIMBLE, you must be dreamin. This can never be the Speech of her Gracyous Majesty."

"Well, if it isn't," said I, gettin out of it as well as I could, for I somehow felt the 'fluence of miasmarism—"if it isn't, it ought to be."

M. B.

THE ROYAL THEATRICALS.

SING a song of SHAKSPEARE at Windsor t'other day,
Real British artists acting a play;
When the play was *Hamlet*, the *Prince* was MR. KEAN,
And wasn't that a pretty dish to set before the QUEEN?

Don't turn up your Nose at this.

IN the Far West of America paper is so scarce that a journal published there is printed on a pocket-handkerchief furnished by the subscriber, who sends it to the wash, and thence to the printing office, to have the next number impressed upon it. We should be sorry to write for this paper, as we have a great objection to having our writings sneezed at; and where a pocket-handkerchief is the medium of publicity, we fear this result would be unavoidable. We do not know the title of this singular organ of intelligence, but the *Nasal Organ* would be an excellent name for it.

THE SONG OF THE SIRENS.

ISE old HOMER has sung, in his *Odyssey*,
How that ULYSSES sailed safe by an isle,
Where his sharp eyes could full many a body see,
Flats that the Sirens had managed to wile;
Forth in sweet singing their melody flinging,
Connoisseurs bringing in shoals to their lair,
Sat the weird Sirens, with lays like LORD BYRON'S,
Pleasant but dangerous, filling the air.

Old virtuosi, quite *blasé* with opera,
Proof to the GRISIS and LINDS of that day,
Steaming that road, would call "Back her" and "Stop her," or
Take headers over, when boats wouldn't stay.
Ne'er, e'en in the Panic, was known so galvanic
A run, not for sovereigns, but notes, which is rare,
Till this Siren rush, Sir, would put to the blush, Sir,
A JENNY LIND crush, Sir, as poets declare.

But crafty ULYSSES, as knowing what bliss is
To hear these sweet Misses, invented a way
Of enjoying the concert—like one of the wrong sort,
Who, anxious to hear, are reluctant to pay;
To seal his crew's hearing, he waxed every ear in,
And made them close steer in and venture a stare,
Where, travellers to take in, the Sirens were shaking,
And cadences making that ravished the air.

Calling "Avast!" Sir, but lashed to the mast, Sir,
In Limbo so fast, Sir, ULYSSES was laid,
While the crew *wax*inated, as I have related,
The more that he prated, the less they obey'd.
So from massacre free, oh he heard *such* a trio,
Allegro! Con brio! delicious and rare;
And he called o'er the sea-flats, a sharp! "You must *be* flats!"
Till they knew that in three flats 'twas singing they were!

From History banished, the Sirens long vanished,
From woman turn mannish, as foreigners known;
As the practice quite daily is, of Italian alias,
With singers who fail as productions home-grown.
In Peru now, now Borneo, now in California,
Mankind to their concerts in thousands repair;
Once bodies they ate all, now wits they unsettle,
Their music's from metal, and gold is their snare.

Crowding promiscuous to San Francisco is,
From Windsor to Wisconsin, victims a shoal;
With pots and with irons, seduced by the Sirens,
Gold their desirin's, the diggin's their goal.
Sacramento's the bank is where yellow-faced Yankees,
Colonels whose rank is the bowie they bear,
In true porker fashion, their noses the wash in,
Are thrusting and thrashing, like fools at a fair.

Buckeyes from Ohio, and merchants from Rio,
New Jersey Quakers, Down-easters from Maine;
Planters from Illinois, sudden turn silly now,
Flat land and hilly now boring for gain;

Judges drop ermine, preachers stop sermon;
Fustified Germans their pipes fling in air,
And long-headed Bri'ishers, grown wild and skittish, Sirs,
Cutting the city, Sirs, start for their share.

The Irishman grabbin' the rent of his cabin,
The grave Jewish Rabbin, the Scotchman so blate,
And the cow-hided nigger, who plucks up a vigour,
To greet with a snigger his master of late—
All, slaves of the dollar, unlettered and scholar,
Each kith, kin, and colour, are hastening there,
To this new El Dorado, where folks of each grade owe
Allegiance that's paid—oh! as few debts were e'er.

JOHN BULL I'm advising, 'Tis best to be wise in
A thing folks are prizing at more than it's worth;
One point we may settle, that men can't eat metal,
And a purseful of gold is small comfort in dearth.
To the Nightingale JENNY give your ear and your money:
If her song's sweet as honey, her heart is as rare;
But he's wisest who clinches his purse, and ear pinches,
When the Siren goldfinches are singing so fair.

Leave those Sirens to warble, impassive as marble,
Or deaf as a barbel, their lures to defeat;
And your fields calmly tilling, or hard at your milling,
Just wait till they're spilling their gold at your feet.
Remember the story of the sage old and hoary,
Who his sons told before he went hence to elsewhere,
That a treasure lay hid in his field, which so bidden,
They dug, raised a crop, and their treasure found *there*.

CASES FOR THE OPINION OF MR. BRIEFLESS.

IT is impossible to give any idea—without going to a butter-shop and having the papers weighed—of the immense mass of documents that are weekly dropped into our letter-box, in the shape of Cases for the opinion of MR. BRIEFLESS. The extraordinary knack that learned gentleman possesses of hitting right nails on their heads—and it requires a hammer very different from a niny-hammer to do this—has caused a general feeling in the profession, that, as a companion to SMITH'S *Leading Cases*, a series of BRIEFLESS'S *Leading Cases* would be "tremendously useful" and "terrifically popular."

We have therefore sent a "special retainer" to our learned friend—we beg to say that, like a Baron of old, we have plenty of "retainers" always waiting in our Hall to run on errands—and MR. BRIEFLESS has consented to furnish, "from time to time," but not "at all times," an opinion upon some nice "moot point," for the purpose of adding a new collection of Leading Cases to every lawyer's library.

The following curious facts have been already laid before him, to "peruse, advise, and settle;" and we have every confidence in the regular settler put in by MR. BRIEFLESS upon this occasion.

CASE.—On a trial before a Dublin jury, some prisoners were found guilty, when their counsel rose to object to the reception of the verdict, on the ground that the law requires a verdict to be found by twelve men, and that one of the jurors, having a wooden leg, there were not more than eleven men and three-quarters in the box when the prisoners were found guilty. The Judge being unable to come to a decision upon the point, the opinion of MR. BRIEFLESS is required on the whole matter.

OPINION.—The juryman's wooden leg is certainly a peg on which a doubt may be hung; though I think, if the juror had not been deficient of an entire limb, but merely of an eye or a nose, the matter would have assumed another feature. That the law recognises limbs as an important part of the judicial system, is, I think, clear, for a "limb of the law" is a common term; and, moreover, I am disposed to hold, that if the twelve jurymen had among them only twenty-three legs, there was one member of the jury absent at the time the verdict was given.

It may perhaps be urged that as there was a wooden leg in Court at the time, though not exactly a *lignum vitæ*, it had a kind of footing in the jury-box; but then the question will arise, not whether the *locus standi* was complete, but whether in fact the prosecution must fail, from not having an additional leg to stand upon. It is a great privilege of accused persons, that their cases should be judged of by a jury, "to the best of their understanding." But I think the prisoners here cannot have had the benefit of this beautiful provision; for when there was a juryman in the box, the best of whose understanding consisted of a wooden leg, I think the interests of justice demand some relaxation, though it is difficult, in a case like this, to say where the shoe pinches. If I may reason from analogy—and why may I not?—I should say the deficient leg cuts away the ground from under the prosecution, because it is clear enough that when a prisoner's fate is in the hands of a jury, there must be twenty-four hands to make the jury complete; and, by a parity of reasoning, there should be twenty-four feet where there are twenty-four hands; and if we are to measure out justice by one uniform twenty-four foot rule, the exact complement of legs must be indispensable.

There is some difficulty presents itself in the consideration whether the juryman should have been challenged before he went into the box; but I am disposed to think that challenging a man with a wooden leg is cowardly, and repugnant to the British character. The objection to an absent limb need not be taken *in lim(b)ine*, at least if my view is the right one. And I must on the whole case give it as my distinct opinion that the verdict cannot stand, because one of the jurymen was almost in the same predicament, or at all events he was unable to take with perfect ease such steps as he may have thought proper; and, as a juryman must not have his hands in any way tied, I think, *à fortiori*, he should not have his legs in the smallest degree fettered.

ST. STEPHEN'S SCHOOL, WESTMINSTER.

Mr. Punch (the Principal) begs to inform his young political friends, that the period for their re-assembling has been fixed for Thursday next, the 1st of February, when he expects them all to be in their places at the appointed hour.

He will take an early opportunity of examining them in their holiday work, when he trusts he will find that they have not spent the period of the vacation in mere amusement or sheer idleness.

A rigid system will in future be adopted, under the superintendence of *Mr. Punch*, who has seen with regret that St. Stephen's has been looked upon hitherto as a school adapted more for "liberal professions" than for practical utility.

The study of figures has been grievously neglected; and, though MASTER HUME has shown laudable industry in this useful branch, and has attained an honourable proficiency, it has been too much the custom to underrate such attainments as he has exhibited. *Mr. Punch* has therefore resolved to institute a very sharp course of arithmetic, with a view to the keeping of accounts, and MASTER RICHARD COBDEN, who has lately shown great diligence in this respect, will be called upon to act as Monitor. It is a lamentable fact that MASTERS GOULBURN, BARING, and others, who have been at the head of their class in matters of figures, have gone very little beyond Addition as applied to outlay, Multiplication as applied to taxes, Division as applied to offices, and Subtraction as applied to the public money, while they have shown no aptitude for the higher and more useful rules of arithmetic, such as those which teach the art of getting at the roots of things, or balancing and proportioning income and expenditure.

Though oratory is to some extent an agreeable and useful art, *Mr. Punch* cannot but feel that by making every day a speech day, too much time is wasted on this branch of the studies of St. Stephen's School, particularly when he perceives how sadly deficient some of the speakers are in their English composition. The written exercises or Acts, which emanate from the school, are absolutely disgraceful, no less from their want of grammar than their want of sense; and *Mr. Punch* thinks it would be much more creditable to those of his young friends who are fond of showing off in set speeches, if they would employ themselves in correcting the written exercises of the school, by the rules of LINDLEY MURRAY, or some other grammarian.

Mr. Punch has remarked with pain, that Procrastination is one of the greatest faults of his young friends, who idle their time away in talking or playing during the best part of the term allotted to their studies, and, by leaving everything to the last, do nothing well, but are in a scramble and hurry to get their work done before the time for breaking up comes round again. In the hope of correcting this serious fault, *Mr. Punch* will give a prize to the introducer of the Bill that shall first pass into an Act; and, to prevent the evil of talking, a prize will also be given to him who shall have spoken the fewest words between the 1st of February and the Easter holidays.

MASTER CHISHOLM ANSTEY, who has received a bad mark for inveterate talking, will, it is to be hoped, endeavour to earn a good mark in the ensuing half year, by conducting himself in a silent and orderly manner.

MASTER BENJAMIN DISRAELI, who has frequently had a lesson for bullying the other boys, and particularly for his spiteful conduct to that generally quiet boy MASTER PEEL, will be severely chastised if he continues to interrupt the general business of the school by his annoying practices.

MASTER RUSSELL, and the other head boys of the school, were treated with great indulgence last year; but they must work very hard if they do not wish to lose their places, as there are a great many other boys, some of whom are very clever and industrious, who will do their utmost to get into the top form of St. Stephen's.

The following subjects for essays and tasks are open to the whole school, and valuable prizes will be awarded to the most successful competitors:—

Reduce the military and naval expenditure to that of 1835, without impairing the efficiency of the United Service.

Work out the problem of which Ireland furnishes the data.

There being abundance in the country for all, solve the question how enough may be given to everybody without taking anything from anybody, but rather by adding something to the store of those who seem at present to monopolise everything.

N.B.—Notwithstanding the apparent difficulty of this task, it is to be worked out, if the principles upon which it is to be done were thoroughly understood; and the wealthy, as well as the poor, would be the richer by applying them.

In conclusion, *Mr. Punch* has only to say, that he will meet his young friends of St. Stephen's School with the kindest disposition to assist them in their studies, to give praise where it is due, and to reward merit; but he nevertheless must add, that he has a quantity of rods in pickle for those who may deserve chastisement.

Child (screams and without any stops). "HANNER MARIA YER TIRESOME HAGGERWATIN' LITTLE USSEY COME OUT OF THE ROAD DO WITH YER LITTLE BROTHER DID YER WANT TO BE RUNNED OVER BY OMNIBUSTES AND KILLED DEAD OH DEAR OH DEAR WHO 'D BE A NUSS?"

L. S. D. AT LEOMINSTER.

SIR E. B. LYTTON has bidden characteristic farewell to the contemplative men of Leominster. He has in a manner tickled their noses with a bank-note, showing them that he perfectly understands *their* political wants; and, with such understanding, has a like determination not to meet them. In a word, SIR EDWARD has buttoned up his pockets, and taken his hat. He will not bribe; he will not buy the men of Leominster, and they—the swine with voices—must carry their own pig's-meat to another market. SIR EDWARD is charmingly ingenuous. He says—

"I know of nothing, within my power, to prevent the votes separating themselves from the inclinations, and flying off at the last hour in an utterly opposite direction."

That is, SIR EDWARD cannot couple the votes and the electors:

"Those sweet birds that fly together,
Link'd with a *golden* hook-and-eye."

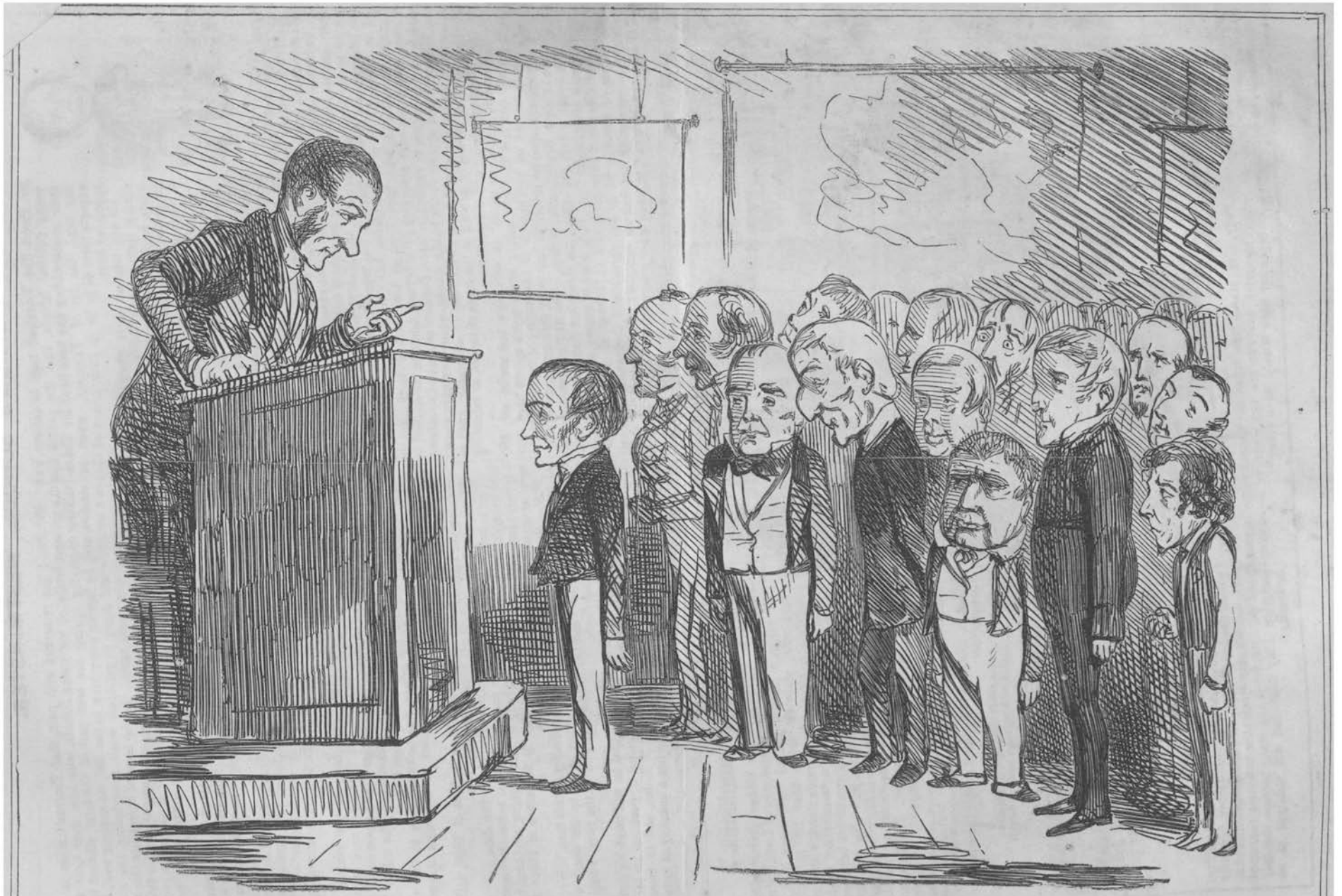
He therefore leaves them

"With a profound sense of inadequacy to solve the doubts of the more cautious deliberators whom this farewell may find still stretched on the rack of conscientious suspense."

Ha, SIR EDWARD! There is an exquisite edge to this; it is keen enough to cut through a rhinoceros, but not through the hide of him who comes to sell himself in the market-place.

MOUNT UN-PLEASANT.

VESUVIUS, after a long period of tranquillity, has commenced launching out rather furiously within the last month. We are not astonished at this, and we only wonder the mountain contained itself so long, for it had really become the only party in Italy that had not indulged in an outbreak.



THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

"MIND, YOUNG GENTLEMEN, MORE ATTENTION TO ARITHMETIC THIS HALF."

ENGLAND IN 1869.

From the "Gazette" of the period.

YESTERDAY LORD JOHN RUSSELL entertained at dinner, at his mansion in Great Russell Street, the SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS and the COUNTESS GREY; the SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES and LADY WILHELMINA ELLIOT; the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and MRS. GREY; the LORD CHANCELLOR and LADY GREY (of Greybeard); the MARQUIS OF MINTO and the LADIES FREDERICA and ANASTATIA ELLIOT.

After the banquet, LADY JOHN RUSSELL held an assembly, at which her ladyship had the honour of receiving their ROYAL HH. THE PRINCE CANUTE and PRINCE HENGIST; the DUKE and DUCHESS OF BEDFORD; the DUKE and DUCHESS OF PALMERSTON; EARL and COUNTESS DISRAELI; the COUNTESS OF STOCKPORT and the LADIES COBDEN; RIGHT HON. SIR B. and LADY HAWES; the VICE-CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND and LADY P. ELLIOT; the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY and LADY (GREGORY) GREY; the BISHOP OF VAN DIEMAN'S LAND and MRS. X. ELLIOT; H. E. SIR GRIMES GREY, Governor of Canada, and LADY GREY; MESSRS. R. GREY, OXFORD GREY, FRENCH GREY, J. GREY, F. GREY, and L. GREY; MESSRS. L. S. D. and F. R. S. ELLIOT; MESDAMES A. GREY, G. ELLIOT, S. GREY, L. ELLIOT; MESDAMES A. B. and F. ELLIOT; MISSES S. P. Q. R. GREY; MR. JONES; MR. SMITH.

Dancing occurred in the course of the evening, when H. R. H. PRINCE CANUTE opened the ball with MISS Z. RUSSELL, having for his *vis-à-vis* H. R. H. THE PRINCE HENGIST and LADY KATINKA ELLIOT.

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY danced a Scotch strathspey with LADY ROBINA ROY GREY; and the festivities were kept up until a late hour.

Some disturbances have occurred at Pekin, by the tax on Mandarins' pig-tails, lately ordered by HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR SIR MINTO ELLIOT. Three Mandarins who refused to pay the tax, had their tails cut off three days before the *Agamemnon* (CAPT. GREY, C.B.) sailed, and they hung themselves in consequence in front of the Government House, and in presence of their wives and families. Riots were apprehended; but, in consequence of the energetic measures taken by GOVERNOR ELLIOT, who has incarcerated WHANG and LING, two of the principal Mandarins, and threatens to remove their tails in case of outbreak in the City, the inhabitants (by whom the Mandarins in question are greatly beloved) are deterred from open violence. CHEW, the great Hong merchant, expired lately at Quangtung, and is said to have amassed an immense fortune by opium. The Ladies' Shoe-tax is working well; but attempts have been made to evade it, by the Chinese ladies (who are very artful), and who wear large slippers filled with hay, over their little shoes.

Despatches were forwarded yesterday to H. E. SIR GOOSY GREY, Governor of Jamaica, to SIR EBENEZER ELLIOT, Governor of Newfoundland, and to SIR ELLIOT GREY at Demerara.

DR. GREY had an audience yesterday of the Colonial Secretary.

The BISHOP OF MELGUNDIA was yesterday consecrated at Lambeth by his uncle, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. Twenty-three prelates were present at the solemn and interesting occasion. The Venerable Prelate and his lady, who is a cousin of the Premier, and allied with many of our principal families, leave England and its pleasures without regret, content to do their duty in distant climes. His Lordship's see extends from Port Woburn to Cold Missionary Bay, where the Episcopal residence will be.

We believe we may announce that the LORD CHANCELLOR has conferred the valuable living of Porkum cum Crackling upon a near relative of HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—*Episcopal Journal.*

The Lady of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was brought to bed yesterday of twins, in Downing Street. Both the infants and LADY JANE GREY are doing very well.

Some absurd rumours having been promulgated at the Clubs with regard to the appointment vacant by the demise of MR. BRUSH, who for so many years swept the crossing between Waterloo Place and the Athenæum, we have, once for all, authority to state that the Woods and Forests do not intend to interfere in the appointment of a successor to the lamented gentleman. It has been erroneously and maliciously said that a young gentleman, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, and who is distantly related to the First Commissioner, and to a family to whom England owes some of the most illustrious of her statesmen, was to be appointed to the vacant broom. The rumour is utterly groundless. We have reason to believe that the REVEREND ZEBEDEE ELLIOT sails speedily for Caffraria, whither his duties as Archdeacon of Hippopotamustown call him.—*Ministerial Evening Print.*

MARRIAGES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.—Why should our Princes and Princesses be compelled always to seek in Germany for matrimonial alliances? Are the youths and maidens of England less beautiful than those of Saxe or Prussia? Are the nobles of our own country, who have been free for hundreds of years, who have shown in every clime the genius, the honour, the splendour of Britain—are these, we ask, in any way inferior to a Prince (however venerable) of Sachs-Schlippenschloppen, or a Grand Duke of Pigwitz-Gruntenstein? We would breathe no syllable of disrespect against these potentates—we recognise in them as in ourselves the same Saxon blood—but why, we ask, shall not Anglo-Saxon Princes or Princesses wed with free Anglo-Saxon nobles, themselves the descendants if not the inheritors of kings?

We have heard, in the very highest quarters, rumours which, under these impressions, give us the very sincerest delight. We have heard it stated that the august mother and father of a numerous and illustrious race, whose increase is dear to the heart of every Briton, have determined no longer to seek for German alliances for their exalted children, but to look at home for establishments for those so dear to them. More would be at present premature. We are not at liberty to mention particulars, but it is whispered that HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS BOADICEA is about to confer her royal hand upon a young nobleman, who is eldest son of a noble peer who is connected by marriage with our noble and venerable Premier, with the Foreign and Colonial Secretaries, and with H. G. the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The same "littel bird" also whispers us that HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE HENGIST has cast an eye of princely approbation upon a lovely and accomplished young lady of the highest classes, whose distinguished parents are "frae the North;" whose name is known and beloved throughout the wide dominions of Britain's sway—in India, at the Admiralty, at the Home and Colonial Offices—in both Houses of Parliament—and who are allied with that great and illustrious family, who have rendered such priceless services to the country in the maintenance of *that* cause for which HAMPDEN bled on the field, while they paid their part on the scaffold. But enough of this delicate theme. We wish good speed to the gallant Prince who woos the lovely ladye K-T-NKA E. . . . .!—*The Snobserver—Government Print.*

GENTILITY ITS OWN REWARD.

AMONG the *Times* advertisements, the "Principal of a First-class School" wishes, naturally enough, to "increase his connexion." The Principal's "average terms are 70 guineas." But to increase his connexion quickly, he—

> "Will take a few additional pupils at 40 guineas, provided they be gentlemen. To save trouble, none but gentlemen can be treated with."

We hardly know how to take this. We presume, however, that what the Principal means, is this. He has already a certain number of "vulgar little boys," at 70 guineas each; but in order to give the general vulgarity of his school a smack, an odour of higher life, he will take a few gentlemen at the lower rate, in each case striking thirty guineas off. Thus, gentility is its own reward. Vulgarity pays the full penalty for its coarseness: now, the true gentleman saves thirty guineas a year on the strength of his refinement. The additional pupils—the "gentlemen"—may be considered as the sprigs of lavender, thrown in to sweeten the homely dowlas and coarse brown holland.

NEW TITLES FOR REGIMENTS.

IT is proposed (by *Mr. Punch*) to confer new titles upon certain regiments, to be borne by them until a due economy shall have been effected in our Military Estimates. For instance, it is suggested that the Horse Guards shall, till then, be called the Heavy Expensives; the 1st Dragoons the Costlies; and the Grenadiers the Extravagants; while the Household Troops generally shall be styled the Ruination Brigade. Our armaments having been placed on a satisfactory footing, a further change may be made in our regimental nomenclature, and instead of Light Divisions we may have Large Subtractions and Great Reductions among the various corps. The 10th Reasonables, the 11th Moderates, the Clipped Greys, the Docked Buffs, the Thrifty Hussars, the Cheap Rifles, the Frugal Fusiliers, and the Retrenched Lancers would be names no less euphonious than pleasingly significant. The "crack regiments," by way of a well-merited compliment, may be denominated COBDEN'S Unadorned, and JOSEPH HUME'S Own; otherwise, the Horse and Foot Indispensables.

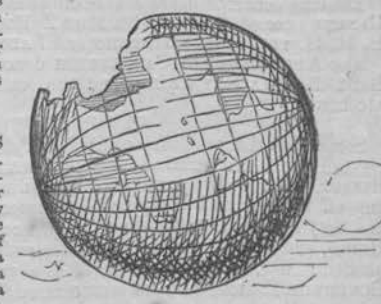
THE CALIFORNIAN MOVEMENT.

NEVER was there such a dust kicked up with gold as there is just now about that precious stuff, the precious metal in California. Talk of the Great Charter,—it is insignificant compared with the universal chartering of vessels for California. Everything that will float—and a great deal that will not—is being advertised for California direct; and we are beginning to fear that the whole of the Thames Navy will be withdrawn from our native seas—our old friends Chel and Batter—to ply with passengers between the Old Swan Stairs, at London Bridge, and Goose's Point, at San Francisco. We shall expect the shores of the Horseferry Road, and the bulrush-bound coasts of Wandsworth, to be deserted in the course of the spring and summer; for how is the passage to be made along the bilious billows of Father Thames, while every craft is engaged in the yellow jaundice regions of California?

The following are a few specimens of the advertisements that may be looked for ere long in the morning newspapers:—

FOR CALIFORNIA DIRECT.—THE DAISY, CAPTAIN BUTTERCUP. This fast-sailing, barge-built, canvas-bottomed, pitch-fastened steamer has been chartered for California, and will be ready to take in passengers to any extent, on or before the first of April. This superb craft will have an excellent table, with abundance of wine, her port-holes being fitted up expressly with one of port in each; and arrangements have been made to boil grog instead of water, so that there will be a constant supply of the delicious beverage throughout the entire passage. For freight or passage, apply to the Jack-in-the-Water, Essex Stairs, any day between Monday and Tuesday next.

TO SAIL FOR SAN FRANCISCO, the superior old wooden-railed and stripe-chimneyed steamer the WIDOWER, CAPTAIN MOPUS, long distinguished as the Pride of Millbank, or the Darling of the Doggerbank. Her tonnage being only twenty-four pounds and a few ounces, admits of her stopping to take in coals at all the intermediate stations; and, as she only draws half a fathom of water, she will keep close in shore the whole way, to enable those to get out and walk who become tired of the monotony of the passage in cases where the tide or the wind may impede the vessel's progress. She carries a surgeon, together with an apparatus for making COCKLE'S Pills—fresh from the cockle—in the course of the voyage. Applications to be made to the skipper on deck, at any time except when he happens to be skipping his duty.



THE EARTH, AT THE END OF THE DIGGINGS.

THE GOLD REGIONS DIRECT.—The FIREMAN-WATERMAN, CAPTAIN WRAP-RASCAL. This well-known steamer will start in a few days, with every arrangement to render the voyage agreeable. She carries a set of skittles, a bagatelle-table, and a cribbage-board, with an extra charge for bumble-puppy, and a baby-jumper for infant emigrants. Apply without loss of time to the Captain, on the paddle-box. Passengers are recommended to come early, as, in consequence of the rapidity with which the diggings are proceeding, the crust of the earth is already nearly gone, and those who wish to pick up some of the crumbs must proceed at once to California.

NUTS FOR GENERAL NAPIER.

"SIR WILLIAM,

"YOU have lately invited attention to an assortment of articles, written in defence of the character of the British Officer, and particularly of the Clothing Colonel, against the charge of untradesman-like conduct, brought against it by the Liverpool Financial Association. There is, perhaps, something in what you say for your cloth, and for those who have the cutting of it out. But, dear SIR WILLIAM, may I venture to observe that you come it a little too strong? Your style is spicy—really you are quite a dealer in vinegar, mustard, and pepper. But in respect of dignity, its quality is below par; excuse me: decidedly inferior. The Liverpool parties twit your firm with cabbage, and you retort by allusions to 'devil's dust.' Is this quite worthy of a distinguished military gent? Isn't it, Sir, more like a small spirit-merchant squabbling with a chandler, and when reproached with watering his rum, replying by the demand of 'Who sanded his sugar?'

"The other day, the Public received by the *Times* a favour of yours, in which you put the following question:—

"'But have those financial reformers who honestly seek the public good considered how the Tract 4 has dishonourably involved them in slanders, conveying insults, the least of which, offered by one of them personally, would draw down instant chastisement where age and wounds had left the insulted officer power to inflict it?'

"I always thought you Army gents were rather hasty, but hardly fancied that you were quite so handy with your canes and horsewhips as this. Are you aware, Sir, that such a mode of resenting an affront is taking the law into your own hands, and breaking the QUEEN'S peace? Do you know that you would be charged £5 for it, at the lowest figure, at any police office? To be sure—taking the salaries of general officers at an average quotation—you may say that expense is no object—but don't you think, now, that it is better, as well as cheaper, in every way more reasonable, to treat a calumny with silent contempt, or simple denial? Among you nobs I know it is a custom to maintain your honour by calling the abusive party out; but is it not a superior plan to challenge inspection of your accounts, and to defy competition in your mode of doing business? Take my advice, and content yourself with proving that your shop supplies goods better and cheaper than any other house in the trade. If you show temper, you will only create an impression that you feel your cause to be queer, and thus increase the agitation for reforming your army tailors' bills, which must end in cooking your Colonel's goose.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, to you,
"Most obedient Servant,
"A. BAGMAN."

"*Goose and Gridiron*,
"*Jan.* 31, 1849."

ANOTHER DRAUGHT FROM "ELLIOT'S ENTIRE."

THE Secretaryship to the Board of Control was recently vacant, and of course there was no one so well qualified to fill it as an ELLIOT. LORD JOHN RUSSELL was well aware of this indispensable qualification, and gives it accordingly to his uncle-in-law, the HON. JOHN ELLIOT. This "governing family" seems interminable. The public will only eventually know the possible extent of it by every Government situation being filled by an ELLIOT. If the Buoy at the Nore was to die, an ELLIOT would be found somewhere to fill his berth. Say what you will of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, no fault can be found in his appointments, *relatively* speaking; and we are only too glad that this "omnivorous race" of ELLIOTS (as the *Morning Chronicle* calls them) is put under some sort of *Control* at last.

THE COURT—THE PULPIT—THE STAGE.

THE intense interest shown by the QUEEN in the fate of the British Drama—for it is now an allowed truth, that without royal patronage plays and players are nought—has awakened the zeal of the pulpit. Fearful that the example set at Windsor should be followed throughout society, and that not only the nobility and gentry, but even the illiterate vulgar should rush to the playhouse, DOCTOR DREW, of Christchurch, Belfast, has delivered himself of "Forty-Eight Thoughts on the Drama, Stage, Players, and Amateurs."

At the next levee the Doctor will endeavour to lay the work at the feet of VICTORIA. Of the "Forty-Eight Thoughts" we may take some three or four: they will be a sufficient sample; for all have a family likeness, as like as ass's ears to ears of ass. And first—of the Drama as applicable to woman:—

"Womankind is degraded by the licentious mode in which the sex is often defined, illustrated, and insulted in the Drama; and it is particularly incumbent on the sex to vindicate their rights and the proprieties due to them, by discountenancing the Drama."

This is very true. *Desdemona*, for instance, is not only insulted, but stabbed and smothered. We are convinced of it: this horrid event must have been unknown to the Court at Windsor; otherwise SHAKSPEARE would never have been permitted, not even for an hour, to lodge here.

"Many persons, especially young persons, have made shipwreck of reputation, health, and piety, dating their ruin from the hour when they were induced to visit the theatre."

And yet the little Princes and Princesses—see that terrible *Court Circular*—sat upon the dais in the RUBEN'S Room; and did not retire to their night-gowns and night-caps until nine! What *will* become of 'em? And now of players:—

"May it not be believed that many, who have been ensnared into this soul-destroying profession, would gladly be relieved from it, if a way of escape were given?"

We have made it our business to solve this question. We have sent to all the London theatres a tabular form, to be duly filled up, and the result is—so grievous do many of the players find their horrid trade, so willingly would they escape from it—that not less than one hundred actors are willing to retire upon full salaries for life; only some half-dozen or so (whose names it is not necessary to give) further stipulate for apartments at Hampton Court, with the run of the royal stables.

If, however, the REV. DR. DREW pour merely a small phial of wrath upon the head of the professed player, he cracks a full quart bottle on the crown of the amateur:—

"The AMATEUR is sometimes 'encouraged to strut his hour upon the stage' under the abused name of CHARITY; but TRUE CHARITY disowns the alliance. True CHARITY is love to the souls of men—true CHARITY is love to the bodies of men, and the STAGE IS AN ENEMY TO BODY AND SOUL! TRUE CHARITY can have no connexion with aught, the origin of which is blemished by things mean or sensual."

This may be very true. But how can DOCTOR DREW vouch for its verity? Does he know True Charity? Has he the honour of even a bowing acquaintance with the Virtue? "The PRINCE REGENT says he knows you," said somebody to NORTHCOTE. "Nonsense!" growled NORTHCOTE, "'twas only his brag." Now DOCTOR DREW may, in the affair of Charity, have *his* little brag.

There is no doubt, however, that the Doctor means virtuously, nobly. Dreading the example set at Windsor, he believes that the Aristocracy of England will nightly crowd our theatres, as inevitably carrying after them the vulgar, as the lordly lion carries after him his tail. As without Court influence the Drama was, from the first, nothing; so without it, in nothing it must end. It is a fact that, oddly enough, has escaped the vigilance of CHARLES KNIGHT and PAYNE COLLIER, that SHAKSPEARE was, in very truth, never born. No: he was brought into the world by Act of Parliament. It was the will of Majesty that SHAKSPEARE should exist for the delectation of the Court, and he lived accordingly. Thus, for aught we know to the contrary, there may be, at the present time, a Bill already drawn for the better encouragement of the Drama, by taking the earliest measures to insure the protection of half-a-dozen first-rate dramatists, with actors and actresses to follow. If this *can* be done by Act of Parliament, why, then we are willing to acknowledge the good conferred upon the Art by the patronage at Windsor.

UNNATURAL LITIGATION.

A CASE occurred the other day in the Court of Common Pleas, reported as "THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF ELY *versus* CASH." We never heard of a Dean and Chapter having any objection to Cash before. This law-suit can only be a lover's quarrel.

THE OLD MOVE.

A LORD, we are told, is to move the Address on the QUEEN'S Speech in the House of Commons. Really it would seem that Ministers, in the very smallest things, could not move without a Lord.

CANINE FASHIONS.

THE foolery of the Fashions must be upon the decline, when we find the practice has commenced of dressing up dogs in the style of the *figurines* which profess to give the *Modes de Paris*. Since every thing else has gone to the dogs in France, we are not astonished that the Fashions should at last have found their way to the "demnition bow-wows." We are glad to find that canine instead of human puppies are in future to be turned into blocks for the tailor and the milliner. We shall expect shortly to see the usual monthly rubbish, in the Magazines of Fashion, about ball-dresses and walking-dresses for ladies and gentlemen, replaced by some directions for the costume of poodles, greyhounds, and terriers. We may recommend at once, that all dogs should adopt muslin for summer wear, and during the dog-days watered silk, to prevent the necessity for recurring to shots in the very hot weather. We have seen several dogs *en toilette* in Regent Street lately, and we expect, before the spring is over, a

regular canine *Longchamps* will be established. Pet dogs wear their dresses very much *décolleté*, and we have seen some with sleeves *en gigot*, which, so far from having a becoming effect, give the dogs a very sheepish appearance.

Latest Fashions in Smoke.

A SMOKE Nuisance Committee has lately been sitting on the chimneys at Birmingham. We should think the Committee must be like Irish snuff, completely high-dried by this time. We do not exactly know what they intend doing with the smoke, to prevent its being a nuisance, but we have heard of a hair-dresser in the town having undertaken to keep the smoke "gracefully curled," according to sample in the song of the *Woodpecker*. This will improve the appearance of the smoke, at all events; and, as the look of the thing goes some way in matters of nuisance, the arrangement may be satisfactory.

LE TACITE D'AUJOURD'HUI.

ONE of NAPOLEON'S great merits was, that he spoke very little, but always to the point. LOUIS NAPOLEON, however, goes much further, for he never speaks at all. This is the only point in which the nephew has as yet surpassed the uncle—at least, the only point worth speaking about.

THE COUNTRY OF ILLUSIONS.—A French newspaper is publishing weekly a series of articles, called "*Le Chapitre des Illusions*." We are afraid it will be some time before France will get to the end of that chapter.

OUR COURTS OF LAW.

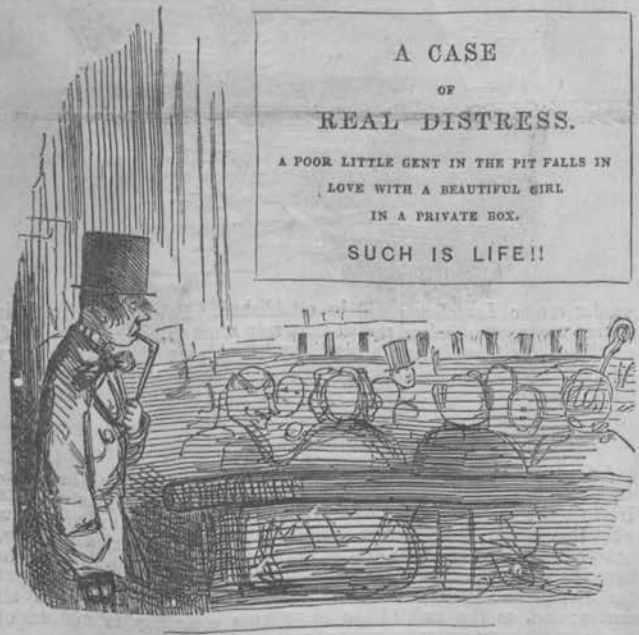
No. II.—THE PALACE COURT REVISITED.

THE world will be a little surprised to find such a place as the Palace Court in the same category as Yarrow; for, who would think that the former stood any chance of being voluntarily "revisited?" *Punch* has, however, been "at it again," for it is quite impossible to be nice when scavenging has to be done; and this legal sewer must be thoroughly explored before it can be cleared out, and measures taken to prevent the disappearance of the public money down its manifold gullyholes.

It is customary for every Court to have its published book of practice, as a guide to the public through the straits of the law; but the Palace Court allows no such chart to be issued, preferring that the legal wanderer should flounder about among its shoals and quicksands, founder on its reefs, or split upon its rocks, in order that he may become an easy prey to those who have the special privilege of piracy in the neighbourhood. No other chart of the perilous region is to be had, but that which is afforded when the danger has been all incurred, and when the track traversed is laid down in the map presented by the attorney's bill—a sort of map that exemplifies longitude by testing that of the victim's purse, and latitude by the excessive amount of that quality which the Court and its myrmidons have allowed themselves. No Itinerary of the dangerous voyage is to be met with until the voyage itself has been made; and the pilgrim of law only knows what he has gone through, when he is called upon to pay the expenses of his journey.

Justice at the Palace Court, instead of being blind herself, bandages up the eyes of all her customers, and her temple in Scotland Yard, like the cave of the Forty Thieves, must be entered by those only who are quite in the dark as to where they are going to. If the visit were to be made with one's eyes open, none would have the folly or the courage to attempt the rash enterprise.

Though the Palace Court is irrevocably doomed, the spoil is still an object of competition and even of quarrel among the participators in the produce, just as the stirring up of foul and stagnant water causes the occupants of the corrupt mass to turn against each other in that lively style which has been represented to us by the power of the solar microscope. The Palace Court officials are fighting about the prothonotary's place, which is at all events thoroughly occupied by that functionary, whose "fulness"—the result of reading, no doubt—has been alluded to in a former article.



We unhesitatingly declare that if the worthy prothonotary is ousted from his ledge, the Court will lose full half its weight, and three quarters of its dignity. An application has been made for a mandamus to compel him to say how he occupies his present place; and certainly, when we look at the matter altogether, we think the question does arise, not how the respectable prothonotary fills his place, but how he got into it. No one can for a moment raise a question as to capacity, at least, if there is any affinity between capacity and capaciousness. There can be no exercise of an undue influence upon this excellent officer; for, to say nothing of his admitted integrity, you have only to look at him to be convinced that there would be no getting round him in his official position. The acting prothonotary is, it seems, only a deputy for some higher dignitary, who happens to be a Colonel in the Army,—as if such an onslaught as the Palace Court makes on the public pocket should have a soldier at the head of it.

We do not wonder at one of the superior officers of the place being military, when the underlings are scarcely civil, and the whole practice is one of warfare on the purses of the suitors in general. "Upon them charge!" is the great watchword that resounds from the whole rank and file of the Palace Court. Amongst the military reductions that are now talked about, we trust that the abolition of this rifle corps will not be forgotten. The public voice has distinctly cried out, "Up, *Punch*, and at 'em!"—so we are "up," and will be "at 'em" till there is not an atom left of them.

HUMOURS OF THE BOARD OF ORDNANCE.

FROM a statement of "EMERITUS" in the *Times*, it appears that the mode of doing business at the Board of Ordnance very closely resembles that of creating amusement at ASTLEY'S Theatre. When a washing-shed, an exercise-ground, a burial-place, a racket-court, or a school-room is required to be constructed, drained, fenced in, run up, or erected, and information to that effect reaches the Government, the Secretary-at-War tells the Chancellor of the Exchequer to tell the Board of Ordnance to tell the Inspector-General of Fortifications to tell the Engineer Officer in command to tell the Clerk of the Works to carry the necessary proceeding into execution. Surely this very funny method of transmitting an order must have been borrowed from MESSRS. CLOWN and WIDDICOMBE.

A NICE OPENING FOR AN ACTIVE YOUNG MAN.

A FRENCH paper says that LOUIS-NAPOLEON receives not less than 2500 letters every day. Bravo! The Hero of Strasburg has found at last his real *cachet de génie*. If good for nothing else, the Prince is not a bad hand, at all events, as President of the Republic of Letters!

A FOOL'S ERRAND.

SOMEBODY who says he has invented a Tooth-powder, advertises to sell it for £15, because he has "not time to carry it out." Surely, while there is a Parcels Delivery Company or even a Post-office in existence, there is no occasion for any one to relinquish a profitable tooth-powder, on account of the difficulty of "carrying it out." It is to be hoped that whoever buys it will not find more of the "take in" than of the "carrying out" in the bargain.

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PARIS REVISITED.

BY AN OLD PARIS MAN.

REVERED PUNCH,—When your multitudinous readers are put in possession of this confidential note, Paris will be a week older; and who knows what may happen in that time?—LOUIS-NAPOLEON may be Emperor, or LOUIS-BLANC may be King, or the Revolution that was to have broken out last Monday may be performed on the next;—meanwhile, permit me, Sir, to lay at your feet the few brief observations which I have made during a twenty-four hours residence in this ancient and once jovial place.

"It was on the stroke of eleven at night, Sir, on Wednesday, the 31st of January, that a traveller might have been perceived plunging rapidly through the shingles of Dover, towards a boat which lay in waiting there, to bear him and other exiles to a steamer which lay in the offing, her slim black hull scarcely visible in the mists of night, through which her lights, of a green and ruby colour, burned brilliantly. The moon was looking out on the fair and tranquil scene, the stars were twinkling in a friendly manner, the ancient cliffs of Albion loomed out of the distant grey. But few lights twinkled in the deserted houses of the terraces along the beach. The bathing-machines were gone to roost. There was scarce a ripple on the sluggish wave, as the boat with The Traveller on board, went griding over the shingle, and we pulled to the ship. In fact, waters of Putney were not more calm than those of the Channel, and the night was as mild as a novel by the last lady of fashion.

"Having paid a shilling for the accommodation of the boat, The Traveller stept on board the deck of the famous steamer *Vivid*, commanded by the intrepid and polite CAPTAIN SMITHETT; and the Mails presently coming in in their boat with the light at its bows, away went the *Vivid* at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, and we were off Calais almost before the second cigar was smoked, or we had had near time enough to think of those beloved beings whom we left behind.

"Sir, there was not water enough in the Calais harbour—so a bawling pilot swore, who came up to us in his lugger; and as she came plunging and bumping against the side of the *Vivid*, CAPTAIN SMITHETT caused the mail-bags first, and afterwards the passengers, to be pitched into her, and we all rolled about amongst the ropes and spars on deck, in the midst of the most infernal bawling and yelling from the crew of Frenchmen, whose howls and contortions, as they got their sail up, and otherwise manœuvred the vessel, could be equalled by men of no other nation. Some of us were indignant at being called upon to pay three francs for a ride of a mile in this vessel, and declared we would write to the *Times*; but there was One Traveller who had not heard that noise of Frenchmen for four years, and their noise was to his soul as the music of bygone years. That Man, Sir, is perpetually finding something ludicrous in what is melancholy, and when he is most miserable is always most especially jocular.

"Sir, it was the first night of the new Postal arrangement, by which the Mails are made to go from Calais and not from Boulogne, as heretofore. Our goods were whisked through the Custom House with a rapidity and a courtesy highly creditable to Frenchmen, and an enthusiastic omnibus driver, lashing his horses furiously, and urging them forward with shrieks and howls, brought us to the St. Pierre Station of the Railway, where we took our places in the train. 'Twas two in the bleak winter's morn. The engine whistled—the train set forth—we plunged into the country, away, away, away!

"At eleven o'clock, Sir, we dashed into the *enceinte* of the forts that guard the metropolis from foreign invasion, and a few minutes afterwards we were in that dear old Paris that One amongst us had not seen for four years.

"How is the old place? How does it look? I should be glad to know is the nightingale singing there yet?—do the roses still bloom by the calm Bendemeer? Have we not all a right to be sentimental when we revisit the haunts of our youth, and to come forward, like the Count in the opera, as soon as the whips have ceased cracking, and sing '*Cari luogi?*' Living constantly with your children and the beloved and respectable *Mrs. Punch*, you don't see how tall JACKY and TOMMY grow, and how old—(for the truth must out, and she is by no means improved in looks)—how old and plain your dear lady has become. So thought I, as I once more caught sight of my beloved LUTETIA, and trembled to see whether years had affected her.

"Sir, the first thing I saw on entering the Station, was that it was crammed with soldiers—little soldiers, with red breeches and grey capotes, with little caps, bristling with uncommonly fierce beards, large hairy tufts (those of the carroty hue most warlike and remarkable), that looked as if worn in bravado, as by the American warriors, and growing there convenient to cut their heads off if you could. These bearded ones occupied the whole place; arms were piled in the great halls of the Debarcadère: some fatigued braves were asleep in the straw, pots were cooking, drums were drubbing, officers and non-commissioned officers bustling about. Some of us had qualms, and faintly asked, was the Revolution begun? 'No,' the omnibus conductors said, laughing, 'everything was as quiet as might be:' and we got into their vehicles and drove away. Everything *was* quiet. Only, Sir, when you go to a friend's house for a quiet dinner, and before he lets you into his door, he puts his head and a blunderbuss out of window and asks, 'Who is there?'—of course, some nervous persons may be excused for feeling a little dashed.

"Sir, the omnibus drove rapidly to the hotel whence this is written, with a very scanty cargo of passengers. We hardly had any in the Railway; we did not seem to take up any on the line. Nothing seemed to be moving on the road, or at least, the people not caring to do so. In the streets there was not much more life. What has become of the people who used to walk here?—of the stalls, and the carts, and the crowds about the wine-shops, and the loungers, and the cries of the busy throng? Something has stricken the place. Nobody is about: or perhaps there is a review, or a grand *fête* somewhere, which calls the people away as we are passing through a deserted quarter.

"As soon as I was dressed, I walked into the town through the ancient and familiar arcades of the Rue Castiglione and so forth. The shops along the Rue de Rivoli are dreary and shabby beyond belief. There was nobody walking in the Tuileries. The palace, that used to look so splendid in former days, stretches out its great gaunt wings, and looks dismally battered and bankrupt. In the Carrousel there were more troops, with drumming, and trumpeting, and artillery. Troops are perpetually passing. Just now I saw part of a regiment of Mobiles marching outward with a regiment of the line. Squads of the young Mobiles are everywhere in the streets, pale, debauched, daring-looking little lads; one looks at them with curiosity and interest, as one thinks that those beardless young fellows have dashed over barricades, and do not care for death or devil.

"I worked my way to the Palais Royal, where I have been any time since 1814; and oh, *Mr Punch*, what a change was there! I can't tell you how dreary it looks, that once cheerfullest garden in the world. The roses do not bloom *there* any more; or the nightingales sing. All the song is gone, and the flowers have withered. Sir, you recollect those shops where the beautiful dressing-gowns used to hang out, more splendid and gorgeous than any tulips, I am sure. You remember that wonderful bonnet-shop at the corner of the Galerie Vitrée, where there were all sorts of miraculous caps and hats; bonnets with the loveliest wreaths of spring twined round them: bonnets with the most ravishing plumes of marabous, ostriches, and birds of paradise.

> 'Once in their *bows*,
> Birds of rare plume
> Sate in their bloom,'

as an elegant poet of your own sings—they are all gone, Sir; the birds are flown, the very cages are shut up, and many of them to let—the Palais Royal is no more than a shabby bazaar. Shutters are up in many of the shops—you see nobody buying in the others—soldiers and a few passengers go about staring at the faded ornaments in the windows and the great blank Daguerreotype pictures, which line the walls as dismal as death. There is nobody there: there are not even English people walking about, and staring with their hands in their pockets. Has ruin begun, then, and is Paris going after Rome, Carthage, Palmyra, Russell Square, Kilkenny, and other famous capitals? In the glass galleries there were not a dozen loungers, and the line of shops facing the Palais Royal proper is closed down the whole line.

"As for the square of the palace itself, which always used to look so cheerful—where there used to be, you remember, piles of comfortable wood, giving ideas of warmth and hospitality in the splendid rooms within—that too is, to the last degree, shabby and forlorn. I saw soldiers looking out of the windows, and more, a couple of thousands of them, I should say, were in the court. Many of them with their coats off, and showing very dingy under-vestments, were cooking about the court; there they formed in squads about the square, without their arms, in their slouching grey coats; and, drums and bugles beginning to make a noise, a small crowd of blackguards and children issued somehow from some of the dark recesses and black passages about the place, and formed a sort

of audience for the unromantic military spectacle. A tree of Liberty is planted in the square: the first I have seen, and the most dismal and beggarly emblem I ever set eyes on. A lean poplar, with scarce any branches, a wretched furcated pole with some miserable rags of faded cotton, and, it may be, other fetishes dangling from it here and there. O Liberty! What the deuce has this poplar or those rags to do with you?

"My sheet is full—the post hour nigh; but I have one word of rather a cheerful and consolatory nature to say after all this despondency. Sir, I happened in my walk, and from a sense of duty, just to look in at the windows of CHEVET'S, VÉFOUR'S, and the Trois Frères. The show at all is *very satisfactory indeed*. The game looked very handsome at CHEVET'S, and the turbots and *pâtés* uncommonly fine. I never saw finer *looking* troufles than those in the baskets in VÉFOUR'S window; and the display of fruit at the Frères would make an anchorite's mouth water. More of this, however, anon. There are some subjects that are not to be treated in a trifling manner by your obedient servant and contributor,

"FOLKSTONE CANTERBURY."

A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

HICH is the way to Pompeii?" we inquired in Leicester Square. "You turn, Sir, to the right, then to the left, go down a small passage, and when you come to a large door-mat, that is Pompeii."

We followed these simple directions, and found ourselves, in less time than HOUDIN does one of his wonderful tricks, in the centre of Pompeii—that mummy of a city, which has only lately been unrolled to the antiquarian gaze of man. It took us about five minutes from the Sablonière Hotel to leap more than 1500 years back into the past. No wishing-cap could have done it quicker.

It is curious to have the roof of an entire city lifted off; as if it were nothing more than a *pâté de foie gras*. You have bare walls—every interior exposed—the most sacred recesses disclosed—temples, theatres, ladies' boudoirs, all thrown "open from morning till dusk." *Asmodeus* could barely have done the thing better.

The Romans must have had a pleasant time of it. All their rooms are as richly decorated as if CRACE or CICÉRI had worked upon them! It is true their apartments are rather small; but what matter? They had baths and theatres, and amphitheatres with wild beasts and men—every living inducement to tempt them abroad. Their city is a pretty play-ground, abounding in amusements. It looks snug and comfortable, even in its present desolation. Poverty seems to have run away frightened from the place; and the only visible taste of labour is here and there the vine-leaf. We can imagine when the thunder of Vesuvius was first heard, that the inhabitants were too lazy to move, or too jolly to take heed of the warning. A beautiful atmosphere of luxury still hangs over the place, and we can fancy old DIOMEDE, when told of the fearful eruption, took no more notice of the matter than quietly turning round on his couch, and bidding his slave "to run for the engines." By the bye, the Fire Offices of that period must have lost tremendously, though Pompeii, we should say, must have been largely insured in the Phœnix, as the greater part of the city has already risen from its ashes.

We advise all persons who do not mind going backwards a little—and ladies do not mind it at all when they arrive at a certain age—to visit Pompeii. The journey is very short, and the expense quite ridiculous. Leicester Square is the utmost boundary, and a shilling is the only passport required to cross it. By following the directions we have given above, they will be introduced, at a moment's notice, to that great "City of the Dead," which, like a jar of filberts, has been preserved so long, by being kept under the ground. It is the greatest nut which scholars and persons of taste could possibly crack, before or after dinner.

Travelling has indeed become cheap! MR. BURFORD'S Panorama is like the Messageries Royales of Paris, or the Docks of London; you can go to almost any part of the world you please, by paying for it.

And as for expedition, a railroad is slow by the side of it. Ballooning is nothing to it. A flight of stairs is all that divides one capital from another. A room is a continent. A garret frequently comprises a chain of mountains; and we have seen in a cupboard no bigger than a china-closet, such views of Hong Kong and the Celestial Empire, as would make the most thrifty housewife break with envy, every plate of the Willow pattern she had in the house. At present you can visit Pompeii, Vienna, and Paris, all three in less than an hour. From the Past you fly to the Present; and, such is MR. BURFORD'S rapidity of travelling, we should not wonder that he will be giving us shortly a view of California as it will be a twelvemonth hence; or a map of London as it ought to be when all the long-talked-of sanitary and architectural improvements are carried into effect. Decidedly the Panorama is Travelling made Easy, and no turnpikes.

MR. BURFORD is a pictorial CAPTAIN COOK, and we doubt if there is a spot on the entire globe that he has not already scoured with his painting-brush. Of the power of that brush we must not speak; for, to be properly felt, the reader must have it in his eye; but this much we can say, that when last we were at Pompeii, the distance lent such wonderful enchantment to the view, that we saw a lady use an opera-glass to enable her to take in the Apennines; and yet those very Apennines could not have been the length of her parasol from the tip of her beautiful nose! Can the force of painting—or praise either—any further go? And Echo, who always answers when politely spoken to, exclaims in the affirmative, "No!"

BOTTLED ETHICS.

WE are glad to see a very practical character apparent in the last batch of Cambridge Examination Papers. In one we find the question—

"II. On what principle is the guilt of a crime committed by a drunken person to be estimated? Suppose a man *half-drunk*, and show on this principle in what degree he is responsible."

This is indeed a question involving very curious considerations, and reminds us of FIELDING'S discussion between *Jonathan Wild* and the Ordinary of Newgate, on the various degrees of sinfulness implied in getting muzzy on port and on punch.

The answers to the question have delighted the Examiners, from the thorough knowledge they display of the nice degrees which divide the stages of intoxication—"sprung," "slued," "left to yourself," "glorious," "roaring-drunk," "blazing drunk," and so round again to "sick," "seedy," and "soda-waterish."

One of the youthful Examinees takes this very profound view of the subject, in his answer to the question:—

"Much depends on the 'lush.' Gin, brandy, and rum produce a spirituous excitement, and are likely to lead to heresies in matters spiritual; many 'goes' will lead a man great lengths in matters of opinion; and a man beside himself with 'hot with' may become a New-man, though he can hardly be a Rationalist. Under these circumstances a man's private judgment is suspended, and he is not responsible for his belief. On the other hand, a man half-drunk with 'bishop' is likely to be more than usually orthodox; and indulgence in this episcopal beverage, as it strengthens his attachment to the Established Church, is likely to diminish the chances of his getting into the station-house.

"Negus is sure to end in imbecility; and perhaps a man half-drunk with that feeble compound should not be held responsible for his actions, more than other persons of weak mind. A man half-drunk with milk-punch feels a great increase in his milk of human kindness, and his errors—as likely to be on the side of benevolence—should be leniently dealt with.

"It is, however, very difficult to say *when* one is half-drunk; and it is hardly possible for a judge to be a judge of the matter, as the proverb, 'sober as a judge,' indicates that the state is strange to that learned class; and 'they best can judge it who have felt it most.' If once questions of intoxication are to be decided by the bench, there should be a jury of undergraduates empannelled to try the question, with a proper classification of verdicts, such as, 'Knew what he was about;' 'Saw double;' 'Didn't go for to do it;' 'Lushy, but legally responsible;' 'Sprung, but sensible;' 'Doubtfully drunk;' 'Drunk and desperate;' and so on, down or up, to 'Drunk and insensible,' at which point responsibility may be said to cease altogether; and such a verdict, it is submitted, would not be 'void for insensibility.'"

ON THE MORAL, SOCIAL, & PROFESSIONAL DUTIES OF ATTORNIES AND SOLICITORS.

Delivered in the Hall (of his Chambers) by J. BRIEFLESS, ESQ., *&c. &c.*, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

LECTURE VI.

BANISHED, Sir, and scouted as a client, you have sought me once more as a pupil, and in that character you are welcome to this Hall, which my luminous lectures have turned into one of those poetical passages which have been alluded to by the song writer as

"The halls, the halls, the halls of dazzling light."

You would become at the same time a better attorney and a better man—a simultaneous improvement that vulgar prejudice would deem impossible. To become a better lawyer, you should attend the Courts, and get your legal learning as you would your ginger-beer, fresh from the fountain—I mean the mouths of the Judges. Come, Sir, to Westminster Hall, and hear me when I am in my glory, that is to say, in my wig and gown. With my head encased in forensic horse-hair, I am another being; my eyeballs roll like marbles in their sockets, and at times, moved by a passionate indignation, my tongue cleaves, the bones of my knees tremble, until, amidst the agitation of these marrow-bones and cleavers, I shriek aloud for justice.

Come to the Hall of Westminster, and listen to the brilliant banter of BALDERDASH, Q.C., when, with a scowl of angry defiance at the Bench, with a dagger in each eye for the whole Bar, and with his lip in stiff curl at the whole Court, he asks, "Where and oh where" is the leg that his adversary has got to stand upon?

Come, Sir, to Guildhall when I am twisting a jury round my thumb, or am lacerating a witness in my forensic fangs, having him "here, there, and everywhere," until I have torn him into so many pieces that he cannot collect himself. Again. Come, Sir, when I am making that dreadful demand for speedy execution, at which the sternness of Justice itself will sometimes pause, and will check my impetuosity by refusing me anything more summary than "execution in a week;" as if the Bench should say to me, in one loud chorus—

Pray, BRIEFLESS, please to moderate the fervour of your tongue;
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember, judgment in a week makes execution strong:
Defendant you must not surprise.

It is by listening to our oratory that you improve yourselves, and we become your tutors gratuitously without knowing it—I may well say without knowing it, for what lawyer would do anything gratuitously, unless it were without knowing it, indeed?

In addition to the lessons obtained by listening to our speeches, there is much to be learned by reading our works. You must not look at the exploded legal literature, such as BOOT'S *Suit*,* for that would be bootless indeed now; or SAUNDERS *On Uses*, for these are now almost useless; or TIDD'S *Practice*, which, with the exception of a few TIDD-bits, must be voted Rococo. The volumes you should read are of another character. Smother yourself in COKE. Pile up bushels of it over your head, and it will illuminate your brain. Stuff yourself with BACON, and then, to aid your digestion, rush to the Digests, where you will find relief.

If you would learn a great deal in a little compass, go to NOY, where, without the annoyance of plodding through volumes, you will find in his *Maxims* the maximum of wisdom in the minimum of space. For your Equity reading, let me recommend you to STORY'S *Jurisprudence*; and remember, that he who is "famous in Story" is sure to win renown. But you must not forget the *Law of Evidence*; and here let me entreat you to make yourself perfect in STARKIE, who will assist you in getting at the stark—I mean the naked—truth; while, if your memory requires further fillips, you will find in PHILLIPS all that you require.

I now come to a matter of the greatest import, for I would speak with reference to references, when the parties substitute arbitration for the arbitrary rules of law. When you resort to arbitration, do not basely leave your arbitrator with his award on his hands, out of heart with his client, out of pocket for his stamp, and out of patience with all the world. I have known some cases of this kind, where a young and ardent barrister placed his talents and his chambers at the service of parties, who, after giving him the trouble of listening to their altercations, filling his ante-room with noisy and thirsty witnesses, who sat saturating themselves in beer till their evidence was required, left him nothing but his own reflections and the publican's pots, returnable on the morrow of Hilary—the day after this hilarity—for all the trouble he had taken on their behalf. If I might condescend to levity, I should call this "a case in pint;" but I see, Sir, that you cannot comprehend a joke, and I at once withdraw from circulation this very puny pun.

* BOOT'S *Suit at Law.*

When engaged for a client, beware of making imprudent admissions—though, by the way, there are many imprudent admissions made every Term, and your own admission as an attorney comes under this head.

I remember a curious case of cross actions brought on an assault, and a bill of exchange. The payee had presented the bill, and the acceptor had payed out the payee with a kick, as he turned to leave the room. Both parties brought actions, and both admitted the endorsement—the one of his own back, the other of the bill of exchange.

Be careful about the stamps. But this opens up a subject which ought to impress itself upon the attention; and I will therefore attempt to pick to pieces this to-pic in another Lecture.

THE DIRGE OF THE CORN LAW.

(Ob. February 1, 1849, aged 34.)

Protectionist Landlords.
BRITISH Farmers, wail and weep,
Wo to all who sow and reap;
Shatter'd is the plough.
Cease your toil on hill and dale,
Break the sickle, burn the flail.

Farmers.
What's the matter now?

Prot. Smite the bosom, hang the head,
For Protection's decease:
All is o'er—the Corn Law's dead—

Farm. And a happy release!

Prot. We have lost it at last;
It is gone, it is past!

Farm. Let it rest in peace!

Prot. The death-bell toll.

Farm. Sing fol-de-rol-lol.

Prot. Bleat, ye sheep, ye heifers, low;
Cry aloud, ye beeves and swine!

Farm. Nay, good folks, but wherefore so?
Why should you tempt us to repine,
And our flocks and herds exhort
Thus, in melancholy sort,
To bellow, grunt, and whine?

Prot. Both yourselves and your live stock—
The land's united interest—
Will suffer in the common shock.

Farm. Our own affairs we know the best.

Prot. Think of corn's tremendous fall.

Farm. That is no ground for discontent;
As Produce is, so must be Rent;
That is all.

Prot. Oh dear! oh dear!

Farm. There, never fear.
Exempt from fiscal pillage
Our pasturage and tillage;
Only give us a fair field,
And we'll take care to make it yield.

Prot. Alas! but what is to be done?

Farm. The Malt Tax taken off, for one;
And then you'll have no cause to be
Of failing rents afraid;
Procure us but Free Husbandry,
And never mind Free Trade.
This is the way to speed the plough,
Together with the loom;
So come, no longer snivel now
Above Protection's tomb.

ESTIMATION OF THE ESTIMATES.

HER MAJESTY told the House of Commons that the Estimates "will be framed with the most anxious attention to a wise economy." Should the Royal assurance prove true, the Estimates will deserve not only to be framed, but glazed.

GOOD NEWS FOR GOVERNMENT.

IT is not probable that any firm stand against HER MAJESTY'S Ministers will be made in the House of Commons. The head of the Opposition, it is understood, is decidedly DIZZY.

BORROWED FROM THE COURT CIRCULAR.—Why is PRINCE ALBERT like cold meat? Because he is always brought in for luncheon.

MOTTO FOR HER MAJESTY'S DOCKYARDS.—*Vivant* Wrecks *et Regina*.

Matilda. "I WONDER, MARIA, YOU DON'T PUT AUGUSTUS INTO JACKETS AND TROWSERS; REALLY HE GROWS TOO TALL FOR THAT KIND OF COSTUME."

Maria. "PERHAPS, MATILDA, YOU WILL BE KIND ENOUGH TO ALLOW ME TO DRESS MY OWN CHILD IN MY OWN WAY. I AM MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU ALL THE SAME. *I* DON'T LIKE THE PRACTICE *SOME* PEOPLE HAVE OF DRESSING LITTLE BOYS LIKE LITTLE MEN!!!"

THE BEST RIDDLE EVER MADE.

WE are fond of riddles, mysteries, conundrums, and puzzles of all kinds, and flatter ourselves that we are rather clever in guessing them. We have at last, however, found our match. We have been fairly beaten. We are not ashamed of our defeat, for there never was, and never will be again, a Riddle like it. It stands alone; and perhaps it is as well that it does; for we are sure if there were many Riddles of the same sort, the country would be ruined in Lunatic Asylums. We devoted a whole day to it—took it to bed with us—and began it again the first thing in the morning, but all to no purpose; not a word of it could we understand.

It is certainly the best Riddle ever invented. The most genu*ine* Yankee would give it up. Of all the Mysteries of London, there is not one that comes at all near it. It beats all the Chinese puzzles in the world, and we are still lost in wonder, how ever it was put together. Should any ingenious reader wish to try his hand at it, we do not mind telling him what it is, leaving it entirely to his generosity to let us into the secret, supposing he should succeed in making anything out of it.

We cannot imagine a greater Riddle than a man sitting down to read the Debates. If he understands a speech every now and then, he must be a clever, and decidedly a very lucky man; but what must it be, then, when he attempts to *read the Debates* in the *Fonetic Nuz?* We call that the hardest Riddle that has ever appeared in print. We should like to see LORD BROUGHAM with a copy in his hand. He would never guess that he was the original of BRUM! How disgusted he would be too, to find himself so little! What notion of greatness could you connect with a name like BRUM?

The Golden Ass.

THE American papers, which are richer than ever since the discovery of California, gave an account of a donkey escaping laden with gold. This donkey, it would seem, is not the only one by thousands who has gone quite wild, and allowed himself to be carried away in this new pursuit. We wonder how many donkeys are at present running after the first one? If he gets safe out of it with all the gold on his back, he is decidedly the cleverest donkey there is in California.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

SOL wore rather a solemn aspect on the 1st of February, the day appointed for the opening of Parliament by HER MAJESTY in state. The servants at Buckingham Palace rose with the lark, and for the lark, on that eventful day which is expected as an annual bit of fun by the underlings of Royalty. Even the horses in the Royal stable seemed to grin with delight through their respective horse-collars. The eight beautiful creams were roused from their stalls, and as they drove round to the Palace door, they presented the appearance of so many whipped creams, followed by an enormous piece of gilt gingerbread, in the form of the state vehicle.

For some time previous to the starting of the procession, a body of Life Guards had been performing the customary gallopade along the line, for the purpose of clearing it, and we heard of no such untoward event as a smashed toe among the entire multitude. We believe that the hoofs of the horses are, on these occasions, humanely wadded with tow, in order that they may come "light as thistle-down" on to the high-lows of both high and low forming the crowd.

Without wishing to underrate the value of show on state occasions, we do think that MADAME TUSSAUD should be entreated to name her price for the carriage, which should thus be got off the national hands at the highest figure possible. It must be, at any rate, worth its weight in wax to that ingenious lady, and its removal to Baker Street would prevent many a shock to our beloved sovereign. We often wonder that the absence of everything in the shape of spring does not summarily send HER MAJESTY into the arms of the Mistress of the Robes, or leave PRINCE ALBERT in the hands of the Master of the Horse, by one of those convulsions to which wheels, when in a state of revolution, are liable. The vehicle is, moreover, getting shabby, and NEPTUNE'S nose must be fresh lacquered, his fork must have its prongs re-plated, and the wheels must all be "picked out" with Dutch metal, if the rickety old concern is to be continued as part of the paraphernalia of Royalty. Even the LORD MAYOR is beginning to get ashamed of the state coach, and makes the City Remembrancer form a blind with the City Mace, behind which the civic sovereign is glad to hide himself.

To return, however, to the procession on the opening of Parliament, which we had the pleasure of witnessing from the top of an iron railing, where we occupied a rather con-spike-uous position. We were particularly struck by the immense number of women with children in their arms, who came out to see the sight, as if on this occasion there had been a turn-out of every baby in the modern Baby-lon. When the cannon fired, the squalling of these helpless babes caused a salute of infantry to be added to the salute of artillery; and, what with the big guns and the little sons of guns, the noise was almost unbearable.

We hailed, as an indication of economy, the absence of the usual gravel, which it has been customary to lay down throughout the *route*, and the *cortège* passed over the common earth, which has never, until now, been thought good enough for a Royal cavalcade to travel on. We shall anxiously look out for the unused gravel in the next year's Estimates, and shall expect at least six cartloads to be carried over to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt.

The arrangements for seeing the procession were on the usual scale, and all sorts of people were sticking up all sorts of forms, which were offered to those who were ready to stand upon forms, however trifling, at so much or so little per footing. We witnessed one luckless individual who had taken a ten minutes' lease of a rush-bottomed chair, but who, when the rush really came, was suddenly carried away by the torrent, and will, no doubt, regret his temerity in having ventured to take the chair at such a very large meeting. When the first of the Royal carriages came in sight, the attempts to gain an elevation above the mass were at once absurd and desperate. We saw two enthusiasts perched, at threepence each, *tête-à-tête* on either side of a *tatur* can. In another part of the crowd a speculator, in a bricklayer's jacket, was announcing his readiness to admit one to his unfurnished hod, for the small sum of sixpence. No one, however, seemed disposed to make one at this very dangerous game of "*hod* man;" but the incident is worth recording, as characteristic of the curiosity that prevailed on the occasion of HER MAJESTY'S opening Parliament.

A SCENE FROM "THE HAUNTED MAN."

Tetterby & Co. (*Mr. John Bull*). "JOHNNY, MY CHILD, TAKE CARE OF HER, FOR SHE 'S THE BRIGHTEST GEM THAT EVER SPARKLED ON YOUR EARLY BROW; TAKE CARE OF HER, OR NEVER LOOK YOUR MOTHER IN THE FACE AGAIN."

DISTRIBUTION OF NAVAL MEDALS.

We are happy to announce that the Lords of the Admiralty have issued an Order for the distribution of Medals to the Officers and Seamen who served in the naval actions hereunder specified. We understand the Medals are of gold, set round with diamonds of the most costly description. Great caution will be used in the distribution, to prevent fraud in personating deceased officers, &c.

A. D. 876. King Alfred's engagement with and destruction of the Danish fleet.
— 1350. Great sea-fight between the English and the combined fleets of France and Spain.
— 1588. Destruction of the Spanish Armada.
— 1702. Admiral Benbow's engagement with the French.
— 1761. Siege and capture of Belleisle.

N.B. No officer or seaman will be entitled to a Medal in respect of the last-mentioned siege, unless he can satisfy their Lordships that he was "there all the while."

RAILWAY CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

"Those who run, may read," has long been an established privilege, though we have never tried reading in that particular manner, and cannot help fancying it must be rather uncomfortable. It is difficult enough to read whilst you are walking: what must it be, then, when you are going at the rate of six miles an hour? The many knocks you would receive when you came to a difficult passage, would soon convince you of the utter impossibility of attending to your legs and your brains at the same time; for even a ballet-dancer, who generally throws his whole soul into his feet, cannot succeed in raising the two to an equal height of excellence; and does the reader suppose he is any better than a ballet-dancer? If he does, let him take a book, and begin a hand-gallop through Cheapside about twelve o'clock, and before he has run through one sentence, he will soon find himself, like Serjeant Talfourd at the last election but one, shamefully floored for Reading.

However, this is no reason why those who ride, should not read. It is to be tried, at all events, on the North Western Railway, which promises, if the plan succeeds, to become one of the greatest engines of literature. Circulating Libraries are to be established at every station, where John Smith, on making a deposit, may borrow *The Mysteries of a Black-Pudding*, or any other novel in three volumes,—which deposit will be returned to him (minus a small payment) at his journey's end. We see several difficulties attending this new race of letters; but it is hardly fair, we think, to start them before the scheme itself has started.

First of all, it is very clear the Company will have to light their carriages, or else the reading will be a complete blind, and that is scarcely wanted in a tunnel, or in carriages which vie with the Vernon Gallery in darkness. Even illuminated books will not be able to enlighten the reader, and what is called the *light* literature of the day, will be completely put out, unless a candle is lent with each book borrowed.

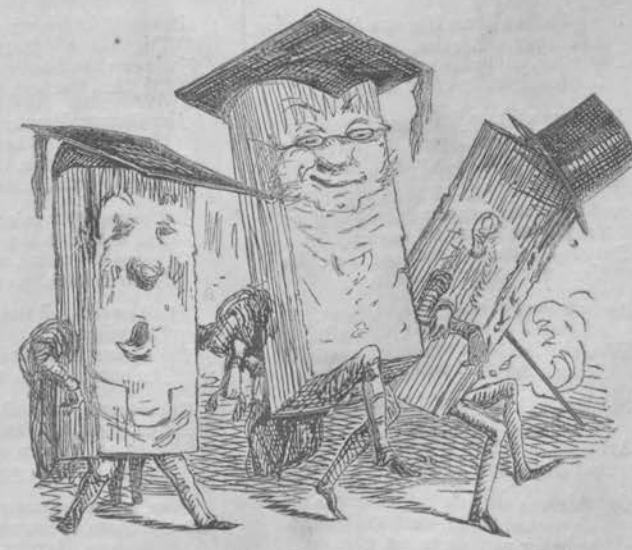
The rate of payment is easily settled. Of course, it will be at so much a line; but the longer the line, the more the borrower will have to "pull out" to meet it; thus, a Greenwich serial will cost less than a Richmond one, and a Brummagem novel will go into a Manchester one at least twice, and a small pamphlet over.

One great obstacle will be, that every station must be provided with the first and third volumes of every novel. The second volume does not so much matter, as it is rarely read; but the third is indispensable, as every well-bred young lady begins with that, and then, if she likes it, asks for the first. Now, as on each line there will be somewhere about (say) forty stations, it will involve forty copies of every new work. Messrs. Bentley, and Colburn, and Newby, will rejoice at this new opening for novels, which had never been connected with railways before, in any other capacity but that of sleepers.

A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN CARRIED AWAY BY HIS SUBJECT.

One mighty effect of these Railway Circulating Libraries will be its laying down a new line of literature. Works will have to be written for each particular railway. What the Sheffield man would relish, the Cambridge man would not touch; and the Scotchman on the Caledonian would require a different mental food to the Frenchman hastening home by the South Eastern to join in a new Revolution. But this subject is too large for compression, so we must keep it till next week, in the hopes of finding room for it. In the meantime, we must confess that a Railway is decidedly the best vehicle going for circulating a Library.

VERY ODD FELLOWS.

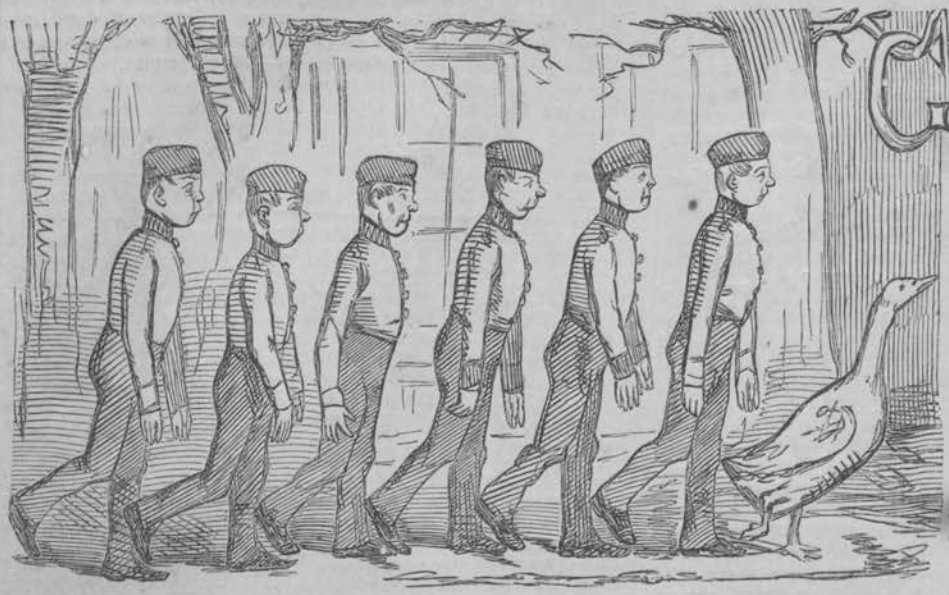


We see at Oxford there is a Society, called "The Cemented Bricks." We are not inventing. We can assure the reader this is a positive fact. We should say that Bricks were just the members to form a Lodge that would be likely to stand. The fact of their being cemented, we suppose is to prevent any particular Brick falling out, and so pulling the Lodge to pieces. We see these Cemented Bricks had a Ball on the 5th instant. What a dust they must have kicked up!—that is to say, if they at all danced like Bricks.

THE SOURCE OF PERPETUAL MOTION.

This great principle has at length been discovered. A reference to the present and past debates in the Houses of Parliament will prove it to be neither more nor less than—Ireland.

THE GOOSE STEP.



EESE have always been connected with military operations of an important character. Our old friends, the Roman geese, distinguished themselves early in history, and to this day the Goose Step is the first that must be taken by a recruit entering on a military career in the Birdcage-walk, wherein a goose in a cage ought to be suspended as the *genius loci*. We must confess, that the "goose look" is often the characteristic of the military countenance, notwithstanding the impression of our respected contemporary, the *Times*, that the Army gives the tone to English society. There are some capital fellows in the Army, no doubt; but the best of them shine rather in the field than in the *salons*. Such of them as give, or attempt to give, a tone to society, impart to it something between a whine and a drawl, if we are to take as the tone of society, the tone in which the drawing-room soldier is in the habit of expressing himself.

THE FRODDYLENT BUTLER.

"MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"THE abuv is the below ritten Pome, on a subjec of grate delicasy, wich as a butler, I feel it a disgrase to the cloth that any man calling hisself a butler, should go for to get wind on false pretences, and such wind, (as reported in the papers of Tuesday last,) from Richmond; and in justice to self and teller servants, have expressed my feelins in potry, wich as you ave prevously admitted to your entertainin columns pomes by a futman, (and also a pleaceman), I think you ave a right to find a plaice for a pome by a butler, wich I beg to subscribe myself your constant reder,

"14, *Lushington Place West, Belgravy.*" "JOHN CORKS."

It 's all of one JOHN GEORGE MONTRESOR,
And BRIGGS, Esquire, his master kind;
This retch, all for his privat plesure,
Did froddylently order wind.

To MISTER' ELLIS, Richmond, Surrey,
Were BRIGGS, Esquire, he did reside,
This wicked JOHN druv in an urry,
On June the fust and tenth beside.

And then, this mene and shabby feller
To MISTER ELLIS did remark,
BRIGGS ad gone out and took the cellar
Kee away across the Park;

And cumpny comeng on a suddent,
Ad stayed to dine with MISSIS B.,
Whereby in course the butler cooden't
Get out the wind without the kee.

So MISSIS B. she would be werry
Much obliged if e 'd send in
Arf a dozen best brown Sherry,
And single bottel 'Cilans gin.

But this was nothink but a story as
This wicked butler went and told,
Whereby for nothink to get glorious,
Wich so he did, and grew more bold.

Until, at last grown more audashus,
He goes and orders, wat d'ye think?
He goes and orders, goodness grashus,
Marsaly, wind no gent can drink.

It wasn't for his private drinkin—
For that he 'd BRIGGSES wine enuff—
But, wen the Sherry bins was sinkin
He filled 'em with this *nasty stough*.

And BRIGGS, Esquire, at is own tabel
(To rite such things my art offends)
Might ave to drink, if he was abul,
Marsaly wind, hisself and frends!

But praps JOHN ne'er to tabel brort it,
And used it in the *negus* line;
Or praps the raskal, when he bort it,
Knew BRIGGS was not a judge of wind.

At all ewents, all thro' the seson
This villin plaid these orrid games.
For butlers to commit such treson,
I 'm sure it is the wust of shames.

But masters, tho soft, has there senses,
And roges, tho sharp, are cotcht at last;
So BRIGGS, Esquire, at last commenses
To find his wine goes werry fast.

Once, when the famly gev a party,
Shampain, in course, the bonkwet crown'd;
And BRIGGS, Esquire, so kind and arty,
He ordered John to and it round.

No wind in general 's drunk more quicker,
But now his glass no gent would drane;
When BRIGGS, on tastin, found the licker
Was British arf-a-crown Shampain!

That they 'd not drink it was no wunder,
A dredful look did BRIGGS assoom,
And ordered, with a voice of thunder,
The retched butler from the room.

Then, rushin edlong to the cellar,
Regardless if he broke is shins,
He found wot tricks the wicked feller
Had been a playin with the binns.

Of all his prime old Sherry, raelly
There wasent none to speke of there,
And MR. ELLIS's Marsaly
Was in the place the Sherry were.

Soon after that the wicked feller's
Crimes was diskivered clear and clene,
By the small akount of MR. ELLIS,
For lickers, twenty pound fifteen.

And, not content with thus embezzlin
His master's wind, the skoundrel had
The Richmond tradesmen all been chizzlin,
An' a doin' every think that's bad.

Whereby on Toosday, Janwry thirty,
As is reported in the *Times*,
He wor ad up for his conduc dirty,
And dooly punished for his crimes.

So masters, who from such base fellers
Would keep your wind upon your shelves,
This int accept—If you ave cellars,
Always to mind the kee yourselves.

A GLORIOUS BEGINNING.

THE two first nights of Parliament were engaged in talk. An Address is moved—opposed for two sittings—and then agreed to. If this is the kind of amendment we are to expect during the Session from the Opposition, we must say it has not gained any sensible improvement in its habits, much less in its address.

ROYAL OUTSPEAKING.

WE have heard a great deal of grumbling about the ambiguity of the QUEEN'S Speech from the throne. Now, the *Times* says that HER MAJESTY laboured, with complete success, to be heard in an apartment 90 feet long by 45 in height. Others may think and say what they please; but if this is not speaking out, we do not know what is.

MISS BENIMBLE'S TEA-AND-TOAST.

MISS B. REVIEWS THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Parliment's begun; and—I do assure you, *Mr. Punch*—when I spread the *Times*, and see the 20 columns of talk, my heart—saving your presence—seemed to drop into my stockings! In course, everybody says there's nothin in the QUEEN'S Speech—there never is—and the Speech as is always just delivered is always worse than every Speech as ever went afore. It's clear that, next to parrits and cockytoos, Kings and Queens are the worst-used of people—havin such nothins put into their mouths to chatter!

The *Mornin' Erald* says that "speech was given to man to hide his thoughts." TALLYRAND is said to have discovered this in high life; but MR. LOVELACE—the gentleman in the pelisse, as I hope you've not forgotten—says, "there's twenty claimants for this golden *mo;* it's one of the stray orfins that have grown grey in the world with no rightful father or mother to own 'em. Beautiful foundlins, flung upon the publick for the publick service;" and, I must say, preshusly this one is worked, bein put into harness as reglar, on the openin of every Parliment, as the QUEEN'S Scream-colours. Howsumever, if man only uses speech to disgise his thoughts, what superior creturs cats and dogs must be, as can't talk at all! They must, in the end, beat Christians to Styx.

I was happy to see that the vaults and sellers of Parliment was dooly sertched afore the Pears and Pearesses and Bishups took their seats. And it's a blessin to think, should the House ever agin get afire, there's wet blankets in the shape of MISTER URKUART and ANSTEY to smother it in the very bud. As for blowin up the House, why it's impossible, with some heavy Members I could name; there's nothin in powder or firewurks as could lift 'em.

MR. LOVELACE tells me, the Royal Percession was bewtiful. The Queen's Scream-colours, like the CHANCELLOR of the CHECKERS, seemed proud of their truly nashional burdin. The trumpits flourished like laughing silver. "The Queen looked"—says LOVELACE—"like one entire and perfect pearl, set in the heart of the nation." The Ion Duke had rubbed off any rust he might have; and the Duke of Diners-out—good-natur'd CAMBRIDGE—seemed (says my informint) ekwal to any number of champagnes at the London, the George and Vultur, or Freemasons.

After the Speech come what's called the ecko of the same. When I was a gal, I remember MISS STEPHENS—who, as the COUNTESS OF SX, now wears a cornet on her brow—I remember her doin an Ecko Dewet. She sung first, and then a flute or fife went tootle-tootle-too behind the scenes. Well, EARL BRUCE "moved the Address:" took the part in the Ecko, and, for a young musicianer—I will say it—did his tootle-tootle-tooing very well.

In course, LORD BROUGHAM had the fust word. His Lordship—bein a sort of self-appointed Bagman atween France and England—giv his notions of the Republic of Paris; and, abusin all Precedents, went for the entire animal, or, to speak without a figger, for LOUIS-FILLIP. And then, his Lordship give it the Chartists and Radicals, and took 'em in his arms, embracin all the Landed Interest. Oh, law! And when BROUGHAM shaves, can he see in the glass—the mirror of Parliment, so to speak—can he see the same "little HENRY"—as MISS STEPHENS used to say in *Guy Manuvring*—the "little HENRY" of the House of Commons? As is so often the case with his Lordship, when he'd made his speech, he went away. "If it was a rap at Ministers," as LOVELACE observed, "it was, at best, only a runaway knock."

Next riz LORD STANLEY with his 'mendment. He talked agin mediation anywhere or with anybody. Bein a lover of peace, his pollicy is, "Let 'em fight it out all over the world." There is an old story of a gal who dropt nothin but purls and di'monds. LORD STANLEY, for an hour and more—and all for peace—talked cartridges with bullets in 'em. Peace is painted as a sweet, delicat female: nevertheless, accordin to STANLEY, her toylet-powder—if any—must be made of charcole and saltpeter. And then, how his Lordship spread the honey of his ellikwence upon the KING OF THE TWO CICELIES! As the proprietor of Vesuevius, he was made not only the Rose of Kings, but the Flower of Brimstone. (If the King invents, as it's said, the Order of the Lucifer, won't he send a speshial box to "the Ruepot of Debate," as his Lordship's called in the pome of *The Modern Timmins?*)

LORD LANSDOWNE told LORD STANLEY, in the words of the sweet song, to wait a little longer. Some good papers were coming, and then STANLEY should see what he should see. But it was very clear his Lordship didn't want enlightenin on a subjick, to talk about it. A real polytitian, like a cat, always sees best in the dark.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND—like double XX—was preshus strong upon barley.

Then came the Ion Duke; and he kindly give the wait of his mettle to Ministers. The Ion Duke's very good; always ready to lend 'em the loan of a crowbar. For all this, the Wigs only beat the Opposition by a couple, which, as that wag LOVELACE observd, is sertinly not 2 strong.

When the Ecko Dewet was done in the Commons, up gits the best man the Tories have to their backs—I mean, in course, their Upper BENJAMIN. I'm told all was so silent, you might have heerd PEEL'S courage drop. Well, DISREALLY made hisself up to speak—took his persition! And I can liken that young man on the floor o' the House, to nothin but a penknife of a hundred blades—and every blade open—like the very thing as is offered to the 'busses by a Cawcasshun at the White Horse or the Elefant. Yes; DISREALLY, the Penknife of a Hundred Blades—the Porkipine with steel quills!—(But to drop figgers, and perceed). BENJAMIN begun carm and cold—yes, cold as Venom Ice. And then he took up the Royal Speech as an awdacious imperdent boy would take up his little sister's wax doll, and pull the Wig of it to bits, and poke out its eyes, and knock its nose to nothin aginst the table; and then, with one of them blades he ripped up the body, and shook out all the bran as made its witals; and when he'd torn, and knockt, and smasht the doll to bits, what does he do, but puts his hand in his waistcoat pocket and pulls out a little wax doll of his own—a thing not longer than your little finger, and drest in very shortest close? And then BENJAMIN, with his own wonderful face, laid his two-inch doll upon the table, sayin' in a most magnificient way,—he'd make a present of that doll, every morsel on it, to the wants of the country.

And then MR. GRATTAN made an Irish amendment, and MR. JOHN O'CONNELL seconded it; but that "first flower"—that early 'tato blossom of the Seshun—was in no time blighted and dead. Afore that, however—

LORD J. RUSSELL riz to answer BENJAMIN. Now, I've always said, if LORD JOHN is not quite a great man, he is the miniture full length of a great un. Like so many of the Wigs, with a big model, he's in a diminished state; a giant with all his feet brought down to inches. LORD JOHN hasn't the pint of BENJAMIN. LORD JOHN wasn't born with ion pens—(tho' he's dipped 'em in red ink for a deep tragedy—so deep nobody ever saw to the end on it)—for all that, he puts so hard a face upon a matter, he's hard to cut. Indeed—as LOVELACE says—he's like a grinstone (not that he's gone round so *very* much) that, though it may sharpen others, is very little touched by 'em. And so LORD JOHN, in his own strong way, answered BENJAMIN, givin a good slap o' the cheek—it made my heart warm to hear that slap—to that Lucifer king, that KING OF NAPLES.

And then JOSEPH HUME rose, and opened his mind—like a *Ready Reckoner*—and then the House went about its business; that is, went to bed at ½ past 12—and took up the end of the talk the next day,—when I was pleased to find that KERNEL SIBTHORP was still alive, and, in course, kickin Ministers. Wonderful KERNEL that, *Mr. Punch!* Perhaps the only Kernel known, as ever lasted so long with so many droll maggots in it. LOVELACE tells me he looked young as ever. But then, you know, some creturs *never* die. MR. URKWART was also there; and said "he could not give a silent vote." Why, in course not: as soon expect a goose to give a silent gaggle.

LORD PALMYSTERN made a nice speech. I was charmed with what he said of France. Every word was an olive (and he must have used a whole bottleful) thrown from the banks of the Temms to the banks of the Scene. Good cretur! He cooed like any dove. Never did the British Lion rore so like a pet-lamb. He owned—at once—that he loved peace; owned that he had agin and agin "been engaged in mediation." Much cheaper, and, I think, much prettier engagements fought with ink and pens than with fire and bagonets. Sertinly, dressing himself to DISREALLY, his Lordship shut up a good many of BENJAMIN'S blades; but that was no matter to BEN: the blades *had* glissened and cut, and that was quite enuff. Shut 'em up, fifty times—can't they be opened agin and agin?

Well, the Address was voted, and the tuning of the Parliment fiddles and trumbones finished. Next week I may tell you what I think of the Government overture.

M. B.

A Tremendous Hardship.

"As you make your bed, so you must lie on it." But this is rather hard upon the ships in HER MAJESTY'S Dockyard, for not one of them makes its own bed, and yet for months and months that they are laid up, they are compelled to lie in it. What is the consequence? Many of them never get up again, and the few that do rise never go on swimmingly.

ALAS! POOR SIBTHORPE.

COLONEL SIBTHORPE, in the midst of an harangue in which he called for the impeachment of all the Ministers, and expressed a particular desire to see LORD JOHN RUSSELL shaken in—or rather out of—his seat, made the touching avowal that it was "painful to him to use strong language." We wonder the gallant Colonel persists in giving himself so much unnecessary pain.

INFALLIBLE CURE FOR LONG SPEECHES.—Only report the good ones.

PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

THE INTELLIGENT READER IS REQUESTED TO IMAGINE THAT THE GATES IN THE ABOVE CARTOON HAVE JUST BEEN THOROUGHLY CLEANED, AND FRESH PAINTED. ON HIS RETURN FROM THE CITY, MR. BRIGGS FINDS THAT RUDE BOYS (TOTALLY REGARDLESS OF HIS FEELINGS), HAVE BEEN FARTHER DECORATING THEM.

SPADES CALLED SPADES.

(A PASSAGE FROM THE FAVOURITE FARCE OF "THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.")

LORD JOHN *writing at table.*
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.
MR. JOHN BULL.

John Bull (*buttoning his pockets with energy*). Not a shilling more—like it or lump it—you must make that do, or do without.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. But the state of Europe—

John Bull. Stuff!

Chancellor of the Exchequer. The efficiency of the public service—

John Bull. Fiddlesticks!

Chancellor of the Exchequer. Then you really won't, MR. BULL?

John Bull. I won't! (*He has by this time buttoned all his pockets*).

Lord John (*aside to Chancellor of the Exchequer*). Well?

Chancellor of the Exchequer (*aside to Lord John*). He won't.

Lord John (*with a sigh—writes*). "The present aspect of affairs enables me to make large reductions on the Estimates of last year."

COALS FOR LORDS AND COMMONS.

MR. PUNCH takes this opportunity of stating that the Best Coals (for calling Ministerial and other delinquents over during the Session of Parliament) are to be had at his Wharf, 85, Fleet Street.

England's the place for our Money.

OUR reasons for not going to California are very simple. The worth of a thing, it is said, is what it will fetch. Now, as California is not less than 13,000 miles from England, we do not think that any gold is worth going all that distance to fetch it. We have other reasons, but one will be enough—we can make as much gold as we want in Fleet Street. Our California is at No. 85, and the diggings in the till are quite inexhaustible. The gold is always found there in the happiest vein.

THE GOLD SEEKER'S MANUAL.

A KING'S College Professor having come forward with a seasonable work under the above title, *Punch* begs leave to enter, against the learned Professor's volume, his own

DIRECTIONS FOR THE DIGGINS.

What Class ought to start for the Diggins.

Persons who have nothing to lose, except their lives; and it would be as well they should start without these, if it were possible, as they are not unlikely to lose them in California.

Things you should not take with you to the Diggins.

A love of comforts, a taste for civilisation, an appetite, a conscience, a respect for other people's throats, and a value for your own.

Things you will find useful at the Diggins.

A revolving pistol, some knowledge of treating gun-shot wounds, a toleration of strange bed-fellows, a determination to hold your own, and grab at everybody else's, and the power of eating, drinking, and wearing gold-dust.

The sort of Society you will meet with at the Diggins.

Those for whom the United States are not big enough; those for whom England is too hot; those who come to clean out the gold, and those who come to clean out the gold-finders.

What is the best thing to do when you get to the Diggins.

Go back again.

How Gold may be best extracted.

By supplying, at exorbitant prices, the wants of those who gather it.

What will be the ultimate effect of the discovery of the Diggins.

To raise prices, to ruin fools, to demoralise a new country first, and settle it afterwards.

To Political Capitalists.

THEATRE ROYAL, ST. STEPHEN'S.—A Reserved Seat may be secured on moderate terms. For particulars canvass the free and independent Electors of Leominster.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10th, 1849.

MISS BENIMBLE'S TEA-AND-TOAST.

MISS B. COMMENTS ON THE PLAY AND THE PARLIAMENT.—STRANGE REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

"Miss Benimble,"—says that pink of pelissemen, Lovelace, the last time he come—"Miss Benimble," says he, "you smell like a bank of wiolets." Meanin, in course, the tea, which—I own it—I *had* made strong the afternoon in kwestion. Well, *Mr. Punch*, seeing that Ed'ard—(that's Lovelace; his name being Ed'ard, as I drew from him in the confidence of markin his two pockethandkerchers)—seeing the dear fellar was sufferin a little from what the French call *n u i*—why I let him take his six cups, and go his three rounds afore I bust into dycalog. Howsumever, when he put his spoon in his cup, wiped his lips, and stretcht his legs, I thought him ekwal to the kwestion, which I venturd. "What's your pinion, Mr. Lovelace," says I, "of the stage as it is, and as it isn't; as it might be, and as it never will be?"

"That's a compound question, Miss Benimble,"—said Lovelace; and I'm sure he's been a schoolmaster,*—"a question like your cat, that runs upon four legs. Just now, however, the stage is like a five-shilling piece; none the worse for the royal countenance. The Drama's been to Court and kissed hands; and people run to see how it looks after so severe a trial. By what I hear, Mr. Charles Kean is quite as well as could be expected."

"Well!" cries I, a little stounded at the happythy of Lovelace—"Well! I should think so, after that ring Her Majesty sent him, thro' Kernel Fipps. Don't you call that ring an honor and a blessin?"

"Humph! I don't know," says Lovelace, crumplin his brow with a little satyr in each eye—"I don't know; it's open to debate. I think Her Majesty had a sly meaning in that present. I think the Queen sent the brilliant to Charles Kean, in the hope that a player, like a watch, might act all the better on a diamond."

"Whatever the meanin was, Mr. Lovelace," says I, "it can't inwalidate the property. That little di'mond—like the lectric light—must luminate the whole perfession. Not a cawl boy that musn't feel the brighter for it. For my own part—I am not ashamed to own it—I feel myself drawn all over to the play-house by that ring—drawn as if it was a loadstone, and my natur was steal filings."

"Just like you women," said Lovelace, with a sardonyx larf.

"Don't tell me," says I. "That di'mond ring will generate the dramma, and that this very spring. For when people come from the country to Xeter Hall and Madame Tooso's, won't they—and all along o' that ring—won't they go to see *Hamlet* and *Shylock*, with the other indelicacies of the season?"

"I see," said Lovelace—and I fear he's a kwiz—"I see; an actor may be promoted from a star to a planet. A player, like Saturn, may be stared at—and only for his ring."

Well, *Mr. Punch*, seein that Lovelace would be eyeronick, I bust from the subjick. 'Tisn't pleasant to have one's weekness—and I must say, *some* people's acting is a weekness of mine—sniggled to pieces. "Parliment's set in with all its dullness," says I. "All the debates this week for all the world like a bit of cold mutton without a pickel. I'm sure, I've nodded over 'em, as if they'd been printed in poppy jews."

"Very bad, ma'am," said Lovelace, crimping his ibrows like little snakes. "Long talk, and little busness. The fact is, the tongue of Parl'ment's grown too big for its mouth."

"And I see," says I, "that they won't bind theirselves to speak no more than an hour a-piece. Now, I *do* think anybody can do their best and their wust in an hour. And I must say it—not that I'm souperstishus—but there's a sweet souperstishun about an hour."

"What do you mean, Miss Benimble?" asked Lovelace. "Superstition, ma'am!"

"Why, an hour is a bit of the wisdom of our aunt's sisters. In this way: we hang for an hour, don't we? Very well. And before it was 'bolished we put criminals—some on 'em the most hardened of our benefactors—in the pillory for an hour. Therefore, as we take an hour to what is called finish the law, why not—at most—an hour a-head for them as make the laws? And I'd have it done in this way. At the meetin of Parliment, the Speaker should serve out, to the hole House, 658 hour-glasses. And when any Member rose, he should get up with his glass in his hand, which he should put down on a table afore him."

"Not to be done," said Lovelace. "Tables don't run round the House."

"Nonsense! There might be a few little tables, sich as they play at pea-and-thimble with at the races; that 'ud do beutiful. And, Mr. Lovelace, do think of Disreally, that eliqwent Corkasshun, risin with his hour-glass, like young Time with his lox in curl. He puts his glass upon the table, with a smack that goes thro' the buff wastecoat of Sir Robert; the five shillin pieces—if he has any—in the Chancellor of the Checker's pocket tremble theirselves into fourpenny bits; Lord John fastens his hat upon his head, and ties his arms in a knot across his stumack, till the Penknife of a Hundred Blades has flashed and glissened his sixty minutes; whilst the Pertectionists set close, and their ears grow wisibly, like thistles after a shower."

"Why thistles?" asked Lovelace. But with a motion of my hand I waved the kwestion.

"Well," said I, not to be stopt; "the Member with the glass afore him, with the sand in his eye, begins. It's a fair race atween words and grit; and the more the sand runs out, the more the Speaker must run after it, and never upon no account is he to be aloud to turn up the subjick, and go on agin."

"And suppose," said Lovelace, in his acrostic manner—"suppose a speaker only wanted half-an-hour; would he be permitted to part with"—

"Not a bit on it," said I, jumping like an envelope at what was coming. "Not a bit on it, no loan of sand. Not a minute's worth. Ha! Mr. Lovelace," says I, drawin to the fire, and growin warm with the subjick—"'twould be a sweet moral sight to see Benjamin with his glass; to see him hurry after the sand as it fell and fell in a little pyramboid; *his* sand being in his eye as so much dimond dust, which he was takin the shine out of, by the hundred blades he was a flashin. A sweet sight, Mr. Lovelace."

"I see, ma'am," said the Pelisseman after a little a musin. "I see; the sand might occasionally represent the object of the speaker; might in his own mind typify his object."

I didn't quite get at this, *Mr. Punch*, but a woman is a giant at a guess. So I said—"Sertainly, Mr. Lovelace. In this manner Lord Stanley, when he talks of peace, might see in *his* sand nothing but gunpowder; and Mr. Plumptre, when he 'buses the manifact'rer, might in his piehouse hour-glass see not a grain of sand, but all devil's dust."

"It's a sweet theory, ma'am," said Lovelace; "but it won't do. By the way, you see they've suspended *Habeas Corpus* again in Ireland."

"Just like 'em," said I; "always suspendin sumbody in that unfortinate country. And have they cotched the culprits? Or will they 'scape?"

A sly smile played, like a jacka lanthorn on the Pelisseman's cheek, when he said—"Escape, to a certainty."

"And about the rebellion, Mr. Lovelace? *That* Bagster—to be sure he's a Chartist—that Bagster says it's gone to bed comfortable, and will never get up again."

"Why, ma'am, some folks say—specially the Irish Members—that the pike is buried never to come up; and that the charge is drawn from the rifle. But the House of Commons—275 against 33—believe the pike ready to rise with the spring, and the rifle to be still loaded, and at half-cock."

"Let's hope the best," said I, "for hoping does no harm, whatever luck comes on it."

"Talking of luck," said Lovelace, with an odd twinkel of his eye—"talking of luck, that was an extraordinary change of fortune that fell last week on Sam Downes, the Westminster waterman."

"Not seen it in the paper! What is it?" says I.

"Why, this it is," says Lovelace, stretchin hisself for his story. "This it is. Poor Sam Downes was as good a fellow as ever broke bread—when he could get it. Got a nice little wife, with ten or twelve children to match. Still, nothing for years went well with Sam Downes. Measles, or the tally-man, or something of the sort, was always knocking at his door. Poor Sam Downes! Well, still he rubbed on through life—the rubbing more and more taking the shine off his edges."

"Like a plated candlestick," says I.

"Exactly, Miss Benimble," says Lovelace. "However, let none of us despair. Last Friday as ever was, Sam Downes, with no more hope in his heart than there was bread in his cupboard—Sam found himself by the river Thames, that for forty years, man and boy, had been a hard river—no better, in fact, than the Dead Sea—to him. It was a moonlight night; and Sam looked at the river, determined to go to the bottom of it."

"Drown hisself?" says I.

* Assuming Miss B. to be correct in her supposition, *Mr. Punch* feels it only due to the scholastic character of Mr. Lovelace, to let him appear in decent orthography.

"He'd all but done it, when his good genius gave him a pull, and whispered something in his ear. Whereupon, SAM DOWNES changed his purpose and his name; and in twelve hours was a rich and happy man."

"Why, how?" cries I.

"In this way," says LOVELACE with a solemn look. "In this way. SAM DOWNES went home. Changed his name before he went to bed from DOWNES to ELLIOTT, and the very next morning, by the first penny post, comes a letter making SAMUEL ELLIOTT, ESQ., a junior Lord of the Admiralty!"

"Is it possible?" says I.

"The first levee is held on the 22nd; and SAMUEL, with all the other ELLIOTTS—(they will go to St. James's in two omnibuses)—will be duly presented." M. B.

"IN THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT GIPSYING."

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,

"As a large father of a family, that is, a father of a large family, I beg you will direct your powerful pen and ditto pencil against the nuisance of the strange outer garments which one is bullied into wearing by one's wife, or cajoled into purchasing by the cheap tailors. Of all these—Palla Gallicas, Syrian Paletots, NICOLL'S Registered, Alpacas, Vicunas, Pallium Tepidums—there is none equal in inconvenience to the garment under which I am at present suffering.

"Sir, the thing has a hood to it, and I believe it is sometimes called a Burnoos, and came originally from Algeria. I should think it did; for since I've worn it, I've been no better than a galley-slave. In wet or cold weather, my wife insists on my wearing the hood over my hat, and so makes me ridiculous. In fine weather, when out walking or shopping, she insists on using it as a supplementary reticule, making me carry various articles in it, such as a new bonnet, or a basket of mushrooms, or a bouquet (I was once actually obliged to carry home a leg of Welsh mutton from TUCKER'S in this way), and occasionally our boy ADOLPHUS, who is growing stout and heavy, and insists on putting straws into my hair, and raising miniature dust-heaps on the rim of my hat, while in this commanding position. The habit seems borrowed from the gipsies, who are used to carry their brats in this way; or perhaps from the Irish vagrants who infest the metropolis.

"I really wish you could write down the abomination and relieve

"Your subscriber,

"JONAS MEEK."

EXTRAORDINARY BERTH.—There are no less than seven GREYS who have berths in the present Administration. What is more extraordinary, they have had these same berths for years. Every one of the little GREYS is doing remarkably well, and still retain their faculties in addition to their salaries.

WANTS A PLACE!

THE following is a correct copy (address omitted) of an advertisement from the *Times* Supplement, Feb. 7.

DO YOU WANT A SERVANT? Necessity prompts the question.—The advertiser OFFERS his SERVICES to any lady or gentleman, company, or others in want of a truly faithful confidential servant in any capacity not menial, where a *practical knowledge of human nature* in various parts of the world would be available. Could undertake any affair *of small or great importance*, where talent, inviolable secrecy, or good address would be necessary. Has moved in *the best and worst societies* without being contaminated by either; has never been a servant; begs to recommend himself as one who knows his place; is moral, temperate, middle-aged, no objection to any part of the world. Could advise any capitalist wishing to increase his income and have the control of his own money. Could act as secretary or valet to any lady or gentleman. Can give advice or hold his tongue, sing, dance, play, fence, box, preach a sermon, tell a story, *be grave or gay, ridiculous or sublime*, or do anything from *the curling of a peruke to the storming of a citadel*, but never to excel his master. Address —, —, —.

There can be no doubt of the individuality of the advertiser. Without a question, the man is L——D B——H——M! Every line—we can only touch upon two or three—is a line of likeness. He has "a practical knowledge of human nature." To be sure; has not his L——p worn stuff and horse-hair; speaking a great deal of the one, and, to "springe woodcocks," using a good deal of the other?

Is he not equal to any affair, "small or great?" No doubt. Has not his L——p brought in Tweed trowsers and the Diffusion of Knowledge?

Moved in "the *best* and *worst* society." Here we are puzzled. Of course his L——p means both Houses of Parliament. But we must ask, which is one—and which is "t'other?"

"Can give advice or *hold his tongue*." Here, certainly, the likeness fails: but we take it, this was written for a purpose; namely, to mislead the otherwise suspicious.

"Dance, play, fence, box, preach a sermon, tell a story, be grave or gay, be ridiculous or sublime." Everybody will allow that his L——p can do and be all but the last; the last being, in his opinion, that which he is most frequently and the best.

Can "curl a peruke or storm a citadel." For a "peruke" read a Whig; and for a "citadel," the stronghold of Truth. For what says SIR THOMAS BROWNE? "A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender."

The touch conveyed in the promise "never to excel his master" is admirable in its fine knowledge of human weakness. There is nothing better in the whole of the writer's *Historical Sketches*.

The confession, however, that prefaces the advertisement is affecting. "Do you want a Servant? *Necessity prompts the question.*" Poor L——D B——H——M! And is he in such despair of a Place? Well, *Punch* benevolently copies the advertisement, knowing that *now* it must meet the eye of the Ministry.

PUNCH'S ART MANUFACTURES.

WITHOUT wishing to offer any opposition to the speculators who have been for some time engaged in domesticating the Arts by applying them to the manufacture of articles of every-day use, there are a few we have to suggest, which we have some idea of bringing out on our own account, should the ideas be well received by the public in general:—

1. *A Milk and Water Jug.*—MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY delivering, by way of spout, one of his dreary diluents against LORD PALMERSTON.
2. *Rushlight Shade.*—MR. URQUHART.
3. *Extinguisher.*—LORD PALMERSTON.
4. *Lathering or Shaving Brush.*—LORD BROUGHAM.
5. *A Paper Weight.*—JENKINS, of the *Morning Post*.
6. *A Champagne Glass.*—"Bubbles Bursting."—The RAILWAY KING.
7. *A Mustard Pot.*—"The Bitten Tongue."—MR. BENJ. DISRAELI.
8. *The Face of a Clock.*—A Portrait of MR. BROTHERTON, M.P.

Educate the Army.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON says, and his saying deserves to be written in the largest letters, over the Horse Guards, and round every cannon's mouth. "It is time that ignorance should cease in the British Army." And it is high time; but we hope none of our military readers will have their vanity wounded, if we venture to put the following question:—"When the aforesaid ignorance ceases, how long will the British Army last?" Is it to be expected that some 40,000 men will quietly walk into a field to kill, or to be killed, when they are in a state to reason? Depend upon it, they will not do it to please anybody! But still we cry, as loudly as the Duke, "Educate the Army."

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE. From the Contributor at Paris.

A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And here 's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, muscles, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace;
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheeked ecaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace;
He 'd come and smile before your table,
And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing 's changed or older.
"How 's Monsieur Terré, Waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner.
So honest Terré 's run his race?"
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
"Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one."—"That I can, Sir:
The Chambertin with yellow seal."
"So Terré 's gone," I say, and sink in
My old accustomed corner place;
"He 's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is,
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *Cari luogi*,
I 'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty,
Of early days, here met to dine?
Come, Waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I 'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There 's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There 's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There 's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There 's poor old Fred in the Gazette;
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the Claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that 's gone,
When here I 'd sit, as now I 'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
—There 's no one now to share my cup.

* * * * * * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

SILENCE! PRAY SILENCE!!

One of the most useful labours with which the Commons have commenced their Session, has been an attempt to lay down some rules for confining Parliamentary speeches within proper limits. Among other things, it was proposed that every oration should be confined to an hour; but even this would be a serious infliction, unless the Members were permitted to talk in batches of twenty or thirty at a time, when an hour might be very fairly allowed for the exhaustion of so much pent-up eloquence. Something must be done to keep the talk of the House within proper limits; for it is unfair that Chisholm Anstey should deal in unmeasured abuse of Lord Palmerston, when the application of something like measurement to the effusion would show at least half of it to be superfluous. We are strongly inclined to the adoption of some plan for keeping the tongues of the Members within bounds; and we think it would be a good arrangement to let each speaker light a wax-end directly he commences a speech, and continue until it is consumed, unless the Member next to him takes upon himself to blow out the wax when the speech begins to wax tedious.

Another ingenious process that has been also suggested, is the introduction of a large quantity of hour-glasses of different sizes, and containing various quantities of sand, so that they may be delivered to Members about to speak, the bulk of the hour-glass being proportioned to the magnitude and interest of the subject about to be touched upon. We think an egg-boiler would be a capital allowance for the Borthwicks and the Urquharts, and the air of *Turn on, old Time, thine hour-glass*, might be sung in chorus by the clerks of the House, to drown the voices of the garrulous M.P.'s, and hurry them in their movements.

The Best Substitute for Silver.—"I wonder, my dear," said a lady, looking over the paper, to her husband, "what is the best substitute for silver?" "I know, mamma," screamed out a precocious specimen of the Rising Generation, "It 's Californy!"

THE VALUE OF WORDS.

Who can estimate the value of a Word? Once from our lips, who can tell what it will go for? In kindness, or in anger; in scorn, or in approbation; in criticism, or in good nature, who can weigh what a word too much, or a word too little, may amount to?

The merits of many men exist only in words. They will pour out of their mouths, like the water over the Falls of Niagara, and make much noise, and much smoke, and after all it will only be an infinite deal of "Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble." Other men labour under a parsimony of words. Their ideas outrun their knowledge of the dictionary. They would express themselves very well if they could only find words. Such men are rare (such women are still rarer), and it is a great pity, for it really does one good, in this period of turn-coaterie, to meet with persons who keep their words, or whose words are worth keeping. At the Bar this difficulty is wonderfully increased, and who can wonder at it, when Counsel are paid for words, and he who has the largest number invariably clears the greatest collection. A dumb man in horse-hair would be an absurdity; for it is very plain he never could be an *utter* barrister. This verbal secret has been lately explained in a very few words. It seems, from a trial lately tried before Lord Denman, that in taking reports, the short-hand writers are paid so much for so many words.

Thus, the Counsel who makes the longest speech, cuts the greatest figure in the bill of costs. What a friend Lord Brougham must have been to the copyists! One of his long sentences must have been literally worth its weight in gold. A parenthesis, probably, was equivalent to a dinner; and a small parenthesis, within that, equal to a good luncheon. But it appears from the same trial, that words in Chancery are cheaper than in Common Law—and we think this unfair, for a word, once in Chancery, must be immediately shut up, and become so close, that it cannot necessarily go far. Every word, however, should have the same value in the ears of the Law—for if Justice is blind, she is not deaf, though perhaps it would be better for her if she were deaf, instead of being blind, considering the nonsense she is condemned to listen to, and the mistakes she is guilty of whenever she attempts to look into a case.

But it is nonsense talking. Words must be very cheap at the Bar, or else they would not have been flung about so very freely upon all occasions, and especially lately at the Court of Common Pleas. High words are generally very low; and those who hold them sink very rapidly in the estimation of their hearers. Such words as Sir Frederick Thesiger indulged in on the above occasion, must be dear at any price; and we are sure he would give many pounds *per* folio, to be able to recall them. Words of that extravagant nature are always put down at the expense of the barrister who utters them.

Just take the pints off below but leave the sides—
very good Sir
Those Gentlemen who prefer washing are informed that Hot water is always ready or a warm Bath can be had at five minutes notice—
will you take your Chocolate now Sir?
The governor wishes to know Sir what exercise you will take to day whether you will pick a little oakum or take a turn on the Mill for a short time
Oh give my Compliments to the governor and say I shant come out to day I dont feel very well

HOW TO MAKE CULPRITS COMFORTABLE; OR, HINTS FOR PRISON DISCIPLINE.

A FEW WORDS WITH THE BISHOP OF NORWICH ABOUT JENNY LIND.

A RUMOUR is current that the BISHOP OF NORWICH has "spirited away" JENNY LIND from the stage, by intimating to her that its traps are pitfalls of iniquity, its flats mere shoals, on which virtue must founder, and that the stage is, in fact, only one stage removed from a place we are not in the habit of mentioning.

We will give the liberal BISHOP OF NORWICH credit for greater liberality than the report we allude to would impute to him. If the Opera is to exist, and if it is an evil, we think the worthy Bishop will allow it is, in our days, a necessary evil; we are not inclined to think that the way to improve it is to draw away from it one who has shown she can not only adorn it with her talents, but exalt it by her virtues. If we are to withdraw the good from all admixture with the bad, we do not make the good better, but we go the sure way to make the bad worse.

The BISHOP OF NORWICH should rather persuade JENNY LIND to remain on the stage than to quit it; for there is surely an influence in example; and, unless the Bishop means to tell us that the whole corps of a theatre must be irretrievably doomed to eternal perdition, he can scarcely argue that one who happens to have been equally eminent for her virtues and her abilities—not by any means the only one, we believe, whose virtues may be equal, though their talents are less—he will not, we say, argue that such a person should leave the stage, as if she were too good for it.

We will not yet believe that such a cruel slur can be thrown upon the whole class of dramatic artists by a prelate having the reputation for liberality and good feeling which the BISHOP OF NORWICH enjoys. Surely he must be ignorant of certain Charities established and kept up by actors for the support of their distressed brethren, and he doubtless never heard of the subscriptions they continually make among themselves for the widows and orphans of those members of the profession who have been prematurely taken away. We would refer the BISHOP OF NORWICH to the "Elton Fund," and we could tell him of a few other similar matters if he thought it worth his while to inquire. But we will not believe that the BISHOP OF NORWICH has made himself so busy, or that JENNY LIND has been weak enough—the former to urge, and the latter to yield—to such a proposal as that attributed to the right reverend prelate. We have more faith in the goodness and purity of our favourite JENNY than to fear any evil consequences from her continuing upon the stage. Her spirit of goodness is more likely to act as a disinfecting fluid upon some of the corruption around her than to become absorbed in the pestilential vapours which are to be found in a theatre, as they are, more or less, in every other part of the civilised world.

ATTENTION, GENTLEMEN, TO A TOAST!

WE are sorry to say that a toast of the most objectionable nature is now continually drunk in all societies. It is washed down with every tumbler of hot grog, glass of punch, negus, egg-hot, bishop, cardinal, or sherry-cobbler. The very infant pledges it in his currant-wine, as well as the adult in the home-made beverage which he fondly imagines to be Port. Even the disciples of FATHER MATHEW drink it in lemonade and ginger-beer. Not a cup of tea is taken at the domestic table unaccompanied by this shocking toast. It is most disloyal, unpatriotic, un-English, and, we only wish we could say, unparliamentary. What makes the matter worse, it is fully sanctioned by Ministers. The toast to which we allude is, "Destruction to our West Indian Colonies," drunk in every variety of liquor containing a particle of slave-grown sugar, which we forbid our colonial dependencies from producing, whilst we hypocritically partake of the sweet iniquity at the hands of foreigners, simply because they are able to sell it to us at a cheaper rate than our colonists are.

"HAMLET'S COMING!"

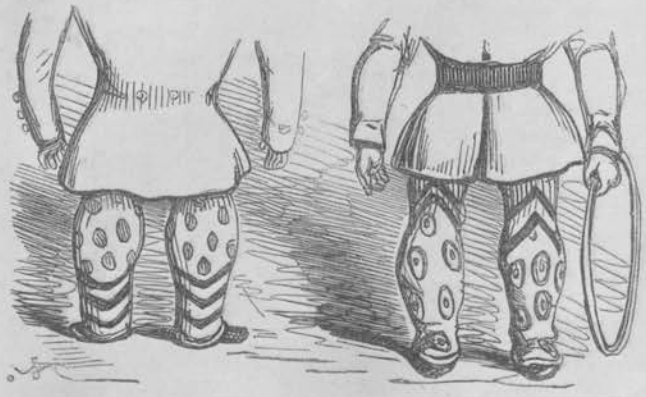
THE Tragedy of CHARLES KEAN at Windsor Castle, as was to be expected, will have a lasting influence on the minds of the Royal children. We have the best authority for stating, that when any of the illustrious infants are at all refractory, LADY LITTLETON has only to exclaim "*Hamlet's coming!*" and the pretty rebels are still as mice.

AN ARTFUL DODGE.

"Him as Prigs Wot Isn't His'n ——"

THE TYRANNY OF FASHION.

If we were disposed to be sentimental—which we are not—we might grow melancholy over the havoc committed by Fashion on "the fair, the young, the bright, the free." How many a blue-eyed, pink-faced, rosy-lipped, dark-haired houri has fallen a victim to the restrictive policy of the stay-lace, which in her days of gushing womanhood has been employed to check the exuberance into which she would have otherwise gushed, and caused her to waste away in a slenderness of waist, until life has proved itself indeed a mere span. The tyrant Fashion at last seized upon our children; and, though it did not exactly lay them by the heels, it grasped them by the legs in such an extraordinary manner, that we saw them walking about with calves so bare, that the cold was barely bearable.



The absurd fashion then prevailed of making every little boy "a Highland lad;" and unfortunately absence of trowsers forms the regularly recognised feature of the Highland character. Our Parks abounded in a juvenile population of miniature Rob Roys and duodecimo Rhoderick Dhus, until the discovery was made that the cold imparted to the leg flew often to the head; and the sneeze, the sneeze, invariably followed the breeze, the breeze, when the little victims, having been out in a stiff wind, got home to their nursery. This led to the invention of that clumsy article, the worsted legging, by which the infantine calf got much worsted and very little improved, for the contrivance formed a great impediment to exercise.

Pseudo taste has since expended its vagaries in covering these leggings with all sorts of fantastic devices, and particularly with large red spots, until every father sees so many spots on his son, that it is really quite disheartening. We must protest, in the name of common sense, against these masquerading freaks of Fashion; which, without putting our children into pantaloons, makes them look like so many clowns in a pantomime.

THE UNBOUGHT OF LEOMINSTER.

(*To Mr. Punch.*)

"Sir,—I have to complain, for myself and my fellow electors, of the misrepresentations of the Press, in ascribing to corrupt motives our hesitation to pledge our votes to Sir Bulwer Lytton. We have been used shamefully by the journals, and treated shabbily by the Member of our choice—that is to say, Mr. Peel has not treated us at all. The result, therefore, shows that we have been sold in a way that was not expected.

"Yours indignantly,

"A Leominster Free and Independent."

A BALLOON RAILWAY.

One J. Browne, Esq., advertises a "Balloon Railway" to take folks to California! The "Balloon Railway," says Browne, "would not cost one-fiftieth part of the expense of the steam-rails." It also has "the means of landing passengers safe." Very good, Browne; but are the passengers required to bring their *own* strait-waistcoats, or are they provided for them?

A CARD.

To Members of Parliament.—Gentlemen intending to make themselves ridiculous during the Session, are requested to send in their Portraits to *Mr. Punch*, 85, Fleet Street, where speaking Likenesses of Sibthorpe, Anstey, B. Disraeli, and others, are kept stereotyped.

N.B. No Portraits of Mr. John O'Connel, Mr. Feargus O'Connor, or Mr. Grattan can be accepted. Principles not treated with.

A FIRST ATTEMPT AT JOKING.

It is so easy for a Prince to be witty, for when he is not witty himself, he is sure to find some one who will be witty for him. Besides, the smallest witticism in the mouth of a Prince goes such a distance. Prince Louis-Napoleon, as yet, has not been very lucky. This is the more strange, as he is surrounded with persons who make their very politics a joke; and we wonder Thiers has not come to the assistance of his beloved Emperor's nephew. But somehow or other, the Prince has immortalised himself with a little saying. It is not much of a joke—the point is rather mild—but still, there is an intention in it. There is an attempt, though, like other attempts in which the Strasburg hero has figured, it is not very successful. *Faute de mieux*, however, we must praise it, and hope it will lead to better things.

The Prince was determined to rush into the crowd, supposing there had been lately any fighting. "If you do," said his Ministers, "you will certainly be killed." "*Eh bien!*" exclaimed the witty Louis-Napoleon, "*si on me tue, ma foi! on me tuera.*" Every Minister applauded.

This little saying is perfect, and is to be recommended most highly for its truth—a merit not always prominent in historical sayings. "*If I am killed, what then? why I shall be killed!*" Who could deny such an evident conclusion. The great Napoleon could not have put it better. All Paris is in ecstasies, and in the evening there was a universal cry for "*Des Lampions!*"

We implore the Prince to persevere. After such a good beginning, it would be utter stupidity to stop. Talleyrand's sayings will soon be eclipsed; and we shall shortly have published, in annual volumes, like Hood's *Comic Annual*, "*Les Bon-mots du* Prince Louis-Napoleon, *pour servir à l'Histoire de la République.*"

LONDON NAVIGATION.

We think Sir John Ross, as soon as he is at liberty, should have a commission from Her Majesty to explore the passage of the Lowther Arcade. All communication has long been blocked up between the two adjoining districts, and no one can tell what exists in the interior. Many have attempted the passage, but have always been beaten back, terribly discomforted, and been obliged to tack for the nearest tailor's to put in for repairs. The fine portly vessel Lablache attempted to steer through on the night of Jenny Lind's Concert, but the current was so strong, that after the cleverest sailing, and trimming on every possible side to escape the dangerous shoals of shells, on which many a large craft has split before now, it was fairly compelled to turn round, and was thrown on the Strand with the loss of a coat-tail and three waistcoat buttons.

There are, apparently, two opposing streams of great strength—one which runs from St. Martin's Church and leaves the Grand Turk who sells rhubarb on the immediate left, and the other, which flows from the fountain-head that takes its rise somewhere about Warren's Blacking, and diverges on the right through the pastry-cook's shop. Any navigator, ignorant of these two opposing streams, and the numerous under-currents of children that run in and out in all directions, is sure to be tossed about, and carried round and round in such a continual Maelstrom as will make him regret he ever plunged into the gay and giddy throng.

We believe the passage was formerly navigable, and was originally discovered for the purpose of establishing a short cut between the bay of Trafalgar and the busy commerce of the Strand. This short cut, however, is now a day's sailing—and may be compared to Davy Jones's Locker, for it is extremely improbable whether the unfortunate fellow who once falls into it will ever come out again. A squadron should immediately be appointed to explore the interior, and to report whether the passage is still practicable, or whether it is not lost to the navigable world altogether. We regret to say the devoted Beadle has not been seen for months. It is supposed he is blocked up somewhere in the interior.

GROSS INCONSISTENCY.

A General Practitioner, advertising in the *Times* for a pupil, describes himself as residing in a delightful and healthy neighbourhood. He *also* says, that the pupil will have every opportunity of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the profession. What that profession is, however, must be doubtful; for surely a healthy neighbourhood is not the place that can afford every opportunity of studying medicine.

CALIFORNIAN SLAVERY.

It seems to be a question amongst the Americans whether or not slavery shall be introduced into their newly-gotten territory of California. Whilst this point is under discussion, the whole immigrant population of that El Dorado are in course of being reduced to a state of utter servitude by that inveterate and notorious old tyrant—Gold.

PEN *versus* PENN; OR, THE QUAKERS NON-PLUSSED.

MACAULAY wrote a book,
In which if once you look,
You 're fast, as with a hook, for volumes two, two, two;
And this book shows WILLIAM PENN
Behaving, now and then,
Like something 'twixt a donkey and a "do," "do," "do."

The Pennsylvanian strand
PENN purchased out of hand,
When for toys and trash their land Red-men sold, sold, sold;
Though the natives of the State
Have been avenged of late,
Since with Pennsylvanian bonds was bought our gold, gold, gold.

The Friends thought truth too bad
Of one who virtues had,
Such as wearing garments sad, and a broad brim, brim;
And refusing, fair and flat,
To the king to doff his hat,
Tho' the king politely took off *his* to him, him, him.

Only worldly wits who scoff—
'Gainst such graces would set off,
That PENN of slaves made profit in sales, sales, sales;
That he managed Court affairs,
And up and down back-stairs
That he carried heavy bribes and light tales, tales, tales.

Thus MACAULAY did arise,
Having not before his eyes
The grace in brims that lies, and in drab, drab, drab;
And did wickedly declare,
That for nothing PENN did care,
So the Quakers got their share of the grab, grab, grab.

That his brims they were so broad,
None could see him blush at fraud,
And that he who groaned and pshawed at a lace, lace, lace;
For the Maids of Honour screwed
Their gold from those who sued
For themselves or guiltless children for grace, grace, grace.

So the Friends, extremely wroth
At this stain upon the cloth—
For MACAULAY pledged his troth to the fact, fact, fact—
They filled a Clarence cab
With valiant men in drab,
And off to the Albany packed, packed, packed.

The historian unscared,
Primed, loaded, and prepared,
Stood there with papers bared, and a grin, grin, grin;
When, prepared his facts to floor,
They knocked at his door,
And were most politely asked to walk in, in, in.

Then their batteries they let fly,
But MACAULAY, in reply,
At their heads he did shy such a hail, hail, hail;
From memory and from note,
Of reading and of rote,
There was nought he didn't quote, fresh or stale, stale, stale!

Not a single "thee" or "thou"
Could they put in, I vow,
But he counter'd, where and how they scarce knew, knew, knew;
Till, faint and flabbergast,
They backed—backed—and at last
Unquakerishly fast down stairs they flew, flew, flew!

And, sad as their own drab,
Mounted ruefully their cab,
By the gift of the gab overborne, borne, borne;
And, all Piccadilly thro',
In their faces plain to view,
Was "Lo! we went for wool and came back shorn, shorn, shorn."

Then, worthy Friends, take heed,
When next a truth you read,
Tho' unpleasant, 'tis agreed, to your pride, pride, pride;
Don't suppose it can't be true,
Since it hits at one of *you*,
But vexation in humility pray hide, hide, hide.

CON. FOR CONVERTIBLES.—Why are SIR ROBERT PEEL and the bullionists eminent for philanthropy?—Because they are distinguished as friends of their specie.

THE UNIVERSAL INSTRUCTOR.—A Book has been published with the title of *Who's Who in* 1849." If anybody wishes to know "What's What" during the same period, let him read *Punch*.

A VERY SERIOUS NUISANCE.

(*To the Editor of Punch.*)

"Sir,

"I was an Undertaker. I have just retired from business, with a fortune of some thousands of pounds, half of which it is my intention to lay out, as conscience-money, for the relief of widows and orphans, since my ill-gotten wealth has been principally derived from impositions practised on such bodies.

"The occasion on which our services are required is generally one of overwhelming affliction and distraction of mind; whence we are left to make whatever arrangements we please, with little restriction but that of our own honesty; and I am sorry to say that I have always taken advantage of this circumstance to run up as immoderate a bill as I considered likely to be paid.

"For instance, when implored to conduct the affair intrusted to my management in the cheapest manner compatible with decency, I have made it amount to from twenty to forty pounds. I have charged thirty, on an average, for a matter involving, with some trifling extras, a wooden box, a few yards of cloth and pairs of gloves, the expense of digging a hole, and two horses and six men for half a day. To these, when any license has been given me, I have added other items, at the most extortionate rates for each, whereby I have frequently contrived to swell the whole sum to several hundred pounds.

"The thing, Sir, that we are hired to do, may be, and often is, done effectually to all intents and purposes, at the cost of a few shillings. But this is when our customers are parochial authorities, who look sharply after our proceedings, their minds not being influenced by grief, but by an opposite feeling.

"We aggravate the most grievous of losses, add a pecuniary infliction to a natural calamity, and increase the embarrassment of means too often straitened already. And wherefore? To dispose of a chrysalis-case which the butterfly has left, an egg whence the bird has flown.

"But, Sir, while I take all shame to myself for this iniquity—for which I mean to atone—let me observe that the responsibility of it rests partly upon society; for public opinion in some measure commands the sacrifice, of which we are the priests, and bereaved families the victims. The world persists in seeing respectability in scarfs, and dignity in plumes of feathers, and a tribute of affection in money flung into the earth. Therefore do we pay these wasteful honours to the 'mortal coil,' which has been shuffled off by the immortal. And 'the spirits of the wise'—who regard it as their cast-off clothing—'sit in the clouds and mock us.' To them let the tribute be paid, in reverent memory, which usually goes (in hard cash) only into the pocket of

"An Undertaker."

A REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

Sir R. Inglis gave his opinion the other day in the House of Commons, that "every colony ought to be a miniature England." When the worthy Baronet would carry out his views so far as Canada or New South Wales, we are scarcely prepared to go all the way with him. We do not see how our English establishments are to be adapted to colonial use, nor do we understand how they are to be reduced to the proportions suitable for their new and contracted locality.

Would Sir R. Inglis suggest a throne on the scale of one inch to a foot of our own beloved piece of upholstery? But even then, unless a succession of royal Tom Thumbs could be found, it is difficult to say where we are to get a *duodecimo* edition of sovereigns. There should, on Sir R. Inglis's principle, be in every colony a House of Lords and House of Commons in little; but these bodies sometimes make themselves so very little in England, that the operation of making anything smaller on the same pattern would be impossible. Whatever reductions it may be necessary to make in the public service, we fear that there is a good deal at home which has already reached a *minimum* point of littleness; and therefore, to make less of the same thing would be a task not capable of accomplishment.

Curious Erratum.

The Editor of a country paper, speaking of the people of France, says, in a beautiful fulminating leader: "When the Provisional Government promised the labouring classes that they should never again want either work, or high wages, *them asses* actually believed it."

We thought this rather strong, and a little ungrammatical, when the next week's paper contained the following:—

Erratum.—For "them asses" in our last, read "the masses."

However, there is a deal of coarse truth wrapt up in a bit of bad grammar sometimes. For ourselves, we decidedly prefer "*them asses*."

The Female Prerogative Court.—A Woman's Will knows no codicil.

REDUCTIONS IN THE ARMY.

Among the reductions already agreed upon—by ourselves if by nobody else—we are happy to be enabled, from the very best authority—our own—to state that the "terrific sentry duty" at the Park gates will be performed by a troop of light canvas infantry, consisting of picked men from the Native Scotch Rapees, who have been engaged in the snuff service of London, and who, it is thought, may at a pinch be drafted into the service of the nation.

It is true that these substitutes for the household troops may not stand fire so well as the existing corps; but as they are required rather to stand water in the pelting showers of rain that occasionally damp the courage of the stoutest heart and the thickest coat, it is imagined that the canvas soldiery, fortified with three coats of oil-paint, will admirably serve the purpose of Park sentinels.

With respect to the well-known equestrian boxes at the Horse Guards, it is understood they will be let as sweetstuff shops, or muffin-manufactories; for the military authorities have at last come to the resolution, that there is nothing, after all, so formidable in the Parliament Street cabstand, as to require that it should be perpetually "commanded" by the blunderbusses of two mounted guardsmen, as has been the case in our own recollection for the last twenty years. Those two mounted heroes who have occupied the sentry-boxes in question, were never known to draw their swords against anything but the cabs; nor were they ever seen to turn their eyes—and then only "in the way of kindness"—upon anything more terrible or unnerving, than the nursery maids who are attracted to the

district by the magnificent prospect held out to them. The horses, who never could see the fun of standing for two hours under a couple of porticos, will be delighted to get their release from the ignoble position they have hitherto occupied. Altogether, our plan of military retrenchment is, we think, so well adapted both for "man and beast," that we recommend it with the utmost confidence to the Government.

An Odious Comparison.

"Mr. Punch,—I see one of you Britishers has bin and published a book which he calls *America Compared with England*. Well now! only to think of the conceit of some people. I estimate that are vollum carries an ontruth upon the title page, and ort to have a pictur of Baron Munchausen for a frontispiece. It says what aint possible. There can't be no comparison at all atween your little crumpet of an island and our free and enlightened Republic.

"Jonathan."

A queer qualification.

"Wanted," says an advertisement, addressed to hatters, in one of the papers, "a respectable married man, to take the management of a retail shop. One who can finish and tip off would be preferred. None but those with good reference as to honesty, &c., need apply." The ability "to tip off" being a recommendation, the &c., we presume, are not to include sobriety.

The Longest Journey to the Bank.—Going round by California.

CRUEL PASTIME FOR PUGNACIOUS POLITICIANS; OR, "TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO——FIGHT."

GOVERNMENT AND THE REPEAL SWEEP.

A PUBLICAN, who has suffered from the suppression of Derby Sweeps, informs us that he is perfectly content to bear his loss, now that he finds that Government is determined to put down political as well as pothouse gambling.

Our Correspondent alludes to the declaration of LORD JOHN RUSSELL in the House, that the Repeal Association, if revived, would be very likely to become liable to the penalties of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act. And he suggests that worthy MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, for whose special enlightenment this announcement was made, should put the same to that use whereunto men commonly apply tobacco.

He dwells with much complacency on MR. O'CONNELL'S mistake in supposing that the statement of SIR W. SOMERVILLE, that no interference was contemplated with the peaceful agitation for Repeal, would warrant the restoration of Conciliation Hall. He expresses great admiration of the Honourable Member's coolness in telling the House, with reference to the above-named Society, that he "was one of those who were preparing the way for its resuming its career of usefulness." And he asks if Hope did not tell him a rather flattering tale in persuading him that he would be permitted to do anything of the sort?

Finally, he demands to know what has become of all the money out of which the Irish people have been "done" by the Repeal humbug, and he recommends MR. JOHN O'CONNELL not to try the Conciliation Hall "plant" again on his wretched and starving countrymen.

AN IRISH SEQUITUR.

IRISH "*ergos*" are like Irish echoes, what goes before bearing about the same relation to what follows in each. MR. GRATTAN is the PADDY BLAKE of argument. "There is nothing," said MR. GRATTAN, on Tuesday week, "in the character of the people of Ireland to disqualify them for the enjoyment of liberty—

> "'The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings.'"

Argal, "*ourselves*," in the mouth of PADDY BLAKE GRATTAN does not mean "*The People of Ireland*."

"It is *not* our own fault," says MR. GRATTAN'S assertion.

"It *is* our own fault," says MR. GRATTAN'S "nate and appropriate" quotation.

Which *are* we to be bound by?

THE GREAT PANTHER CASE.

EVERYBODY has seen sitting in the windows of the purveyors to the Fine Arts, a white Parian lady taking an airing on a white Parian panther, and presenting altogether a very pretty pair of figures. This group has been lately the subject of litigation between a gentleman who wished to put the design on a jug, where it was thought, notwithstanding the panther's very formidable mug, the object would have been very appropriate.

The question turned on the likeness or non-likeness of the panther to nature; and, as a real panther could not be produced in Court, the evidence was necessarily of a secondary character. Several witnesses spoke to the point in dispute; but, as in proofs of handwriting it is usual to ask, "Did you ever see the party write?" so in reference to the position of the panther it would have been necessary to inquire of a witness, "Did you ever see a panther carrying a lady pickaback?" The plaintiff ought to have subpœnaed our old friend the panther from the Surrey Zoological; or perhaps the stuffed animal from the British Museum, being more capable of feminine endorsement, might have afforded more direct evidence of verisimilitude than the living creature without his burden. There would have been some difficulty in leading such a witness as the panther; and indeed, to put him in the box at all would have been a grand effort of ushership. In a celebrated horse case, it will be remembered one of the parties failed because he did not produce the horse; and, by a parity of procedure, the plaintiff might, we think, have been called upon to produce his panther.

BROTHERLY LOVE IN A BISHOP.

"THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD," says the *Cambridge Advertiser*, "has just ordained his wife's brother, now sixty years of age, and presented him with the living of Coddington." His Lordship would have all his family industrious—he evidently seems to think that a member of it cannot possibly be too old to get a living.

REPUBLICAN MONARCHS.—The discovery of the Californian gold will enable the American Republic to supply the world with Sovereigns.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17th, 1849.

TWO OR THREE THEATRES AT PARIS.

IF one may read the history of a people's morals in its jokes, what a queer set of reflections the philosophers of the twentieth century may make regarding the characters of our two countries in perusing the waggeries published on one side and the other! When the future inquirer shall take up your volumes, or a bundle of French plays, and contrast the performances of your booth with that of the Parisian theatre, he won't fail to remark how different they are, and what different objects we admire or satirise. As for your morality, Sir, it does not become me to compliment you on it before your venerable face; but permit me to say, that there never were before published in this world so many volumes that contained so much cause for laughing, and so little for blushing; so many jokes, and so little harm. Why, Sir, say even that that modesty, which astonishes me more and more every time I regard you, is calculated, and not a virtue naturally inherent in you, that very fact would argue for the high sense of the public morality among us. We will laugh in the company of our wives and children: we will tolerate no indecorum: we like that our matrons and girls should be pure.

Excuse my blushes, Sir; but permit me to say that I have been making a round of the little French theatres, and have come away amazed at the cynicism of people. Sir, there are certain laws of morality (as believed by us at least) for which these people no more care than so many Otaheitans. They have been joking against marriage ever since writing began—a pretty man would you be, *Mr. Punch*, if you were a Frenchman; and a pretty moral character would be the present spotless wife of your affections, the chaste and immaculate *Judy!*

After going to these theatres, seeing the houses all full, and hearing the laughter ringing through every one of them, one is puzzled to know what the people respect at all, or what principle they do believe in. They laugh at religion, they laugh at chastity, they laugh at royalty, they laugh at the Republic most pitilessly of all: when France, in the piece called the *Foire aux Idées*, says she is dying under nine hundred doctors, to each of whom she is paying a daily fee of five-and-twenty francs, there was a cheer of derision through the house; the Communists and their schemes were hooted with a still more hearty indignation; there is a general smash and bankruptcy of faith; and, what struck me perhaps most as an instance of the amazing progress of the national atheism, is to find that the theatre audiences have even got to laugh at military glory. They have a song in one of the little plays, which announces that France and Co. have closed that branch of their business; that they wish to stay at home and be quiet, and so forth; and, strange to say, even the cry against perfidious England has died out; and the only word of abuse I read against our nation, was in a volume of a novel by poor old PAUL DE KOCK, who saluted the Lion with a little kick of his harmless old heels.

Is the end of time coming, *Mr. Punch*, or the end of Frenchmen? and don't they believe, or love, or hate anything any more? Sir, these funny pieces at the plays frightened me more than the most blood-thirsty melodrama ever did, and inspired your humble servant with a melancholy which is not to be elicited from the most profound tragedies. There is something awful, infernal almost, I was going to say, in the gaiety with which the personages of these satiric dramas were dancing and shrieking about among the tumbled ruins of ever so many ages and traditions. I hope we shall never have the air of *God Save the King* set to ribald words amongst us—the mysteries of our religion, or any man's religion, made the subject of laughter, or of a worse sort of excitement. In the famous piece of *La Propriété c'est le Vol*, we had the honour to see ADAM and EVE dance a polka, and sing a song quite appropriate to the costume in which they figured. Everybody laughed and enjoyed it—neither EVE nor the audience ever thought about being ashamed of themselves, and, for my part, I looked with a vague anxiety up at the theatre roof, to see that it was not falling in, and shall not be surprised to hear that Paris goes the way of certain other cities some day. They will go on, this pretty little painted population of Lorettes and Bayadères, singing and dancing, laughing and feasting, fiddling and flirting, to the end, depend upon it. But enough of this theme: it is growing too serious—let us drop the curtain. Sir, at the end of the lively and ingenious piece called the *Foire aux Idées*, there descends a curtain, on which what is supposed to be a huge newspaper is painted, and which is a marvel of cynicism.

I have been to see a piece of a piece called the *Mystères de Londres*, and most awful mysteries they are indeed. We little know what is going on around and below us, and that London may be enveloped in a vast murderous conspiracy, and that there may be a volcano under our very kitchens, which may blow us all to perdition any day. You perhaps are not aware, Sir, that there lived in London, some three or four years ago, a young Grandee of Spain and Count of the Empire, the MARQUIS OF RIO SANTO by name, who was received in the greatest society our country can boast of, and walked the streets of the metropolis with orders on his coat and white light pantaloons and a cocked hat. This Marquis was an Irishman by birth, and not a mere idle votary of pleasure, as you would suppose from his elegant personal appearance. Under the mask of fashion and levity he hid a mighty design; which was, to free his country from the intolerable tyranny of England. And as England's distress is Ireland's opportunity, the Marquis had imagined a vast conspiracy, which should plunge the former into the most exquisite confusion and misery, in the midst of which his beloved Erin might get her own. For this end his Lordship had organised a prodigious band of all the rogues, thieves, and discontented persons in the metropolis, who were sworn into a mysterious affiliation, the members of which were called the "Gentlemen of the Night." Nor were these gentlefolks of the lower sort merely—your Swell Mob, your Saint Giles's Men, and vulgar cracksmen. Many of the principal merchants, jewellers, lawyers, physicians, were sworn of the Society. The merchants forged bank notes, and uttered the same; thus poisoning the stream of commerce in our great commercial city: the jewellers sold sham diamonds to the Aristocracy, and led them on to ruin: the physicians called in to visit their patients poisoned such as were enemies of the good cause, by their artful prescriptions: the lawyers prevented the former from being hanged: and the whole realm being plunged into anarchy and dismay by these manœuvres, it was evident that Ireland would greatly profit. This astonishing Marquis, who was supreme chief of the Society, thus had his spies and retainers everywhere. The police was corrupted, the magistrature tampered with—THEMIS was bribed on her very bench: and even the BEEFEATERS OF THE QUEEN (one shudders as one thinks of this), were contaminated, and in the service of the Association.

Numbers of lovely women of course were in love with the Marquis, or otherwise subjugated by him, and the most beautiful and innocent of all was disguised as a Countess, and sent to Court on a Drawing-room day, with a mission to steal the diamonds off the neck of LADY BROMPTON, the special favourite of HIS GRACE PRINCE DIMITRI TOLSTOY, the Russian Ambassador.

Sir, His Grace the Russian Ambassador had only lent these diamonds to Lady B., that her Ladyship might sport them at the Drawing-room. The jewels were really the property of the Prince's Imperial Master. What, then, must have been His Excellency's rage when the brilliants were stolen? The theft was committed in the most artful manner. LADY BROMPTON came to Court, her train held up by her *jockei*. SUZANNA (the Marquis's emissary) came to Court with her train similarly borne by her page. The latter was an experienced pickpocket—the pages were changed, the jewels were taken off LADY BROMPTON'S neck in the antechamber of the palace—and HIS GRACE PRINCE TOLSTOY was in such a rage that he menaced war on the part of his Government unless the stones were returned!

Beyond this point I confess, Sir, I did not go, for exhausted nature would bear no more of the Mysteries of London, and I came away to my hotel. But I wish you could have seen the Court of St. James, the Beefeaters, the Life-Guards, the Heralds-of-Arms in their tabards of the sixteenth century, and have heard the ushers on the stairs shouting the names of the nobility as they walked into the presence of the Sovereign! I caught those of the COUNTESS OF DERBY, the LADY CAMPBELL, the LORD SOMEBODY, and the HONOURABLE MISS TREVOR, after whom the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY came. O, such an Archbishop! He had a velvet trencher cap profusely ornamented with black fringe, and a dress something like our real and venerated prelates, with the exception of the wig, which was far more curly and elegant; and he walked by, making the sign of the Cross with his two forefingers, and blessing the people.

I hear that the author of this great work, M. PAUL FÉVAL, known for some time to the literature of his country as SIR FRANCIS TROLLOPE, passed a whole week in London to make himself thoroughly acquainted with our manners; and here, no doubt, he saw Countesses whose trains were carried by jockeys; Lords going to Court in full-bottomed wigs! and police magistrates in policemen's coats and oilskin hats, with white kerseymere breeches and silk stockings to distinguish them from the rank and file. How well the gentlemen of Bow Street would look in it! I recommend it to the notice of *Mr. Punch*.

These, Sir, are all the plays which I have as yet been able to see in this town, and I have the honour of reporting upon them accordingly. Whatever they may do with other pieces, I don't think that our dramatists will be disposed to steal *these*.

LARGE OUTLAY, BUT NOT THE SMALLEST RETURN.

THE Irish are very ungrateful. Like the BOURBONS, they will learn nothing and they will forget nothing. They take all you give them, but as for any return, you might as well expect to have your sovereign back when once you have parted with it to JOSEPH ADY. They are the most ungrateful people that ever went a-begging. Give them what you will, they always recur to past grievances, and ask for more. The Irish disposition seems really to be constituted for taking everything, but *for-giving* nothing!

THE CALIFORNIAN BALLOON RAILWAY.

A Mr. Browne, looking for sympathy, no doubt, among the extensive family of Greens, and dating from Great Portland Street, Portland Place, requests the co-operation of the capitalists of England and America, in carrying out a Balloon Railway between Washington and California. He must indeed be a more than Pickford—that modern Atlas who carries nearly half the world on his shoulders—he must, we say, be a more than Pickford who could succeed in "carrying out" a Balloon Railway to California. The Greens are, *par excellence*, the sons of air, the family of Aeronauts, and it is clear that we are right in our supposition as to the Greens being the parties to whom Browne would address himself. His advertisement is characteristically distinguished by an inflated style; and we have no doubt that if the experiment requires an interminable series of bags of wind, the inventor is quite capable of supplying the whole of them. The scheme is to be free from tunnelling, cutting, or levelling of any kind whatever, and 1000 miles per day is to be the ordinary rate of travelling.

The only desideratum for the accomplishment of this great object, is how to raise the wind sufficiently for the purpose of giving the balloon a fair start; and hence the appeal to the capitalists of England and America. We think a better plan than the balloons might be formed by the application of the speed of birds to the purposes of locomotion; and a sort of Eagle Conveyance Company, for the employment of eagles, despatched along a wire by means of small rings attached to their legs, would give the swiftness so desirable in expeditions to California.

We merely throw out the eagle as a hint to see which way the wind blows; and if the public should catch the idea, we are now in treaty with the English attorney of Louis-Napoleon for the Alpine Eagle, who has been in retirement since his untoward expedition to Boulogne; but he may be put in training immediately, to show a working model of our Aquiline Railway to California.

FREE TRADE FOR FARMERS.

A numerous meeting of Agricultural Gentlemen, recently converted to the principle of Free Trade, was held yesterday at our rooms, 85, Fleet Street, Ourself in the chair.

Mr. Wutts, of Oatlands, was a man of few words. He used to be a Protectionist when Protection was the order of the day. It was now gone goose; which would bring him to his argument. What was sauce for goose was sauce for gander; what was fair for calico was fair for crops. Free Trade was to be; and so be it. He used to shout "Protection to the Landed Interest!" for the future he meant to holler, "Free Trade for Farmers!"

Mr. Barnes, of Rickford, had whistled at the plough. That was no reason why he shouldn't let others sing at the loom. Take off restrictions from trade, and welcome. But don't keep up burdens on land. There was hops—a question which touched the pocket. They must have the duty off that. What he said of hops he would also say of malt; and malt and hops brought him to beer; and now, as speaking was dry work, he should desire that beer might be brought to him. And bad luck to all that tried to rob the poor man of that wholesome beverage!

Mr. Steer would say another word on malt. It was not only drink but meat. Let him grow his meat upon it, and he would defy competition with any of your Tariff beef—your Pharaoh's lean kine, or Yankees', or what ever you chose to call it.

Mr. Fairfield, of Stubblemere, would never cease grumbling till farmers were allowed to cultivate whatever they chose, and turn it to the best account. If the foreign corn-grower was to compete with him, why not he with the foreign planter? If so be he had a mind, why was he not to be allowed to try and beat the sugar-producer with beet-root? He had heard of Justice for Ireland—one point would be to let the Irish grow tobacco. Free Trade legislators listened to only one side of the question. They were lop-eared, like fancy rabbits.

Mr. Buckland, talking of rabbits, thought they were too much the fancy by half. Five of them would eat more than a sheep, and spoil as much again. One of the worst burdens on the land was game; in fact, the game was "beggar-my-neighbour." Where strictly preserved, it bore heavier than taxes. Through Game Protection, 5000 of our countrymen, according to the *Reformers' Almanack*, were imprisoned yearly. That was to afford sport to 4000 persons. It might be sport to them, but it was death to others. Now, as Protection to Agriculture was given up, there should be no longer Protection for the vermin that consumed the fruits of the earth.

A resolution was then put from the Chair, to the effect that the farmers, having their eyes now fully open to the advantages of Free Trade, are determined to have its benefits extended to themselves; and that, since agriculturists are at length wide awake, it behoves them to be up and stirring. The meeting then separated, thanks having been first voted to *Mr. Punch* for his remarkably impartial conduct in the chair.

A NEW (FARMER'S) FRIEND WITH AN OLD FACE.

PORTUGAL STREET FOR PARLIAMENT.

A very wholesome measure has been introduced into Parliament, for the expulsion of insolvent Members. We shall soon see certain movers as well as questions remanded to "this day six months." Nobody will be allowed to introduce a bill into the House of Commons who is unable to take up his own.

MISS BENIMBLE'S TEA-AND-TOAST.

MISS B. UPON PRIMROSES.—THENCE TO PARLIAMENT.—THENCE TO SCOTLAND.—THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.—THE EDUCATED SOLDIER.—LADY FRANKLIN.

MR. PUNCH,—A present from LOVELACE (the dear one of the Pelisse) has put into my head all sorts of things. It 's no less than a pot of primroses! Well aware as I am that the mind of the giddy and unreflective may see nothin in a pot of primroses but threepence or fourpence in blossom,—I can read their leaves like any book. For what does a pot of primroses—in course I mean primroses in London—preach to the contemplaytif hart? Why, lovely sermons! Even MR. MONTGUMMERY, the author of *Satin*, can't beat a primrose, with its sweet sulfur tongue. Innocent little creturs! I can liken 'em to nothin so well as gypsies come from country lanes and commons to tell fortins to London folks. Don't larf, *Mr. Punch*, but upon my word and honour, the sight of LOVELACE's primroses, with the spring feelins that come with 'em, has made me feel quite tender. To you, *Mr. Punch*, who can take your speshal trains and—as the Poet says—go with a whisk into the stomack of the land,—why, a primrose is only a primrose—if, indeed, it 's as much; but to a lone woman like me, a prisoner in London—never so much as seein a bit of green xcept what I may bile for dinner,—why, a pot of primroses comes upon me like old friends—playmates when I was a gal. If, when MR. LOVELACE gave in them flowers at the door, I didn't see a sertin little garden and a bit of a field, with a bed of fuzz bushes that I once knew so well—and all in them primroses, why I don't live in Pimlico. (And, by the way, *Mr. Punch*, I don't seem likely to live anywheres else; for folks void the house as if it was aunted.)

By birth, *Mr. Punch*, I am—savin your presence—what low people call a Cocknie. And for this reason, the primrose is speshal dear to me, as to Cocknies in general it should be. For, as I say, it tells us our fortins for the season. The Primrose is the Erald of the Spring Fashuns—and is, moreover, a sort of Court Nooseman. Suppose I was coming out at a drawing room of St. James's: well, my hart would swell with the primrose buds; for I should know that our Grashus QUEEN would not open the Court afore the primroses was full-blown. Oh, *Mr. Punch*, the primrose is the Cocknies' Spring Almaynack, if only proper notice was taken on it. When the primrose comes in, tippets may go out. Agin; when the primrose unfolds itself, doesn't the Op'ra think of op'ning? Show me the fust primrose, and in a minute I know that JENNY LIND—(and, by the way, I 'm not suspishus; but I 'd have that young woman watched by the Pelisse in plane close. I only hope she doesn't want to sing away the Crown of England with the harts of HER MAJESTY'S subjicks)—well, with the primrose I know that JENNY LIND 's a-coming out agin; for *I* don't believe in her goin to be married and leavin us. The peopl, Sir, would never permit it. They 'd rise to a man, and pull down the church, and—and serve him right—transport the awdacious bridegroom.

And so, *Mr. Punch*, seein that the London season 's opened, I may say, with the primroses, I thought it only dew to the flowers to call the attenshun of your readers to what they signify. Depend upon it, Sir, many a shopkeeper in the dead time wood give his ears only to see the primroses. Well, now they 've come in, let him be thankful for 'em, and so deserve all the luck they 'll bring him. The winter 's gone and passed, and the sweet primrose, what is it but an int of spring trade, and spring fashuns? When I look at the innosent flower, I feel convinc'd that luck 's turn'd over a new leef.

'Pon my life, *Mr. Punch*, sometimes when I see the nothin that 's in the noosepapers, I 'm struck with stonishment to know how you fill your collums. And yet, if I may use a figger, you 're always a brick, though with not a bit of straw. Only look at Parliment since my last. Why, for what 's been said, it might as well have been the Deaf and Dumb Sylum. Not a single ohasses in all the desert. To be sure, MR. GRATTAN has tried to be droll; but it isn't in him; he 's as cold as a clown without paint. And his eliquence, Sir, like some tatoes, why, it *won't* bile flowry, let him do what he will. Praps it is acause he don't use salt. Howsomever, jest for the fun of the thing, I shouldn't wonder if MR. GRATTAN served a writ upon the British Lion for the ballance owed to Ireland, and, so I may say, druv BRITANNIA into her own Gazette. It 's my belief, if he 'd his own way, he 'd take out of the royal arms, the shamrock—(it isn't lucky, is it, that the emblem of a people should have anything *sham* about it?)—the shamrock, the thistle, and the rose,—and to show to the whole world what we owe to Ireland, put in a I. O. U.

Talkin of owen; BAGSTER, the milkman, who says he 's lost a mint in milk by some of the Commons as I won't name—BAGSTER 's in a fury of delite that Members of Parliment, if the new bill passes, are, as he says, "not to be trusted with impunity." Well, if some of our aunt's sisters was to come back from the Abbé, they 'd never believe it. Who 'd ever have thought that, mongst other things, M.P. should be made to mean, a Man who Pays?

Thistles, *Mr. Punch*, is lookin up. They 're gettin rayther alive in Scotland. Why, I see that the *Edinbur Post* says that "DOCTOR TROWER, Bishop of the Episcopal communion, has excommunicated the DUKE OF ARGYLL!" Poor creetur! Well, the time 's come agin to cry, "GOD bless the DUKE OF ARGYLL." Don't they call excommunication "the thunder of the Church?" I thought it a sort of thunder that, like the old shot sarcenet, was gone clean out of fashun. But what will the Duke do with the thunder? Will he put it in his pocket, and take no notice of it? Or how will it fect him? Will it transport him for ever and ever to England? Why, it brings to my mind that bewtiful distitch—

"Strange such a difference should be
'Twixt Tweed-el dum and Tweed-el dee!"

A distitch as, I have no doubt, came up in the Scotch and English wars, to mark the two sorts of combytants on both sides the river. Still, I should like to know what the Doctor's thunder will prevent the Duke doing! Will it for ever and for ever cut him off his seat in church? And when that 's done, won't it leave him a leg to stand on? Why, it 's plain this excommunication—accordin to the Bishop—sends the Duke at once to old Scratch. In which case, are we not agin and agin bound to cry "GOD bless the DUKE OF ARGYLL?" These thunders of the Church might be very well once upon a time; but now, it 's my pinion it 's a sort of thunder that ud be none the worse for a little lightning.

I see, too, that the Town Council of Edinbur, for the sake of morals, have shut up the Moniment of Nelson on Sundays; tryin to prove that, after all, Nelson 's only an every-day individooal. There 's no doubt Edinbur will be all the happier for the Town Council. For, as I 've heerd, it was shockin to know that, on a Sunday—when all the rest of the city was at prayers—there was a place where you might go to ruin drinkin ginger beer, and fall agin and agin—as our first parents fell—eatin apples. Seed-cakes, too—cakes with burning carraways in 'em—were always at hand inside the Nelson Moniment. Why, it was a disgrace to the service; selling pop and pippins under the very shade of a Naval Ero.

Talking of the Navy, Sir, I see they're goin to edicate the Army; goin to put the men over the heads of their officers. The Duke 's a goin to have all the privates made gentlemen; but I think that Parliment had better have a Committee on the matter fust, where I only wish upon that pint they 'd examine me. For look you here, *Mr. Punch:* edicate the Army, and where 's our servants to get husbands? Stick up a private sojer with grammar and jometry, and let him know all about triangles and all that,—and in course, he will turn his nose up at a cook or a maid-of-all-work. Catch him coming a bit lower than a lady's maid,—or praps a governess. It 's very well to talk about the ignorance of the Army,—but destroy the ignorance of the sojer, and what 's to become of the affections of the housemaid? Has F. M. WELLINGTON ever thought of this? *Mr. Punch*,—I 'm afeard not.

But turning from all these things, *Mr. Punch*, what a sweet bit in the *Times* I 've just come upon, about LADY FRANKLIN! If the parygraph doesn't shine and smell among the rest of the print, like any flower! It 's a thing to settle and feed upon like any bee on any rose. Her Ladyship—says the paper—is going all about, and was last at Hull, to send out by the captins of the whalers all sorts of things for her dear husband, locked up so long in the ice. Well, I 'm certain he 'll come back all safe and sound—like a Prince out of an Enchanted Castle. It can't be no otherwise. That dear woman—all over hope—with her wife's heart beatin far away amongst mountains and mountains of ice—is better than anything even in a Corkassian novel. LADY FRANKLIN knows her husband 's all safe; and in course he must be; and his wife's love—like a fairy in a story—will serve to bring him back from them horrid rejuns of ice and snow, and whales and white bears—home to his own fireside, to be blest and to bless the good cretur that 's living for him.

'Pon my word, *Mr. Punch*, I don't know what we want with romances and fairy tales, so long as we 've the newspapers. And if you doubt me, only read all about that sweet pilgrimage of LADY FRANKLIN—and you 'll think otherways.

M. B.

"ALEA JACTA EST."

THE above quotation has been figuring lately in every French newspaper. The Clubs, previous to their being turned out, shouted it everywhere. Now, as the dice, it seems, are already thrown, we propose that the national cry be changed into "*Faites votre jeu, Messieurs.*" There is no knowing, from day to day, what may turn up in France, but we hope the result will not be "*Le Rouge gagne.*" We mean, of course, the Red Republicans, who are playing just at present the most desperate game, and are staking everything upon the hazard of the die.

HOW TO MAKE A CHATELAINE A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS.

THE VACANT GARTER.

It is evident, from the cost of the dignity, we have reason to bless our stars we are not all obliged to wear Garters, when they are of the expensive kind supplied to order by the Sovereign. To be invested with a Collar costing a thousand pounds, and returning no interest but honour, is the worst investment that can be made, especially when the honour is rendered rather doubtful, by the company in which it is enjoyed. We had sooner enter the order of Nature's nobility, and enjoy a "Night wi' Burns" than become a Knight wi'—some of the individuals whose names figured in the list given in the powerful out-speaking article of the *Times* of last Friday. If we were to institute an Order of the Garter, we should take for its motto, "List, List, oh List," for such is the material that our garters have always been made of; and we will never permit our knee to bend to any other, until we see the Garter composed of better stuff than that which aristocratic or more corrupt influence, from time to time puts into it. The good old Count of Neuilly is a Knight of this precious Order of the Garter; and we believe the landlord of the hotel at Richmond intends calling his house henceforth the Star and Pair of Garters, in honour of his illustrious visitor.

Jenny Lind's Marriage.—"F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Harris, and will feel it the proudest moment of his life to give away the lovely bride."

A NEW PAGE IN THE BOOK OF LIFE.

Some benevolent individual has started a poor fellow in business as a shoe-black opposite the National Gallery, in Trafalgar Square. The plan is good, but the locality, we fear, is bad; for in that very public position it requires a good deal of moral courage to place one's foot on a box to have one's boots scrubbed, while a lot of scrubby boys are perhaps looking on at the operation. It is only the few who could trample under foot all false pride, and literally have a sole above it, that would lodge their boots on a little boot-cleaning apparatus for five minutes; and, though we ourselves should not hesitate to do so, it is because we always take our stand on public grounds. We think the snuggest place to be found for the carrying on of this process, is about the neighbourhood of the Palace Court, where the ways, moreover, are generally very dirty; and as some official or other is always sure to be putting his foot in it, there is no chance of a lack of employment in the cleaning line. It is, perhaps, hopeless for the inhabitants of this quarter to go through their work with clean hands; but the boot-polisher might help them to come out with clean feet, at any rate.

Different Degrees of Darkness.

A poor old gentleman went into the Vernon Gallery during the tremendous fog last week. He came out, however, directly afterwards, declaring, "It was very strange, but he could see a great deal clearer in the fog." We can imagine it would be all the difference between Simple Fog and Compound Fog. We expect, some very black morning, to hear of the Vernon Gallery being completely stript, by two or three clever fellows having taken advantage of the fog to run off with all the pictures. The Trustees of the National Gallery will then have a light suddenly breaking in upon them, and will be able to see the darkness of their ways. We should not at all wonder that they will then, when there is nothing more to see, order half a pound of candles. Up to that period, of course, "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*"

A SUMMONS FOR TIME.

It was proposed to introduce hour-glasses into the House of Commons. "Well!" said Sibthorp, "they might be useful in *settling the minutes.*"

RINGING THE CHANGES.

Though Science has discovered how to stop a railway engine at full speed, a steam engine in full work, and a windmill in full play, ingenuity is baffled in every effort to find a method of bringing suddenly to a stand-still the tongue of a Member of Parliament. The only effectual break we know of is a regular break-down, which occurs now and then, to the relief of the exhausted House; but it is utterly in vain to resort to the whistle, the cough, or other ordinary symptoms of distress, to prevent a Parliamentary tongue from running on, apparently for ever, towards what seems to be a constantly receding terminus. It has been beautifully said by our old friend Young, that man has given a tongue to time, to note its loss; but when Nature gave a tongue each to Borthwick, Chisholm Anstey, and a few others, a great deal more was done towards showing the loss of time than the labours of five hundred watch and clock-makers. We beg leave very respectfully to recommend the experiment of putting one clapper against another, by silencing a too garrulous Member with the ringing of a ponderous bell, which would be much better than sitting wringing one's hands in despair when an interminable talker is on his legs, and there are no obnoxious means of getting rid of him.

We are happy to be able to recommend our plan on the score of economy; for, since the bells have been taken out of the hands of the general postmen, there must be a large balance of bells standing to the public credit in the Treasury, so that no item for bells to silence one's talkative M.P.'s would have to figure in the Estimates. If there is a difficulty about getting a judicious bell-ringer, we ourselves should have no objection to lend a hand for the public good, and to silence even the great Parliamentary Peel himself with a triple Bob-major of our own, if we found him falling into tediousness and prolixity.

THE ENGLISH LABOURER'S BURDEN;

Or, THE IRISH OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

[See *Sinbad the Sailor.*

THE SMITHFIELD ARCADIA.

Who would have believed that Smithfield Cattle Market, at which the public has been holding its nose, holding its breath, and, in fact, holding everything but its tongue—which has been for the last three years clamouring for the abatement of the nuisance—who would believe that Smithfield Market is, after all, a sort of Civic Arcadia, into which the old Cockneys turn the young Cockneys, for the benefit of its bucolic air, and its general salubrity?

A sort of prose Eclogue has just been delivered in praise of Smithfield by Messrs. Dixon and Godson, the former of whom has been in the habit of turning out a tribe of Dixonettes, or little Dixons, to the number of thirteen or fourteen—he don't exactly know which—into the area of the Market, to snuff the breeze so balmy with the *bouquet* of bullocks, to inhale the oxy oxygen, and sometimes, perchance, to take the air rather too literally, by being tossed unexpectedly into it. There is no accounting for tastes, and it is evident that Dixon and Godson prefer their atmosphere, as some people like their game, namely, as "high" as possible. We congratulate the fourteen young Dixons on the strength of their stomachs; for it would be very awkward if their squeamishness should revolt against the malaria into which their father is so fond of thrusting them. The little Dixons are evidently so thoroughly seasoned in disagreeable smells, that the more a place happens to be in bad odour with all the rest of the community, the more anxious would the Dixon family be to show their love for the locality.

We have heard of certain districts being distinguished as the Garden of England; and Smithfield Market may, perhaps, be termed the Nosegay of London, into which some thirteen or fourteen Dixons are continually poking their noses under the paternal auspices, while Mr. Godson looks upon the Market as a healthy, though not a fashionable promenade. We do not yet anticipate for Smithfield a participation in the popularity of the Parks, though Mr. Godson evidently thinks that the compound essence of all sorts of animal exhalations thrown off from the beasts, alive and dead, must form an exquisite scent, which it is mere affectation to stop one's nose at; and that the gore-gorged gutters of Smithfield ought to be the resort of those who at present give the preference to the Parks at the West End, and the Gardens at Kensington.

Mr. Dixon is convinced that the stenches of Smithfield are favourable to the Dixonian constitution, and he accordingly saturates his children in the nauseous steam, exposes them to the exhalations, and gives them the vapours as frequently as possible. There is no accounting for taste. Some people luxuriate in snails, some eat one kind of rubbish and others another; but all other vagaries of the appetite are thrown into the shade by the extraordinary *goût* of the Dixon family for the fetid effluvia "given off" by Smithfield and its bestial occupants.

If Smithfield is really an Arcadia, let Godson and Dixon repair thither like shepherd swains, with their respective pipes, and let them put our observations into their pipes, if they like, and smoke them at leisure.

SOMETHING BINDING ON THE NOBILITY.

None but Lords are allowed to receive the Order of the Garter. We do not envy them, for the Garter is generally considered a fitting ornament for calves.

A RETIRING YOUNG MAN.

The following advertisement, quite a little *bijou* in its brilliant way, is taken word for word from the *North British Advertiser*:—

Wanted, a place of solitary retirement, by a Person 30 years of age, who wishes to exclude himself from all society and live as a Hermit, for any period not exceeding seven years, on suitable terms.

Poor Hermit! What can have driven thee from the world? Is it loss in railway shares, or disappointed love? Is it a diminished appetite, or a lean and hungry purse, that makes thee shun the tables of the rich, and the many dainties of this feasting world? Is it a confirmed hatred of bill-discounters, or an antipathy to all male dancers, or the fear of the cholera, or the dread of a tall mother-in-law, that urges thee on to solitude, where nought but thy own solitary shadow can see thee?

If thou art resolved on exclusion, seek an engagement as box-keeper at the Strand Theatre. Beyond an occasional draught, from the doors being opened once a month, thou wilt be as much removed from all contact with the outside world as if thou wert the Beadle of the Exeter 'Change Arcade itself. Only, Hermit, hast thou well pondered o'er thy plan? We are afraid thou must be a terribly vain, conceited, selfish, egotistical fellow; for what man would pant for seven long, uninterrupted years of his own society, unless he were most deeply in love with himself? Relent, or take our word for it, deep as thy love may be, thou wilt be falling out with thyself before the second day's sun has gone to rest.

TAKE BACK YOUR DIRTY MONEY!

AN IRISH MELODY FOR GRATTAN.

Take back your dirty money:
Your millions we 'll restore,
If you 'll be just returning
Above a hundred more,
By absentees expended,
From Erin's isle who roam,
Whose days had soon been ended
If they had stopped at home.

Take back your dirty money,
Your charity to Pat.
Och! but it 's mighty funny
To hear ye talk of that!
Your bounty—Phoo!—we 'll mock it,
Reject it with one hand,
And with the other pocket
The thrifle we demand.

"It 's a Fact."

Jenny Lind is to be married at last—not a mere press marriage—for she has been given away by nearly every editor in the kingdom; but a real marriage, to be celebrated by wedding-cake, favours, and every possible happiness. The name of the future husband is to be a Mr. Harris, so that the long-talked-of myth—the original Mysterious Lady—the female *Frankenstein* that our dearly beloved and much libelled Mrs. Gamp created for her own future torment—will be proved to be no fable, but a real existent beautiful being. Who, in the name of all extravagance, could possibly have guessed that the Swedish Nightingale would eventually turn out to be Mrs. Harris!

A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING. No. 1.

FIRST GET YOUR SEASONED "SCREW."

A SIMPLE-MINDED IRISH MEMBER.

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL bids fair to furnish us with much amusement. The *naïveté* of the honourable Member for Limerick will soon become a regular and recognised feature in the humours of the House of Commons. In the course of one of the late debates on the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, MR. O'CONNELL anxiously endeavoured to vindicate the fair fame of the Repeal Association, maintaining that its members had never been implicated in the recent rebellion. "In fact," he said, "the Association had acted under the strictest surveillance. There was an excellent government reporter constantly in attendance to record their words, and two constables were always present to watch their actions."

With reporters in attendance to record their words, and constables present to watch their actions, much credit is due to himself and his associates for abstaining from treason! No doubt, as he contends, they are to be trusted accordingly. What confidence would he repose in a gentleman who should seek to prove his honesty by showing that he had not stolen—under the eye of the police?

IRISH USES FOR ENGLISH MONEY.

ARCHBISHOP M'HALE and his suffragan Bishops have addressed a pastoral letter to their flocks, in which, after bitterly complaining of Irish destitution, and utterly ignoring the efforts of English charity to relieve it, they urge those addressed to subscribe, out of their necessity, in order to afford an independence to the Pope. "And afterwards," concludes the document, "we will have your bounty carried to Rome."

Parliament is called upon to vote £50,000 for the relief of Irish famine, and this grant—as Goodness knows it is not the first, so neither will it be the last of a series. We are to give Ireland, who cannot feed herself, but can subsidize the Pope, £50,000, and more.

And afterwards, DR. M'HALE and his coadjutors will have our bounty carried to Rome!

QUESTIONS AT THE EXAMINATION, HILARY TERM, 1849.

WE are glad to find, from our respectable friend the *Legal Observer*, that the questions at the examination of the candidates for admission to the roll of attorneys—a roll, by the way, which cannot give bread to so many—are becoming, every Term, more intricate, and consequently more trying to the talents of the applicants. For the assistance of those students who may not have been so felicitous as some of their fellows in solving the problems proposed to them, we give the annexed clinching replies to a few of the interrogatories offered to those young ideas who have been eager to shoot, or "fire away," as we once heard it graphically described by a learned individual now on the bench—then on the back row of the Bail Court—in their arduous profession.

Common and Statute Law, and Practice of the Courts.

1. In case of any injury to a person, from which death ensues, is there any mode by which compensation can be sought, and by what means, and by whom, and against whom must it be?

Ans. The Law is always liberal in offering compensation; but if the injured party is dead, the Law is a dead letter. He may, however, take his chance of a bill of revivor, if he has left anything to pay the bill; but, the debt of Nature having been once paid, it is not likely that Nature will refund, or allow the injured party to appear by civil or any other process.

2. Is there any and what property that cannot be taken in execution?

Ans. Heat, which is one of the properties of molten lead, cannot be taken in execution; but, *semble* that the property of ice may be taken in execution, for you may catch cold at any time.

Equity and Practice of the Courts.

3. What is the effect upon the remedies of creditors of a decree in a creditor's suit?

Ans. The more decrees there are, the more remote will be the remedies. Every fresh decree diminishes the fund available for paying the creditors, and delays the time for the receipt of their money.

4. What is an equitable conveyance?

Ans. A cab whose driver only asks for the proper fare.

Miscellaneous.

5. What is a beneficial occupation?

Ans. Selling roasted chestnuts in the streets is a beneficial occupation; but a tradesman calling on MR. DUNUP for his "little account" cannot be said to be beneficially occupied.

A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING. No. 2.

ABOUT FOUR MILES "DOWN THE ROAD" GET PROPERLY SPLASHED AT A PUBLIC HOUSE.

A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING. No. 3.

And return home smoking a Cheroot, to the admiration of the Populace.

PUNCH'S PROCLAMATION.

Board of Green Baize.

Whereas certain evil-minded persons are from time to time and at all times forwarding to our Office certain small parcels, packed in lead, of jokes on the subject of California, and whereas the words *infra dig.* appear to constitute the imaginary point of these witticisms: Now whereas the amount of wit in these words being very small, to wit, nothing, we hereby give notice, that any one hereafter endeavouring to obtain a joke on false pretences out of these said, and too often said words, *infra dig.*, will be deemed to have been guilty of misprision of punning within the meaning of the Act, and without any meaning whatever.

This is to give notice, that any person prosecuting to conviction any individual uttering this base and counterfeit joke, will receive out of the first importation of Gold from California, three *milles* and one quarter of the precious metals, which being twopence dearer at Hamburgh than it is in London, will entitle him to an exchange of the same in bills on the Banks of San Francisco.

And whereas certain insane individuals write incoherently about the return of divers MSS. forwarded to the *Punch* Office: This is to give notice, that all these writings or writs are returnable on the morrow of the thirty-first of February, and on no other day whatever.

By the Court.
(Bride Court, Fleet Street.)

COUNTER-IRRITATION.

It is most annoying to see the House of Commons being counted out so very early in the Session. It can be done with no other object than proving to the nation that it is an institution perfectly *accountable*.

DISINTERESTED PATRONAGE.

THE QUEEN *v.* KENDALL AND OTHERS.

(*To Mr. Punch.*)

"Dear Mr. P.,

"I address you, Sir, as a gent remarkable for impartiality. I should decidedly say that you are a man of the people; at the same time, I have observed that you are ever ready to give all due credit to the nobs, when they deserve it.

"Allow me, *Mr. P.*, to call your attention to a circumstance which tells highly in favour of that superior class of individuals, as showing the —I may say—particularly disinterested manner in which they dispose of patronage. Patronage, Sir, is reckoned as part of the fat of the land; but to those who possess it, it is, in point of fact, the very poorest possible lean and no gravy.

"No doubt you have noticed the case of the Queen *v.* Kendall and others, lately decided in the Court of Queen's Bench. Messrs. Kendall and Co. were indicted for the alleged sale of a cadetship, and found guilty. The parties, some five in number, included a Mrs. Binckes, to whom was paid the "stumpy" for procuring the commission, the figure amounting to £1000. Mrs. B. obtained the cadetship by applying to Lady Ripon, who begged it of my Lord Do., her noble hub. So you see, Sir, it cost the gent who purchased it—a Mr. Moore—£1000; it cost Mrs. B. nothing but a 'Thank your Ladyship;' and what Lord and Lady R. generously gave away, the said Mrs. B. put in her pocket, namely, £1000.

"Thus, Sir, all this highly valuable patronage is dispensed by the noble proprietors free gratis for nothing; although a designing party, by abusing her influence with them, contrives to make £1000 by it. The distinguished patrons must have known the worth of the article, and therefore, to part with it as they did, was very handsome of them.

"Lady R. too, I should also say, is entitled to praise for keeping up a connexion with a friend in distress; for Mrs. B. was described as a lady in diffs.; and, according to some of the witnesses, had not paid her milk-score. I must say that this conduct of my Lady's is very much the reverse of what is commonly attributed to the heartless Aristocracy.

"Nevertheless, Sir, I beg to be allowed to suggest one little hint. It appears that the cadetship was procured by a Mr. Moore speaking to a Mr. Lavers, who spoke to a Mrs. Linley, who spoke to Mrs. Binckes, who spoke to Lady R., who, lastly, spoke to Lord Ripon. Now, really, I think that when nobs have patronage (value £1000) at their disposal, they might as well inquire for some deserving object to bestow it upon, instead of conferring it on a perfect stranger, at the request of a third person, whose motive in asking for it is merely mercenary. Of course, Mrs. B. had a deserved interest with Lady R., though 'tis a pity the nature of it did not transpire; and I rather think you will agree with Sergeant Wilkins in the observation, that 'it was much to be regretted that her Ladyship was not able to attend this trial, as no doubt she would have been able to explain this transaction in a manner which could not be expected from Lord Ripon, who knew little or nothing about it.' But shouldn't you or I, *Mr. P.*, know what we were about, if we were giving away a situation worth £1000?

"Sir, to you, with respectful compliments,

"A. Bagman."

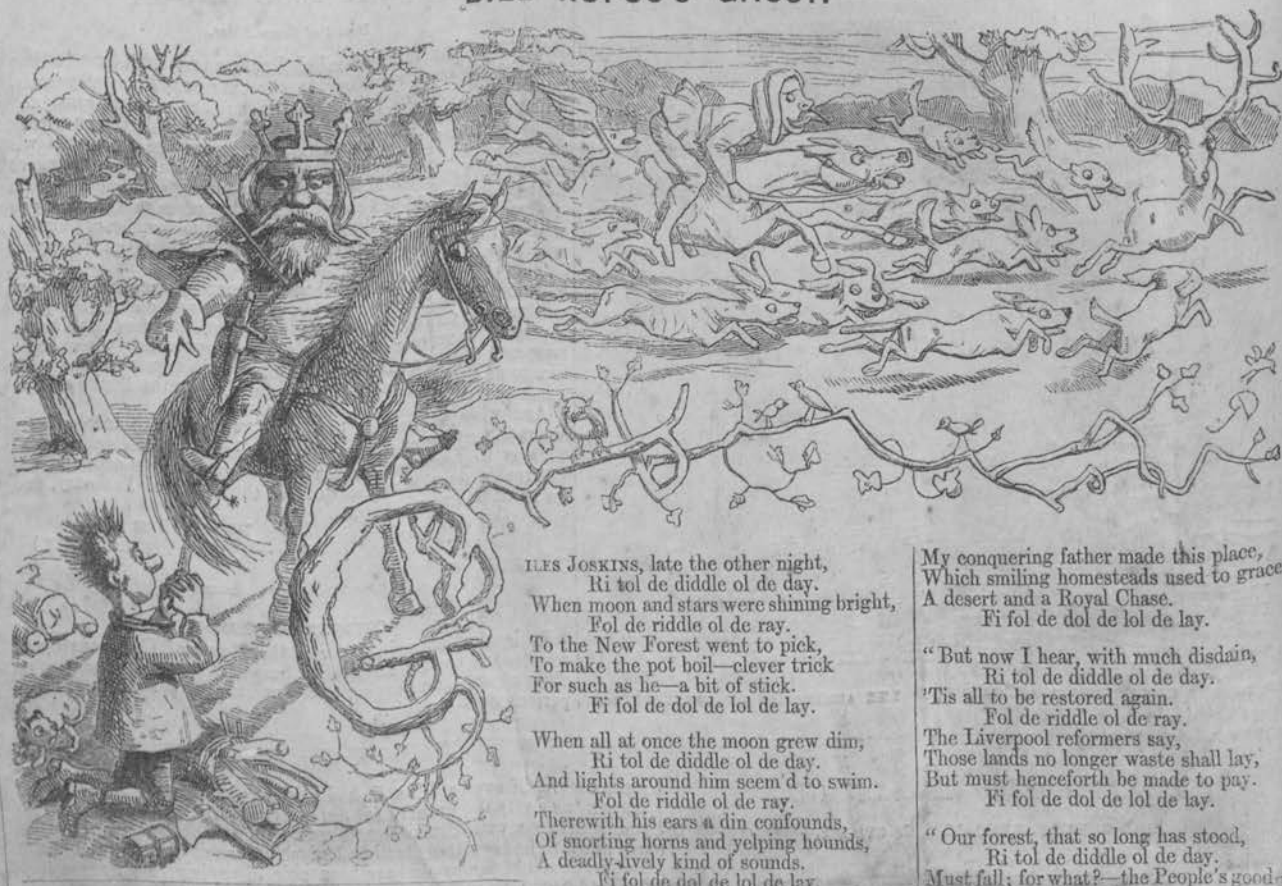
BUGEAUD'S COMMENTARIES "DE BELLO GALLICO."

Bugeaud has been addressing a long tirade of Commentaries to his Army, in which war is denounced with the most hearty violence. It is strange that military gentlemen are the only ones who abuse their own calling. The Barrister can praise his profession; the Doctor has a great deal to say for his; and even the Lawyer has something to advance in favour of the profession he follows; but Generals generally grow eloquent in denouncing that from which they draw their daily bread. There must be, therefore, something exceedingly horrible in a pursuit, when the very persons who adopt it as a livelihood cannot help crying out against it! We have seldom met with an officer who was fond of his profession; and yet, much as it is abhorred, how few have the courage to leave it! Can it possibly be the red coat and epaulettes that make them cling to it? Dress your officers like policemen—give your soldiers the present elegant costume of butchers, and the Army would soon be at a discount.

It is finery that makes half your soldiers—and stupidity the other half. The latter will always exist as long as there is pipeclay; but the Army could easily be stript of the former. In the meantime, as a small step towards removing the temptation for young fools to enlist, to be living targets for bullets, we recommend that cheap copies be printed of those passages of Marshal Bugeaud's speeches, in which he depicts the horrors of military and civil war. Englishmen do not know so much of the latter accomplishment, but the former they are perfectly well acquainted with, and to their cost, as is proved every year by the Army Estimates.

Speculating for a Rise.—Louis-Napoleon has been visiting the Bourse; but there was nothing done in French Consols.

BILL RUFUS'S GHOST.



ILES JOSKINS, late the other night,
Ri tol de diddle ol de day.
When moon and stars were shining bright,
Fol de riddle ol de ray.
To the New Forest went to pick,
To make the pot boil—clever trick
For such as he—a bit of stick.
Fi fol de dol de lol de lay.

When all at once the moon grew dim,
Ri tol de diddle ol de day.
And lights around him seem'd to swim.
Fol de riddle ol de ray.
Therewith his ears a din confounds,
Of snorting horns and yelping hounds,
A deadly-lively kind of sounds.
Fi fol de dol de lol de lay.

Thinks GILES, "This here appals me quite;
Ri tol de diddle ol de day.
What hunt is this as rides by night?"
Fol de riddle ol de ray.
Then, tall as any finger-post,
A red-haired Form his sight engross'd,
And it cried, "I be BILL RUFUS's ghost.
Fi fol de dol de lol de lay.

"In this here forest I was shot,
Ri tol de diddle ol de day.
And ever since I haunts the spot;
Fol de riddle ol de ray.
My conquering father made this place,
Which smiling homesteads used to grace,
A desert and a Royal Chase.
Fi fol de dol de lol de lay.

"But now I hear, with much disdain,
Ri tol de diddle ol de day.
'Tis all to be restored again.
Fol de riddle ol de ray.
The Liverpool reformers say,
Those lands no longer waste shall lay,
But must henceforth be made to pay.
Fi fol de dol de lol de lay.

"Our forest, that so long has stood,
Ri tol de diddle ol de day.
Must fall; for what?—the People's good—
Fol de riddle ol de ray.
Why, when I fill'd the English throne,
The People was a power unknown—
To what a pitch the knaves have grown!
Fi fol de dol de lol de lay.

"But soft! I scent the morning air,
Ri tol de diddle ol de day.
So hence, 'tis time I should repair.
Fol de riddle ol de ray."
He vanish'd like the lightning's gleam,
And home went JOSKINS, pale as cream,
For what he had heard was no mere dream.
Fi fol de dol de lol de lay.

ALL'S NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

FROM the frightful state of things occurring at San Francisco, where the people are already beginning to knock each other about without law or order, and might is furiously overcoming right, we should fear there is a great deal more of *bully*-ON than gold just now at California.

ONE WHO CARRIES EVERYTHING BEFORE HIM.

No Member clears everything as he goes on so perfectly as MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR; for if he has but a small notice of motion, he has only to get up, and he clears the House in a minute.

THE FONETIC SOLUTION FOR HARD NAMES.

WE have received a long protest against the new method of spelling as recently introduced by the *Fonetic Nuz*, which a good-natured friend of ours has rather ill-naturedly called the *Fanatic Nuz*. This protest is signed by several names, long established in the annals of English mispronunciation, and they contend that if they have letters written to them according to the Phonetic, or Fanatic, principle of writing, the postmen will continually be committing all sorts of ridiculous mistakes, and that notes and valuable remittances, intended for them, will constantly be delivered to persons who have not even the smallest nominal title to them.

There is a great deal of probable truth in this complaint; and we can feel acutely for the long-established proprietors of these aristocratic names, if they are suddenly cut down from five or six syllables to only one or two, and are thus put (literally speaking) upon half pay. It is pitiful to consider how much they would lose in the eyes and ears of distinction! How small and starved the following names will look when they are reduced to the smallest possible number of syllables!—

Can you imagine the noble CHOLMONDELEY sinking into *Chumla?* Why, he would not know himself in that guise. A scion of that unpronounceable house would refuse a cheque, if made payable to *Chumla*.

Again, how would any one who had been christened MARJORIBANKS be able to recognise himself in the diminutive *Marghanx?* The great ST. JOHN, also, would run away with fright from *Cingin*, WEMYSS would abjure *Wims*, and PEPYS have a horror of *Pips*, and the same fate would attend hundreds of individuals, and a few towns also, who will madly persist in pronouncing their names the very reverse of what they are spelt. So far, we embrace the principles of Foneticism, and would be as great a Fanatic as the clever disciple who distinguished himself lately by spelling an umbrella "*A Numbrellr.*"

We advise the gentlemen whose complaints we have given a public voice to, to reform their names themselves, and to pronounce them in a manner more *consonant* with their real spelling; and by this remedy they will escape being put into the Procrustean bed of MR. PITMAN'S alphabet, and coming out considerably less in print than they ever did before. VOLTAIRE said of the English, "They save two hours a day by contracting all their words." The *Fonetic Nuz* was not then in existence. If we saved two hours in the days of VOLTAIRE, we must save six hours at least, now that we have our improved plan of spelling as originally invented by WINIFRED JENKINS, and carried to its greatest height by JEAMES, with the able assistance of YELLOWPLUSH and PITMAN.

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MISS BENIMBLE'S TEA-AND-TOAST.

MISS B. DISCUSSES, AT LENGTH, THE SCOTCH MARRIAGE BILL. GRETNA-GREEN A "GLORIOUS INSTITUTION."

PARLIAMENT,* *Mr. Punch*, like money, is a necessary evil; there can be no doubt of that. Still, when Parliament sets about taking all the romance and loveliness out of daily life—why, Sir, I am one who think that Parliament itself ought to be repealed. And in this case especial. I allude, *Mr. Punch*, to LORD CAMPBELL'S Scotch Marriage Bill, which, seeing as it meddles with the sweetest emotions of the human heart, is taking a shameful freedom with the liberty of the subject. Let LORD CAMPBELL have his way, and there 'll be no more Gretna Green marriages. The Blacksmith may blow his fire out, as far as chains of Hymen go, and give himself up to the iron-work of common life. Never making another wedding-ring, he may throw himself entirely upon horse-shoes. This is shocking; and if Scotland knows its own rights, there isn't a man, woman, and child as won't rise against the Bill before it comes to a head, and festers into a Law.

Moreover, *Mr. Punch*, LORD CAMPBELL'S Bill is only another of the wicked, aggravating bits of selfishness of men in common, to say nothing of Lords Spiritual and Temperate. LORD CAMPBELL, being married himself, snaps his fingers at the Blacksmith. What does he care for the rising generation? Being a lawyer, what does he know of the inside core of the human heart? But the Scotch Marriage Bill is what *I* call a blow at high life; and there isn't a young lady of seventeen—not a gentleman of small means and lovely moustachios, as ought not to feel the Bill an attack upon their mutual interests. Let Lord CAMPBELL make marriage uneasy—let him inclose Gretna Green as if it was no other than a vulgar common to harbour so many geese upon—let him wipe out Scotland as, what MR. LOVELACE calls, a harbour of refuge for fly-away doves,—and there must be an end of the Union. Speaking as a woman who 's read the annals of her country, and therefore knows the hysterical points of such weddings, I say that Gretna Green is the brightest jewel, the richest emerald in the whole Scotch crown. Take away Gretna Green, and you take away half that crown's value—without the Blacksmith, it 's a crown not worth two-and-sixpence.

Mr. Punch, I live too near the QUEEN'S Palace not to have an instructive respect for those noble institutions of this county, May Fair and Belgravia. Therefore, don't suppose I 'm going to be a bit audacious to the superior classes. Nevertheless, Truth, which at the same time directs my pen and lives in my inkstand—ink being the well of our times for Truth to live in—Truth, *Mr. Punch*, makes me declare my belief that Gretna Green is a boon and a blessing to many sweet young helpless creatures that, without the benevolence of the Blacksmith, would run the risk of being married in state—a Bishop, for what anybody can tell, binding the bargain. Yes, *Mr. Punch*, bargain is the word. For don't we know that many a dear young thing—as beautiful as anything painted by RAFFLES hundreds a years since, in the National One Shilling Gallery—many a lovely little soul, made up of roses and lilies, with a look of violets and a smile of coral, would have been sold—sold is the word, *Mr. Punch*—sold into the bonds of matrimony, as much a matter of bargain as any negro virgin from the Banks of Guinea? Many a dear young thing chained up to somebody old enough to be her grandfather—only that there was Gretna Green holding out its arms as a refuge, and the Blacksmith, with a smile upon his face, ready at a minute's notice to circumnavigate a bishop!

The more I consider this Abolition of the Blacksmith Bill, the more I 'm sure it 's the wicked work of a set of match-making mothers and dowagers, who—altogether above the pomps and vanities of Gretna themselves—have made a cat's-paw of the innocent LORD JOHN CAMPBELL—plain JOHN, as there 's no denying he is—that they may, in any case as may come up, make the best lawful penn'orth, at the church altar, of some quiet, good little soul, who 'd feel so happy with love and a cottage, when they will make her have a coronet with paralysis, or, at best, with the worst form of winter cough, in a guitar.

It isn't for me, *Mr. Punch*, to name names; but I put it to your memory, and to the amiable and feeling hearts of your readers, to count off upon their fingers the good, nice, dear little souls, who 've run away at a minute's notice, with a little bundle in their hands (just a night-cap and a hair-brush), and gone and got married to somebody who was only a gentleman, refusing to take a Russian Prince or a German Count, with sixty years on his back—and I don't know how many arms cut into quarters on his carriage panelling—flying in their parents' faces, and caring nothing even for the disappointment and "sincere regret" of the *Morning Post*. Why, Sir, I look upon the Gretna Green Blacksmith as the *Last Appeal*—(and I only wish MR. FRANK STONE would paint him as such—for why shouldn't we have two *Last Appeals*, the first being so melting?)—the Last Appeal of desperate love. And more than that; the Safety Valve (if I may be allowed the boldness of the term) of the peace of families!

I believe, *Mr. Punch*, the only use of our Colonies is to provide proper places for the poor and helpless members of the Aristocracy. Indeed, it 's my belief, that a good many islands only rose up in the sea as little snug spots for Lords and Honourables, and so forth, to set down upon. If red hips and haws were made for the birds—why, in the like way, islands were specially provided for the planting there of sprigs of nobility. When Ceylon was made—there can be no doubt of it—it was created only with a view to LORD TORRINGTON. Well, *Mr. Punch*, in like manner Gretna Green was made for younger brothers, and for handsome virtuous young gentlemen without fortune. Abolish Gretna Green,—and is there to be no indemnity? No Sinking Fund—or something of that sort—to give pensions to young bachelors whose vested interests in the Blacksmith are shamefully threatened by LORD CAMPBELL? Are beautiful young heiresses to be made matches impossible? Henceforth, is no high family to be thrown into despair, because my LADY SOPHONISBA—defying her parents, has refused an old Count of the Empire—and run off with nothing better than a perfect gentleman? Is there to be no romance in life? Will an Ensign—withering the mother Marchioness into dust and ashes—ever again elope with a nobleman's daughter? Now, what will be the consequence? Abolish Gretna Green, and you 'll send lovers to France; repeal the Blacksmith, and you throw all the secret wedding-ring trade into the hands of the foreigner.

I was very glad to find that the EARL OF ABERDEEN, like a true Scotchman, stood up for Gretna Green. Things had gone on very well with Gretna Green—Gretna Green had done very well for some of our great-grandmothers—and why shouldn't it be continued through all generations? Why put down, what I will take the liberty of calling the Harmonious Blacksmith?

In course, LORD BROUGHAM was for the Bill. And why? Because, he said, in the present state of things there were thousands of folks in Scotland who didn't know whether they were married or not. Well, and what of that? Doesn't it afford a great subject of hope? When in doubt, play your honours! But this was the most cowardly thing of all. LORD BROUGHAM spoke up for the Bill, because he said almost as good as this—that any designing woman in Scotland might, if she liked, so to speak, whip a man off his feet, and marry him whether he would or not. A wicked, designing woman, had only to make a man's whisky toddy a little strong—only to inveigle him to say—"This woman 's my wife," and matrimony, as sudden as any other shocking accident, fell upon him.

Well, *Mr. Punch*, allowing this to be so, what of it? Are the lords of the creation to enjoy—in the matter of love—what I will be bold to call, a monopoly of deceit? Suppose that a thousand men have been married against their will, in Scotland, since the Union—(and I only wish LORD ABERDEEN would move for a return of 'em)—what 's a thousand victims on our side, against the falsehood and the wickedness at large of the stronger creature? Why, it 's hardly a set-off at all; and any man (who *is* a man) ought to be ashamed to speak of it. Why, it 's a beautiful thing to know that in Scotland—if nowhere else—a man with all his eyes about him is, when we like, a very little more than one of ourselves anywhere else—I mean a defenceless and unprotected creature.

I thought, *Mr. Punch*, to ask your opinion upon the Jew Bill, but am pressed for time. However, it is a sweet thing to know that MR. PLUMPTRE and COLONEL SIBTHORP, at BELLAMY'S—over a ham-sandwich—have agreed to quit Parliament directly the Jews enter it. And who 'd ever have thought of Jews going to Court? and yet last week there was SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE at St. James's, where HER MAJESTY held her first Levy of the season.

I was delighted to see that the Dutch dwarf, ADMIRAL VON TRUMP, has followed *Hamlet* very close at Court. This was to be expected as the nat'ral course of things.

By the way, *Mr. Punch*, I see by the Haymarket play-bill, brought me by LOVELACE, that "*Othello* is to be revived on Monday!" Revived! Well, after that, the manager must go down all playhouse history as the Genuine Black Reviver.

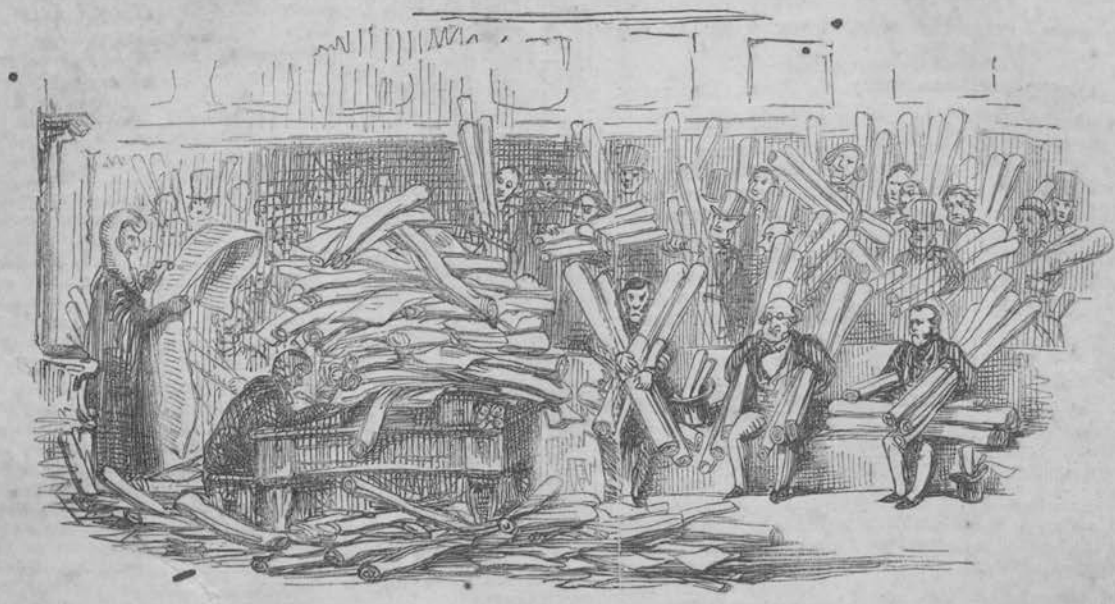
M. B.

* MISS BENIMELE may observe that her orthography has been tampered with. Wills', however, *Mr. Punch*, ventures to reform MISS B.'s spelling, he would not lay an irreverent pen upon her phraseology.

"Honours don't Count."

WE can hardly understand the great favour there is presumed to be shown in presenting a man with the "Garter." When can a person do with *one* garter? Man, like a music-stool, does not stand upon *one* leg. We have always cherished the belief that garters, like pedestrians in a foot-race, never run less than two together. We are inclined to believe that the honour must have been originally intended for the exclusive benefit of persons with wooden legs, and who, consequently, would only require one garter.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN 1859. A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.



THE new Members for Crewe, Hayward's Heath, Wolverton, and Normanton were brought in in the van, handcuffed as usual, and took their seats and the oaths. We understand they had made a very determined resistance, and that it had been necessary to call out the military to force them to the hustings.

MR. BROTHERTON wished to ask the Honourable Secretary for the Domestic Arrangements, when the sleeping berths in the Committee-rooms for the day-gangs were to be altered? At present it was utterly impossible for honourable Members on permanent Committee duty to get a wink of sleep while the night Committees were at work.

MR. HUME had to complain of the insecurity of the lobby leading to the Committee-rooms. Several Members had nearly succeeded in escaping through one of the third-floor windows during the late extraordinary pressure of work.

The Under Secretary for the Hard Labour Department promised that the defect should be remedied, but observed, that it was no wonder honourable Members should risk their lives, after a week's twelve hours per diem on Committees, coming on the back of the night-work for the other twelve.

SIR R. INGLIS was brought up to the bar in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, charged with having been found sleeping in his seat. The honourable Member, who looked very thin and pale, and exhibited great recklessness, declared they might do what they liked with him, but sleep he must, there or elsewhere. He had been on the permanent fatigue duty lists for a month, and it was killing him. The Speaker had cut off his omnibus airing that morning, and that had made him desperate. He threw himself on the House, but didn't much care what became of him. The honourable Member was sentenced to an additional week of Committee on Irish Affairs.

It being four o'clock the Sergeant-at-Arms announced that honourable Members' wives, &c., were at the door, with the dinners of honourable Members. On this the usual rush took place, and it was in vain that the Speaker attempted to restore order for several minutes. The House then proceeded to business, the talking-watch going into Committee on the Gold Standard Abolition Bill, while the dinner-watch proceeded to discuss their meal in the allotted ten minutes.

COLONEL SIBTHORP had to complain of a gross breach of privilege. The hotel-keeper, who supplied his dinners, had sent him tripe three times running. He begged his complaint might be referred to the Dinner Committee.

SIR ROBERT PEEL had to complain of honourable Members speaking with their mouths full, and not getting over their dinners within the legal period. When the present arrangement was introduced, by which so much time was saved to the country, it was the understanding of his honourable friend, SIR JOHN BRIGHT, and himself, as the introducers of the measure, that the dinners brought to the House by the wives of honourable Members should be strictly and literally *cold* dinners, so that honourable Members might keep their breath, not to cool their pottage, but for their duties to their constituents. (*A laugh*). But he regretted to see one honourable Member at that moment with a hot pie. ("*Name, name.*") There was no use in the honourable Member's trying to conceal the article with his napkin. (*Loud cries of "Name, name."*) He regretted to be obliged to name his friend, the Member for Crewe. (*Groans*).

The honourable Member rose with some warmth, but SIR R. PEEL continued—

Why, the pie was smoking under the very nose of the House, at that moment. He begged to move that the pie be impounded, and the wife of the honourable Member be placed at the bar, as guilty of a gross breach of the dinner declaration.

The honourable Member for Crewe wished to explain ("*No! No!*") At all events, he trusted he should be allowed an extra five minutes. It was worse than dining at the Wolverton station. (*A laugh*). He had only eaten half his regular time when so audaciously assailed by the honourable Baronet. ("*Order, Order.*")

A motion was then put and seconded, that the honourable Member for Crewe be reprimanded and put on the House diet, of bread and water, for a week, and the pie impounded.

The debate on the Gold Standard Abolition was then resumed.

* * * * * * * *

Postscript.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was left speaking when the last electric telegraph reached our Office, at 6. 20 A.M. The day turn had just gone on duty.

TRULY MONSTER PROTECTIONIST MEETING AT READING.

THE *Reading Mercury* informs us that a most important Agricultural Meeting took place the other Saturday in the town of Reading. Handbills had been circulated in the market in the course of the morning, convening an assembly at the Upper Ship Hotel at twelve o'clock, for the purpose of considering the present distressed state of Agriculture, and petitioning for the revival of Protection. From twelve till a quarter to one the room was absolutely filled by the projector of the meeting, "alone—in his glory." The nature of the proceedings which took place during that time has not transpired; but they are believed to have consisted in the gentleman's looking occasionally at his watch, and alternately cooling his heels in expectation, and warming them at the fire. After the lapse of three quarters of an hour, two farmers were with difficulty squeezed into the room, and in another hour five more; so that by dint of great compression it was ultimately made to accommodate altogether eight persons. A conversation occurred on the subject of Protection; but it took no definite shape; and although resolutions had been prepared, and a memorial drawn up, it was judged inexpedient to submit them to so crowded an assembly; and accordingly this vast concourse, exceeding in number even the celebrated triad of Tooley Street, quietly separated, without coming to any other conclusion.

THE FALL OF MOOLTAN.

LET the dismal knell be rung, and the *Miserere* sung,
And the fast kept dolefully;
For in India, far away, we have fought a bloody fray,
Though we 've won the victory.

We have been compell'd to fight—let us hope 'twas for the right.—
Yet at best, a fearful ill,
A necessity most dire, is the work of sword and fire—
To be forced to smite and kill.

Let our gallant troops be praised, so courageously who blazed
On the towers of fall'n Mooltan;
Still, we cannot but lament o'er the mangled, crush'd, and rent—
O'er our slaughter'd fellow-man.

Very valiant blades and bucks are our Bombay "Toughs" and "Ducks:"
Let us grant the lads their due;
Give to GENERAL WHISH renown, and a victor's laurel crown,
And to EDWARDES and CORTLANDT too.

Yield to soldiership its meed; but we would there were no need
To invoke the warrior's aid,
With his rocket, shot, and shell, and such apparatus fell—
All Destruction's stock in trade.

When adown the blazing bomb on the magazine fell, plumb,
And the fort was hurl'd in air,
'Twas a famous sight to see—could but shamed Humanity
Have been dazzled with the glare.

Though a triumph we have gain'd, let us mourn our hands blood-stain'd,
Nor exult o'er Mooltan's fall.
Slaying foes, at any rate, is no better than a great
Execution, after all.

So forbear the drum to thump; blow not up the pompous trump;
Do not give the hautboys breath;
Rather make a show of gloom, as, by stern but needful doom,
When ill men are put to death.

Since the thing was to be done, it is well the field was won:
Gratulation there must cease.
"Give us none of your huzzas," say the champions of the Cause—
Of the sacred Cause of Peace.

"It is very Amusing."

ROTHSCHILD, in *Ruxton's Memoirs*, is reported to have said, "I often give a beggar a sovereign, and can assure you it is very amusing." We can imagine JOHN BULL gives loans to Ireland with no other view. He likes to enjoy the astonishment of the Irishmen, as he drops a small £50,000 into their hands, and laughs at their cutting away, lest he should ask them for it back again. In other words, "it is very amusing." We cannot help thinking, however, that the sport, however amusing, will lose a great deal if repeated too often.

NEW PROVERB.—Promises, like Government ships, were only made to be broken.

TAKE AWAY THE SCREEN.

THERE is in London a handsome Elizabethan building, span-new from the architect's design, which is quite hidden by the National Gallery. It is completely thrown away where it is. This seems, by the bye, to be one of the greatest characteristics of English masonry. The best buildings are invariably put in the most out-of-the-way corners. You cannot admire them without getting a stiff neck, or you run the risk of being run over, or being pinned by a cart-wheel against the wall, if you take up the most favourable position for looking at them. The building we are alluding to is open to all these objections. Opposite to it are the Trafalgar Square Barracks; on one side is the grand cistern, which is supplied by the Artesian well, and which is not a very handsome piece of architecture; and on the other side is a pigmy chapel, such as are frequently met with at the ends of dark courts; whilst the street, in which it is misplaced, is about the width of Hanway Yard. The building, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, is very pretty, and might advantageously change places with the National Gallery, which, at present, only acts as an ugly screen to it, most enviously hiding its beauties from view. As the building, too, happens to be the *Baths and Washhouses*, it might be of great benefit in cleaning the "old Masters," when they become too dirty to be seen in public; and we will be bound they would not suffer so much by the operation as they did two years ago, when they had their delicate skins nearly scrubbed off from the severe towelling they received from the rough hands of the Italian picture-dealers. Pull down the National Gallery; let the *Baths and Washhouses* take its place. At present both buildings are in wrong positions. The one should be hidden and the other seen. Reverse them, and Trafalgar Square is sure to gain by the exchange, whilst there is one great comfort—it cannot possibly lose by it. We English display our architectural enormities as if we were proud of them, and hide our architectural beauties (London knows they are few enough), as if we were ashamed of them. A new system is dreadfully wanted.

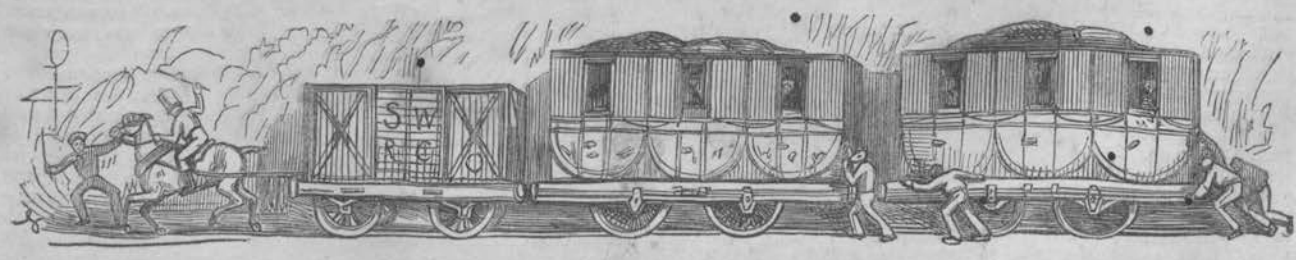
"Off, Off, and Away."

WE have lately missed the boot and shoe regenerator from his station at Charing Cross. We trust that he has not retired disheartened from his new profession, to which the fine weather must have been rather trying; for when people could walk about London without a speck on their boots, it rendered the poor fellow's occupation bootless, and his trade a bad spec indeed. We had hoped he would have contrived to rub on until there was a little legitimate mud to rub off. In this climate no man who depends upon wet weather should despair; for though there may be an interregnum of sunshine, the watery elements are sure to resume their rain. If it be but a short one it is a merry one for the shoe-polisher; and he should recollect that every trade requires time, for none of us can succeed at a sudden splash.

INSOLVENCY THE REPRESENTATIVE OF CAPITAL.

MANY a Member, who has been proved unqualified to take care of his own affairs, is yet perfectly qualified, it seems, to take care of the affairs of the nation. The letters M. P. are, in numerous instances, only letters of mark accorded to certain gentlemen to plunder whom they please without being made accountable for it;—in plain English, it is Piracy according to Act of Parliament.

THE FAST TRAIN TO HAMPTON COURT.



THE noses of the horses have been so long put out of joint by steam, that they have been only too glad to bury in their nose-bags their discomfiture; but the equestrian race may at last boast of a triumph, which they must enjoy, from one of their fraternity having been lately "called in" to expedite the fast train on the Hampton Court Railway. A correspondent of the *Times*, who has lately travelled by express on this diminutive line, complains of having been dragged, for about three miles of the journey, by a quadruped, who, with all his metal, could scarcely be expected to compete with an iron locomotive. The toughest horse must be feeble in comparison to the slightest tender; and, but for the look of the thing, we should prefer a cab to the idle fiction of getting into a railway carriage on this Hampton Branch, which has lately been added to the junior branches of the railway family.

SONG IN FAVOUR OF SMITHFIELD.

SUNG BY MR. DIXON,

With a Chorus of 13 OR 14 *Children,*

ON THE OCCASION OF A RECENT VISIT TO THAT SALUBRIOUS LOCALITY.

AIR—"*The Sea! The Sea!*"

THE Field! the Field! the old Smithfield!
To none in scent 'twill ever yield;
Without a mark, without a bound,
A grateful odour runneth round;
It gets in the nose, it tickles the eyes,
Or underneath the mouth it lies.

I'm in Smithfield! I'm in Smithfield!
I am where each disease is heal'd,
With the smells above, and the dirt below,
And animals wheresoe'er you go.
If an ox should send one an awkward leap,
What matter! I fall among the sheep!

I love, oh, how I love to inhale
The odours wafted on every gale,
When some mad bullock towards the moon
Is tossing aloft some hapless loon;
Who, after quitting the world below,
Comes back again with an awful blow.

I ne'er was on Margate's dull sea-shore,
But I loved old Smithfield more and more,
And backwards flew to her dirty pens,
As chickens seek their parent hens;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born in Bartlemee.

The oxen were active with hoof and horn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the drovers whistled, the butchers swore,
As the dogs kept barking more and more;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Smithfield child.

I've lived since then in London town,
Till my hair has turned to grey from brown,
With power the rural fields to range;
But I never Smithfield wish to change;
And Death, when it summons me to sleep,
Shall find me 'midst oxen pigs, and sheep.

THE DUE OF THE DISBANDED.

"DEAR MR. P.,

"I see, Sir, that the Establishment conducted by WELLINGTON AND CO. are discharging their supernumerary hands, per Government order. I wish to know, Sir, what these unfortunate parties are to do. Are they to take to the stone-breaking business? or should you say they had better go into the Lucifer-match line? Really, *Mr. Punch*, I don't think it quite the thing to throw these military individuals out of employ without any compensation. It is not the Stilton. An ex-Chancellor does not altogether get the sack when he is dismissed from the woolsack. He has his snug allowance of a trifling £5000 a year. Do you not coincide in opinion with the gent who now addresses you, that some little consideration is also due to the ex-private?

"I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

"A BAGMAN."

TERRIBLE DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

"LAWK, JOHN! IF YOU HAVEN'T BIN AND LET MASTER'S LIBERY FIRE OUT AGAIN!!"

POSTAGE STAMPS & SWEETMEATS.

AMONG the things which they "manage better in France," are postage stamps. The *Boulogne Gazette* calls attention to the superiority, both in colour and cleanliness, of the French stamp over the English. How ugly and nasty the latter is, everybody knows. The former, says our contemporary, "is traced in pure black and white, agreeing admirably with the instrument to which it is intended to be applied, and has on its back an invisible coating, showing the snow-white ground beneath, looking as pure and clean and wholesome as barley-sugar." But one thing is wanting to render such a stamp perfection; and improving, according to national custom, on French ideas, we beg to suggest the desideratum. Let the adhesive coating not only look, but also taste like barley-sugar. Is there no clever confectioner who can carry out this notion? A little sugar and gum-arabic would do it; and, to render the compound the more palatable, it might be flavoured with otto of roses.

The most intimate friend we have was made very ill, immediately after his marriage, through putting stamps, by the ordinary means, upon the notes which he had to send out to his friends on the occasion. Surely the public taste might be consulted a little more in the manufacture of postage stamps, and especially in making the coating for the under side of them.

A MONSTER CHEESE.

WE know that the Americans have always considered themselves, in vulgar parlance, "the cheese;" but we never were so disposed to allow them the title as we were the other day, when we saw in the window of a cheesemonger at Knightsbridge a cheese of such astounding dimensions that our blood almost curdled to look at it. Some men have greatness thrust upon them; but if ever greatness should be thrust upon us, we hope it will not be in the shape of a monster cheese that it will come down upon us. "It was made," says the proprietor, "from the milk of seven hundred cows;" and, in fact, if we had been told that the materials had been obtained by pipes laid on from the milky way, the announcement—considering that the cheese is an American cheese—would not have astonished us. The cheese is certainly large enough to give bread and cheese for the rest of his life to the owner; or he may derive an annual income out of it as a "property" for Christmas pantomimes.

AS PROUD AS IRELAND.

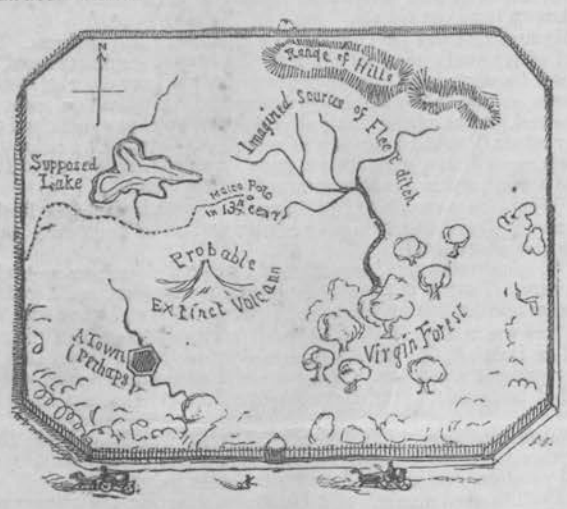
WE find the following definition in SAVILLE: "Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy." One would really imagine this had been written of Ireland.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SEA-SIDE;

Or, SMITHFIELD FOR A CHANGE.

THE TERRA INCOGNITA OF LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

Our enterprising contemporary the *Builder*, who has managed to build up a high reputation on public grounds, has lately advertised the expediency of popularising that hitherto unknown region, the inclosure of Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is certainly the metropolitan Bush, into which no one has ever yet ventured, and differs from Leicester Square in so much as the latter, such as it is, presents a waste visible to the naked eye, while the inclosure of Lincoln's Inn comprehends a tract whose geography is beyond comprehension, and whose actual condition is unknown to the world by which it is surrounded. Tradition speaks of its containing water as well as wood within its umbrageous recesses, but nothing certain is known; and we suspect that the only sure mode of settling the point is to send a regularly qualified surveyor into the district, for the purpose of making a report on the Botany, Zoology, and other natural features of the place, with a map of its surface. Rumour, who, though not exactly a Wyld in its maps, is often wild enough in its imagination, has already drawn a plan, which the annexed engraving would about realise.



An extinct volcano is supposed to be embedded near the centre of the inclosure, and a quarry, supposed once to have supplied the whetstones that gave its name to Whetstone Park, is believed to have existed in the northern quarter of the mysterious region. The only inhabitants are believed to belong to the feline or fee-line race,—a conjecture quite in accordance with the legal air that pervades the neighbourhood.

We strongly recommend the Government to authorise some Parry or Ross to penetrate into these wilds; which, by the way, are approached from the west through Little Wild-street,—a nominal coincidence we throw out for the benefit of the archæologian and the philologist.

NOT AT ALL A BAD WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

Two architects were looking at the new front of Buckingham Palace. The one abused it very strongly, and the other praised it just as warmly. "What can you see in it to admire?" inquired the first. "It is not what I see, but what I do not see," said the second; "it has the beauty of hiding the remainder of the building. I call it a clean front put on to make the best of an indifferent shirt."

THE LUNATIC (ECCLESIASTICAL) COMMISSIONERS.

That Commission upon Commission has been appointed by the present Government, is a general complaint. Nevertheless, *Mr. Punch* must beg the Lord Chancellor to institute one more Commission on another. It is absolutely necessary that a Commission *de lunatico inquirendo* should be forthwith issued, to inquire touching the state of mind of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The necessity of this step will be manifest from the subjoined newspaper paragraph:—

"The Ecclesiastical Commission has authorised the expenditure, on episcopal residences, of the following sums:—Palace at Ripon, £13,689; purchase of land and houses for the Bishop of Gloucester, £11,000; alteration of a house for him, £11,897; purchase of estate and house for the Bishop of Lincoln, £39,406; alteration of a house for him, £13,302; purchase of estate and house for the Bishop of Rochester, £25,557; alteration of residence of the Bishop of Worcester, £7000; alteration of residence of the Bishop of Oxford, £6469."

Punch, although unwilling to prejudge any case whatever, has no hesitation in saying that he believes it will be proved that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners labour under the most extraordinary delusions; in fact, he does not scruple to state, upon his own authority, what some of these hallucinations are. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have been long possessed with the persuasion that every Bishop is the Great Mogul, and cannot possibly be accommodated in any residence inferior to a palace. They are also impressed with the imagination that each prelate is a jewel—perhaps because there was formerly a celebrated one of that name—and consequently ought to be set in a valuable casket. With this chimera is combined another, namely, that the walls of episcopal residences have not only ears, but tongues, and thus are actually capable of talking, and giving spiritual instruction to an amount commensurate with their extent of surface. In short, they are all afflicted with one common mania on the subject of Bishops' Palaces; whence has arisen their insane alacrity to rush into episcopal brick-and-martyrdom.

Now, when it is considered that there are churches to be built, and small livings to be augmented, and that poor incumbents, with their parsonages in ruins, are obliged to repair their dwellings at their own cost, it is evident that nothing but mere midsummer madness can have induced these Commissioners to throw away £128,320 on buildings for Bishops. They have been rearing an Abode of Bliss for Ripon, a Bower of Beauty for Gloucester, a Temple of Fancy for Lincoln, a Shrine of Splendour for Rochester, a Walhalla for Worcester, an Alhambra for Oxford, and, it is to be feared, a Castle of Idolence for some others. In the mean time, the charitable are on the point of advertising for Model Lodging Houses for the Industrious Clergy.

It is apparent that these said Commissioners are, and have been for a long time, of unsound mind, and wholly incapable of managing ecclesiastical affairs.

YOUR SYMPATHY IS REQUESTED

For the numerous Chairmen of the Railway Companies, who, in filling lately their very uneasy positions, have been subjected to all sorts of questions and annoyances from vexatious shareholders, and have had their sweet tempers sorely tried by the repeated interruptions, not to say oppositions, which they have received in the discharge of their arduous duties, from interested parties, who would not be convinced that they were in the wrong, and that the Company to which they had the honour of belonging was in the right.

What the Chairmen must have suffered at the several adjourned meetings, no human pen can imagine, much less describe; and it is therefore earnestly hoped that the British public, which was never known to be backward in the cause of real benevolence, will exercise their warmest sympathies in their behalf, and never cease to pity this poor, persecuted, but enduring and most useful body of men, for the sufferings they have recently endured in the investigation of truth, the painfulness of which can only be repaid with pity. With this humane object, all the Railway Offices will be opened as usual; and the smallest sympathy will be most gratefully received by any of the Chairmen on view.

NB.—No one who is dissatisfied with this year's dividend need apply.

A HEAVY BLOW TO BRIGHTON.

Smithfield is represented to be so very healthy that numerous families, who intended going to the sea-side next summer for change of air, have now resolved upon taking lodgings in the immediate neighbourhood of the Market. The rents in Cow Cross have already risen. Brighton, Ramsgate, Margate, and the usual crowded resorts of Cockneys, expect a very bad season, but live in the hope that a few mad bulls or infuriated oxen will eventually help them over the year.

ON SOME DINNERS AT PARIS.

SOME few words about dinners, my dear friend, I know your benevolent mind will expect. A man who comes to Paris without directing his mind to dinners, is like a fellow who travels to Athens without caring to inspect ruins, or an individual who goes to the Opera, and misses JENNY LIND'S singing. No, I should be ungrateful to that appetite with which Nature has bountifully endowed me—to those recollections which render a consideration of the past so exquisite an enjoyment to me—were I to think of coming to Paris without enjoying a few quiet evenings at the Trois Frères, alone, with a few dishes, a faithful waiter who knows you of old, and my own thoughts; undisturbed by conversation, or having to help the soup, or carve the turkey for the lady of the house; by the exertion of telling jokes for the entertainment of the company; by the *ennui* of a stupid neighbour at your side, to whom you are forced to impart them; by the disgust of hearing an opposition wag talk better than yourself, take the stories with which you have come primed and loaded, out of your very mouth, and fire them off himself, or audaciously bring forward old JOE MILLERS, and get a laugh from all the company, when your own novelties and neatest *impromptus* and *mots* pass round the table utterly disregarded.

"I rejoiced, Sir, in my mind, to think that I should be able to dine alone; without rivals to talk me out, hosts or ladies to coax and wheedle, or neighbours who, before my eyes (as they often have done), will take the best cutlet or favourite snipe out of the dish, as it is handed round, or to whom you have to give all the breast of the pheasant or capon, when you carve it.

"All the way in the railroad, and through the tedious hours of night, I whiled away such time as I did not employ in sleeping, or in thinking about MISS BR—WN, (who felt, I think, by the way, some little pang in parting with me, else why was she so silent all night, and why did she apply her pocket-handkerchief so constantly to her lovely amethyst eyes?)—all the way in the railroad, I say, when not occupied by other thoughts, I amused the tedium of the journey by inventing little bills of fare for one,—solitary Barmecide banquets,—which I enjoyed in spirit, and proposed to discuss bodily on my arrival in the Capital of the Kitchen.

"'Monsieur will dine at the *table d'hôte?*' the *laquais de place* said at the Hotel, whilst I was arranging my elegant toilette before stepping forth to renew an acquaintance with our beloved old city. An expression of scornful incredulity shot across the fine features of the person addressed by the *laquais de place*. My fine fellow, thought I, do you think I am come to Paris in order to dine at a *table d'hôte?*—to meet twenty-four doubtful English and Americans at an ordinary? 'LUCULLUS dines with LUCULLUS to-day, Sir;' which, as the *laquais de place* did not understand, I added, 'I never dine at a *table d'hôte*, except at an extremity.'

"I had arranged in my mind a little quiet week of dinners. Twice or thrice, thinks I, I will dine at the Frères, once at VERY'S, once at the Café de Paris. If my old friend VOISIN opposite the Assomption has some of the same sort of Bordeaux which we recollect in 1844, I will dine there at least twice. PHILIPPE'S, in the Rue Montorgueil, must be tried, which, they say, is as good as the Rocher de Cancale used to be in our time: and the seven days were chalked out already, and I saw there was nothing for it but to breakfast *à la fourchette* at some of the other places which I had in my mind, if I wished to revisit all my old haunts.

"To a man living much in the world, or surrounded by his family, there is nothing so good as this solitude from time to time—there is nothing like communing with your own heart, and giving a calm and deliberate judgment upon the great question—the truly vital question, I may say—before you. What is the use of having your children, who live on roast mutton in the nursery, and think treacle-pudding the summit of cookery, to sit down and take the best three-fourths of a *perdreau truffé* with you? What is the use of helping your wife, who doesn't know the difference between Sherry and Madeira, to a glass of priceless Romanée or sweetly odoriferous Chateau Laffitte of '42? Poor dear soul! she would be as happy with a slice of the children's joint, and a cup of tea in the evening. She takes them when you are away. To give fine wine to that dear creature, is like giving pearls to—to animals who don't know their value.

"What I like, is to sit at a Restaurant alone, after having taken a glass of absinthe in water, about half-an-hour previous, to muse well over the *carte*, and pick out some little dinner for myself; to converse with the *sommelier* confidentially about the wine—a pint of Champagne, say, and a bottle of Bordeaux, or a bottle of Burgundy, not more, for your private drinking. He goes out to satisfy your wishes, and returns with the favourite flask in a cradle, very likely. Whilst he is gone, comes old ANTOINE, who is charmed to see *Monsieur de retour;* and vows that you *rajeunissez tous les ans*, with a plate of oysters—dear little juicy green oysters in their upper shells, swimming in their sweet native brine, not like your great white flaccid natives in England, that look as if they had been fed on pork: and ah! how kindly and pretty that attention is of the two little plates of radishes and butter, which they bring you in, and with which you can dally between the arrival of the various dishes of your dinner; they are like the delicate symphonies which are played at the theatre between the acts of a charming Comedy. A little bread-and-butter, a little raddish—you crunch and relish—a little raddish, a little piece of bread-and-butter—you relish and crunch—when lo! up goes the curtain, and ANTOINE comes in with the *entrée* or the roast.

"I pictured all this in my mind and went out. I will not tell any of my friends that I am here, thought I. Sir, in five minutes, and before I had crossed the Place Vendôme, I had met five old acquaintances and friends, and in an hour afterwards the arrival of your humble servant was known to all our old set.

"My first visit was for TOM DASH, with whom I had business. That friend of my youth received me with the utmost cordiality: and our business transacted and our acquaintances talked over (four of them I had seen, so that it was absolutely necessary I should call on them and on the rest,) it was agreed that I should go forth and pay visits, and that on my return TOM and I should dine somewhere together. I called upon BROWN, upon JONES, upon SMITH, upon ROBINSON, upon our old Paris set, in a word, and in due time returned to TOM DASH.

"'Where are we to dine, TOM?' says I. 'What is the crack Restaurant now? I am entirely in your hands; and let us be off early and go to the play afterwards.'

"'O, hang restaurants,' says TOM—'I'm tired of 'em; we are sick of them here. THOMPSON came in just after you were gone, and I told him you were coming, and he will be here directly to have a chop with me.'

"There was nothing for it. I had to sit down and dine with THOMPSON and TOM DASH, at the latter's charges—and am bound to say that the dinner was not a bad one. As I have said somewhere before, and am proud of being able to say, I scarcely recollect ever to have had a bad dinner.

"But of what do you think the present repast was composed? Sir, I give you my honour, we had a slice of salmon and a leg of mutton, and boiled potatoes, just as they do in my favourite Baker Street.

"'Dev'lish good dinner,' says THOMPSON, covering the salmon with lots of HARVEY sauce—and Cayenne pepper, from FORTNUM & MASON'S.

"'*Donnez du Sherry à* MONSIEUR CANTERBURY,' says TOM DASH to FRANCOIS his man. 'There's porter or pale ale if any man likes it.'

"They poured me out Sherry; I might have had porter or pale ale if I liked: I had leg of mutton and potatoes, and finished dinner with Stilton cheese; and it was for this that I had revisited my dear Paris.

"'Thank you,' says I, to DASH, cutting into the mutton with the most bitter irony. 'This is a dish that I don't remember ever having seen in England; but I have tasted pale ale there, and won't take any this evening, thank you. Are we going to have Port wine after dinner? or could you oblige me with a little London gin-and-water?'

"TOM DASH laughed his mighty laugh; and I will say, we had not Port wine, but Claret, fit for the repast of a pontiff, after dinner, and sate over it so late that the theatre was impossible, and the first day was gone, and might as well have been passed in Pump Court or Pall Mall, for all the good I had out of it.

"But, Sir, do you know what had happened in the morning of that day during which I was paying the visits before mentioned?

"ROBINSON, my very old friend, pressed me so to come and dine with him, and fix my day, that I could not refuse, and fixed Friday.

"BROWN, who is very rich, and with whom I had had a difference, insisted so upon our meeting as in old times, that I could not refuse; and so, being called on to appoint my own day—I selected Sunday.

"SMITH is miserably poor, and it would offend him and MRS. SMITH mortally that I should dine with a rich man, and turn up my nose at his kind and humble table. I was free to name any day I liked, and so I chose Monday.

"Meanwhile, our old friend JONES had heard that I had agreed to dine with BROWN, with whom he too was at variance, and he offered downright to quarrel with me unless I gave him a day: so I fixed Thursday.

"'I have but Saturday,' says I, with almost tears in my eyes.

"'O, I have asked a party of the old fellows to meet you,' cries out TOM DASH; 'and made a dinner expressly for the occasion.'

"And this, Sir, was the fact. This was the way, Sir, that I got my dinners at Paris. Sir, at one house I had boiled leg of mutton and turnips, at another beef-steak; and I give you my word of honour, at two I had mock-turtle soup! In this manner I saw Paris. This was what my friends called welcoming me—we drank Sherry; we talked about MR. COBDEN and the new financial reform; I was not allowed to see a single Frenchman, save one, a huge athletic monster, whom I saw

at a Club in London last year, who speaks English as well as you, and who drank two bottles of Port wine on that very night for his own share. I offended mortally several old friends with whom I didn't dine, and I might as well have been sitting under your mahogany tree in Fleet-street, for all of Paris that I saw.

"I have the honour to report my return to this country, and to my lodgings in Piccadilly, and to remain

"Your very obedient Servant and Contributor,
"FOLKSTONE CANTERBURY."

"P.S.—I stop the post to give the following notice from the *Constitutionnel*:—'LADY JANE GREY (femme du Chancelier de l'Echiquier) vient de donner le jour à deux jumeaux. Sa santé est aussi satisfaisante que possible.'"

CABMAN IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE TAKEN THE WRONG TURNING—THAT'S ALL!

SPURS AND SILK STOCKINGS; OR, THE PERILS OF THE POLKA.

A FAIR subscriber—our charming SOPHIA—writes to us from Brighton, to complain of a custom, prevalent among gallant officers, of going to balls with their spurs on. We are sure that our sons of chivalry—or cavalry—must see that carpet knights can have no occasion for spurs, at least during an engagement in a carpet (or any other) waltz. Our correspondent complains of having been actually lamed by the injuries which she has received from them in Terpsichorean action. Cannot our heroes be content with inflicting wounds on the feminine heart? If this preposterous fashion is to be continued, ladies must give up satin slippers, and henceforth dance in greaves. Gentlemen who cannot leave their spurs at barracks, had better imitate the celebrated Tenth regiment, and not dance. The man who could lift his heels to the annoyance of a lady is unworthy of the name of a British Officer, whatever other appellation he may merit by a trick so very peculiar.

"A TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE."

IT is the custom of pastrycooks to exhibit outside their doors a tray of broken pastry, which is sold at a reduced price. Could not our Dockyards follow this example, and have always some place set aside for their damaged vessels? It might be labelled "This Lot of broken Ships to be had cheap." SIR F. SYMONDS might be appointed Government Inspector of this new department. No one deserves the honour so justly.

HOCUS POCUS.

SHORTLY will be published a companion to *Pokers and Stokers*, called *Jokers and Smokers*, to be followed by *Red Ochres and Yellow Ochres*; the first series to be plain, the second coloured.

GRAND INTERLITTORAL VISIT BETWEEN CHELSEA AND BATTERSEA.

A SOCIETY of Gentlemen has been formed for the purpose of carrying out, during the Easter week, a grand interchange of social, political, and domestic intercourse between Chelsea and Battersea. Born under the same sun, breathing the same air, holding up umbrellas under the same clouds, paying the same toll over the same bridge, it has been considered by a few patriotic spirits, advisable to cement still closer the bricks on either shore of that river which has hitherto formed a barrier between them. It has been accordingly determined to get up an expedition with the utmost expedition that can be used, to conduct the sons of Chelsea over the breast of Father Thames into the arms of young Battersea. The visit will not be merely one of pleasure, but those who are anxious to thrust commerce into the carpet-bag of amusement, or fold up lucre in the clean collar of gaiety, will have ample opportunities of doing so. Arrangements have been made by which persons wishing to combine the tourist with the bagman, or to pack up the shop of business in the dressing-case of relaxation, will have every encouragement given them.

The expedition will start from Chelsea New Pier at a convenient hour, and an arrangement has been made with that gallant grandson of NEPTUNE, CAPTAIN BULLOCK, who has chartered that saucy steam-craft, the *Marigold*, of one-pony power, expressly for this joyous occasion. Her fire will be lighted at six precisely, on the morning of Easter Monday, and immediately after the consumption of the first hundred of coals, she will slip her cables for the opposite coast, the band—engaged for the occasion—playing the air of *Never more at Chelsea Ferry*.

It is hoped that this project will put an end at once, twice, thrice, and for ever, to those horrible heart-burnings, bosom-scorchings, and chest-combustions, which have hitherto required all the water that Father Thames has thrown between the two places to alleviate. Though Battersea is a pure Beadledom, and Chelsea a Street-keeper-archy, there is no reason why a discrepancy in the forms of internal policy should not be respected on both sides, or that a difference of civil institutions should prevent the institution of mutual civilities.

The expedition will be limited in number, and sandwiches, calculated on the basis of a quarter of a pound of brisket of beef to each adult, will be laid in for the voyage. Beer—small as well as large—ginger as well as spruce—will also be carried out; and in order to gratify the tastes of juvenile excursionists, Toffey, direct from Everton, with Bake of the hardest description, as well as Balls from the purest brandy, will be sold on the taffrail of the vessel.

It is intended to make such arrangements that ladies may share in the great intellectual treat; and though there will be as little ceremony as possible, six Masters of the Ceremonies are now being treated with, whose duty it will be to find partners for the single, and, by judicious introductions, break down those barriers which the reserve of our national character has thrown up to separate "the young, the gay, the bright, the free," from the old, the sad, the heavy, and the restrained, who ought to be better acquainted.

On landing at Battersea, the Chelseaites will have an opportunity of seeing the famed saw-mills, which no one ever saw without astonishment, and which in fact constitute a collection of those very few "wise saws" of which we still have a few "modern instances."

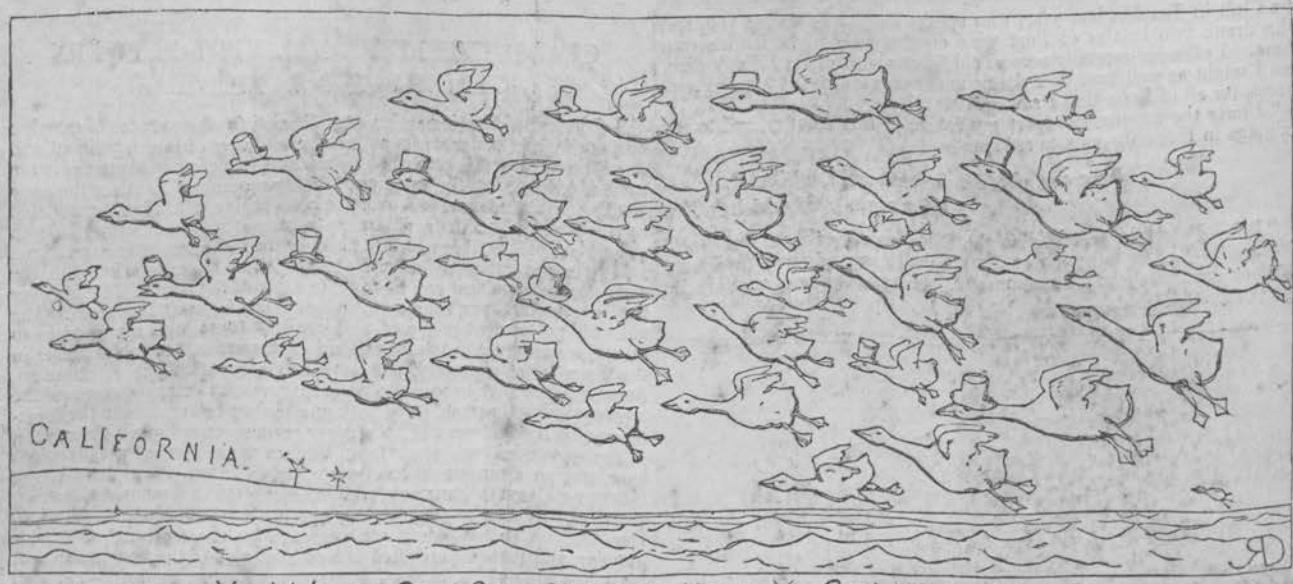
Having landed on the coast, the travellers will be permitted to explore the bull-rushy tract that lies along the shore; and the passage-money will include the share of a guide, the whole of a pork-pie—at any hour in the course of the day—with a glass of grog, small or large in proportion to its stiffness.

The saucy steam-craft will perform four return voyages in the course of the afternoon, by any of which the ticket home will be available. Further information may be obtained at the Great International Battersea and Fraternal Chelsea Association Office, Old Stairs Wharf, or of any respectable Jack in any water, between the hours of 12 and 2, and between the bridges of London and Battersea.

*** The above scheme seems to be a plagiarism from the International project which excited so much alarm in the breast of MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE, that he thought it necessary to ask the Government what it all meant? A question which, if they have read the Prospectus, we defy the Government to answer. In this precious document, verbs are in a state of frightful disagreement with their nominative cases, and antecedents are running wildly about in vague pursuit of their missing relatives. Though we approve the principle of such friendly international visits as the French have recently set an example of, we object strongly to a good cause being damaged by such folly, twaddle, and something more, as seem to be mixed up in the project of a return visit to France, which has just been announced as "provisionally registered."

CONTRACTING A BAD HABIT.

THE Admiralty is advertising for tenders to be forwarded for the contract for Rum. If our jolly contemporary, the *Fonetic Nuz*, whose good-humour is inexhaustible, (for the more we laugh at it, the more it laughs at us) only sends in its terms, it is sure to be successful, for it is evident to any one who can read them, that the Fonetic abbreviated terms have reached the very lowest point of any *rum contract*.



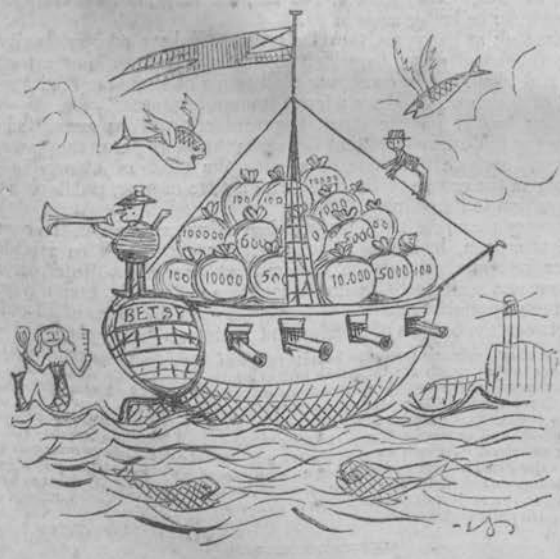
Ye Wyld Goose Chase after Ye Golden Calfe.

"SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE!"

One would think, from the numberless advertisements appearing daily in the *Times*, that California was peculiarly adapted for picnics, and that half the world was engaged in making up "nice little sets" for going thither to enjoy a holiday.

Everybody is intimating his readiness to join a small party to proceed to the desirable spot, and each advertiser has something or other that he is willing to contribute to the stock,—though the contribution is not always of the most valuable description. One enterprising individual is willing to place "a gentlemanly address and cheerful disposition" at the service of any persons who are disposed to give him his passage free—though on these terms it is probable that he would be rather more free than welcome. And another advertiser announces his anxiety to "join a monied man who would not object to provide the capital in exchange for the energy and *savoir faire* (literally, the knowledge how to "do") of a fellow-traveller."

Every one who goes out expects, of course, to return with a realisation of that nursery tradition of naval affairs—"a ship-load of money;"



upon the arrival of which, so many parents have made payable certain sums for toys, lollipops, and other objects of juvenile desire.

The intelligence from California is unfortunately not of a nature to tempt the reflective emigrant, since, upon a fair calculation, it is shown that though a working man may earn one hundred dollars per day, he must spend ninety-nine in purchasing the necessaries of life,—being a balance of one for luxuries, or for coming home again.

THE FINE ARTS COMMISSION.

There are a few things *Punch* would very much like to know on this subject, about which the Report just published gives him no information. He would very much like to know what the Westminster Hall Exhibitions of Cartoons, Frescoes, and Oil Paintings were for?

He would very much like to know what has become of the artists who gained the highest prizes successively, in all those exhibitions, or who were successful in some of them only?

He would very much like to know where is Mr. Armitage's commission in the artistic decorations planned for the Houses of Parliament? Ditto Mr. Crosse's. Ditto Mr. Watts's. Ditto Mr. Townsend's. Ditto Mr. Thomas's. Ditto Mr. Paton's. Ditto of all the other gentlemen who bore off the premiums for cartoons, or frescoes, or oil-paintings, exhibited in Westminster Hall?

He would very much like to know if Mr. Dyce contributed to any of these exhibitions but one?

Also, if Messrs. Maclise, Cope, Horsley, and Dyce, make up "Native Art" in England?

Also, if the Commission of the Fine Arts, in connection with the Houses of Parliament, is to degenerate into a machinery of jobs for painters, as the Trusteeship of the National Gallery has sunk into one of jobs for dealers?

Also, if we are to have a great many more frescoes put up where nobody can see them?

If any Member of the House of Commons will procure *Mr. Punch* answers to any or all of the above questions, *Mr. Punch* will be very much obliged to him.

WHAT IS THE FEMININE OF BOAR?

In a little school not a hundred miles from Brixton, the question was put, "What is the feminine of Boar?" It went all round the class till it came to the turn of the youngest. "Now, my dear," said the schoolmistress most confidently, "I am sure you can tell me what is the feminine of Boar." "Oh, yes, ma'am, I know." "What is it, then, darling?" "Why, please, ma'am, the feminine of Boar is a Muff."

The Nation Opposite to England.

Ireland is divided into 130 Unions, 117 of which are in debt. With most countries "Union is Strength;" but with Ireland, its unhappy fate always seems to prove that "Union is Weakness." But perhaps it is this very weakness, as with a woman, that constitutes its strength; and as Ireland gets weaker every day, there is every prospect that eventually it must be the strongest nation in the world;—in fact, it will become so strong, that England will not be able to hold it any longer.

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THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE PET OF THE PRESS AND THE SMITHFIELD CHAMPION.

SMITHFIELD was yesterday the scene of a mill between *Punch* of Fleet Street, and the Dirty Alderman, otherwise the (Smithfield Champion), the Squeaker having undertaken to fight the Grubby 'un on his own ground. It will be recollected that the Alderman lately defied the Press to go in at him and do their worst; which challenge having been accepted by the Pet, the fight was arranged to take place on the day and at the locality specified. *Punch* was seconded by a slashing contemporary; and his adversary was waited on by SUETT, the meat-salesman, and GOADEM, the fancy drover. Crowds of nobs, including several legislative top-sawyers, were seen wending their way, at any early hour, in every description of drag, to the scene of action. A ring was soon formed of butchers and common-councilmen; the adjoining pens and pig-sties being worthily occupied by geniuses of the same kidney, and others who took a "vested interest" in the issue of the fray.

The men, on peeling, displayed a marked difference in condition, the Fleet Street lad being evidently much the lighter man; and, as was sagaciously remarked by several of the by-standers, the great 'un was decidedly the biggest. Twelve rounds were fought in fifteen minutes, and a smarter quarter-of-an-hour's work was never seen. *Punch* commenced his attack on the Alderman's smeller, on which, he planted several scientific hits, but to no purpose, that organ being naturally endowed with a degree of insensibility that rendered the strongest appeals to it ineffectual. The Alderman retorted by a blow aimed below the belt, which, however, did not tell home. *Punch*, in his turn, repaid the intended compliment by a smasher on the turtle-trap, prostrating his antagonist on mother Earth; whence the Alderman, after a refreshing sprawl, soon arose, deriving, like old ANTÆUS, fresh vigour from his kindred mud. In the next round, the Alderman got *Punch's* head in Chancery, and made an attempt at fibbing, much too clumsy to be successful; after which, *Punch* neatly doubled him up by a blow in the Presburgh biscuit-basket. In the following rounds the Alderman made play at *Punch's* canister; the latter regularly retaliating by a dig in the ribs.

Throughout the contest, the Grubby 'un made no attempt at parrying, and did nothing but counter; but, always hitting wide of the mark, did not apparently inflict the slightest punishment. Time being called at the last round, he came up evidently groggy; and it was clear to all unprejudiced minds that *Punch* had pretty well cooked his hashed venison. But here the Alderman's corporate pals rushed in, and broke up the ring, with a cry of "Smithfield to the rescue!" drowning the remonstrances of the umpires with shouts, and marrow-bones and cleavers. They then bore their man off to his carriage, unable to walk; for *Punch* had, in fact, not left him a leg to stand upon. He lay for some time perfectly senseless; and a doctor who felt his pulse, pronounced him all wrong; but after a while the "salubrious" air of Smithfield partially revived him.

It is not expected that he will be disposed to renew the contest; but *Punch* has expressed his readiness to meet him again any day. The colours of *Punch* were his favourite motley; the Alderman's were green and yellow, with which tints those of black and blue were found largely mingled at the conclusion of the encounter. The Alderman had better go and hide what we should call his diminished head, were it not, in truth, considerably enlarged by the tremendous pummelling it has experienced.

A DOUBTFUL DELICACY.

A "COOK and Confectioner," in the *Morning Herald*, advertises "Invalid Turtle of the purest quality." Invalid turtle! What would be thought of invalid beef or mutton? No, no; whatever we eat—fish, flesh, or fowl—at any rate let it be healthy.

THE "TOWZERY GANG."

WHAT a thorough-paced sharper and swindler I am;
What a hand at a hoax, what a genius at bam!
If I had my deserts I believe I should hang
With the rest of my fellows, the "Towzery Gang."

(*Spoken*). We are a set of itinerant drapers, Ladies and Gents. For testimonials, we refer you to the Drapers' Trade Protection Society. We hawk goods about under the authority of the Commissioners of Customs and other imaginary pretences. And, ha! ha! for imposition on the British Public, and injury to the fair trader.

"On HER MAJESTY'S Service," we write on our bills,
Or, to puff off our sarcenets, and ginghams, and twills,
With the names of respectable firms we make free—
Of MESSIEURS H. and J., S. and C., S. and E.

(*Spoken*). Agents, Mem, for that celebrated establishment—most eminent house in London, Mem. Never sell any but the most superior description of goods. We will stake our reputation on the article, Mem. (*Aside*). What we haven't got we can't lose. Wash, Mem? scrub—like a kitchen floor. If you disapprove of it, you can have it exchanged instantly by our firm in Town (*aside*), provided you can ever find out where it is.

Russian "crushable silks" are an article, too,
In which we the innocent customer do;
The warp is all cotton, all silk is the woof:
That the whole is not silk to the sight there 's no proof.

(*Spoken*). Because, you see, Sirs, the surface looks just as if it was silk altogether—sleek as the countenance of this humble individual; and then, you know, to complete the deception, we cut the edge, and ravel it. And so the buyers take the rough with the smooth. Bless you, in this manner we sometimes sell a dress worth but thirty shillings at five guineas. That 's the way to do it, isn't it?

But, alas! there 's a danger that threatens our hum;
For under the Hawker's Act all of us come;
Should you put its provisions against us in force,
We should soundly be fined—and be done for, of course.

(*Spoken*). Yes, Sirs, we are subject to a ten pounds penalty for each offence, for putting forth any kind of advertisement without describing ourselves as licensed hawkers; whereas, the fact is, that we are a set of unlicensed humbugs.

What a thorough-paced sharper, &c.

A HINT.

WHOEVER is in Parliament feels an irresistible desire to speak. It is a cruel law of nature to which every M.P. is more or less subject.

Once upon a time, at a French Parliamentary banquet, a certain MONSIEUR LAGRANGE (that was his name) got up to harangue the guests. He spoke for half an hour, and every one was fairly tired of LAGRANGE. Persons began to talk loud, then louder, then they coughed, and then they scraped their feet, and rattled their sticks and umbrellas, but LAGRANGE took no notice of these interruptions, and still went on talking. At last, a waiter was sent to LAGRANGE to beg of him to sit down. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have paid my six francs—I have a right to speak, and I will speak;" and accordingly he went on speaking.

Well, what did the poor guests do? Why, they all got up,—some carried the bottles—some the glasses—the others the dessert,—and they all went in a body to another room, and enjoyed themselves without LAGRANGE, who may still be speaking at the present moment, for what we know.

Now, when MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY, MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR, MR. URQUHART, or any agricultural bore will talk, we advise the House of Commons to follow the example of the above French banquet. When the English LAGRANGE will not sit down, let all the Members rise; but instead of adjourning, let some Members seize hold of the red and other boxes, some carry the table, and the remainder the Speaker's chair, and everything that can conveniently be carried, and remove them, and the sitting also, to some other room, where they can talk amongst themselves without fear of being interrupted.

Depend upon it, this new plan of carrying an adjournment would soon work beneficially, for no Member, however amorous of his own voice, loves talking when there are no other ears to listen to him but those of bare walls.

BASSO-RELIEVO.

THE greatest "Bass-Relief" is clearly BASS' Pale Ale.

Our Fast Young Man.

OUR "AS YOU LIKE IT."

SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM SHAKSPEARE, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

SCENE I.—*The New Forest.*

Enter the LORD WARDEN, *Lieutenant of the Forest, Bow-bearer, and Keepers—a Verderer, a Regarder, and a Commissioner of Woods and Forests.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the New Forest.*

Lord Wyrden. Now, Gentlemen, and brother Sinecures,
Hath not old custom made our game more cheap
Than that of our own parks? Give not these woods
Much snugger places than the envious Court?
Here fear we but the Committee of LORD DUNCAN;
No Session's sufferings—as DISRAELI's fangs,
And churlish chiding of the niggard HUME;
Who, when they bite and blow on Ministers,
Till even *they* shrink for shame—*we* smile and say,
"*We* are lumped in the Estimates; JOHN BULL
Has no one to inform him what *we* cost."
A sweet department is the Woods and Forests,
Which, though it may be costly and troublesome,
Has yet such pleasant places in its gift,
Which they who hold, exempt from public taunt,
Live at their ease, book each his annual bucks,
The timber bone, nor stick at anything.

Bow-bearer. We would not change it. Happy is your Grace,
That, though a nobleman of ample fortune,
Can blind the public in so neat a style.

Lord Warden. And yet they grudge us our poor share of venison.
It is too bad that we, who 've places here,
And you, Commissioners of Woods and Forests,
Should by Archbishops, Bishops, Clerks, and Judges,
See the fat haunches floored.

Commiss. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy CARLISLE grieves at that,
Saying, his Forest duties much usurp
Of the small time his various labours leave him.
To-day the third Commiss'oner and myself
Did steal behind him as he sat at work
On DUNCAN's Blue-Book—and we heard, my Lord,
The wretched gentleman heave forth such groans,
That their discharge might even a COBDEN melt
Almost to pity—while his innocent nose
In piteous perplexity he scratched.
And thus our courteous Chief Commissioner,
Quite flabbergasted with his many toils,
Sat addled o'er the page of the Blue-Book,
Bedewing it with tears.

Lord Warden. But why was this?
Had he no answer when they bullied him?

Commiss. Oh, yes! Spoke of his thousand offices;
And when they blamed him as too soft by half,
"Dear, dear," quoth he, "I 'd make a trifling bet,
There isn't one of you that would do more,
And few would do so much"—he being, alone,
Justice in Eyre, both North and South of Trent;
Chairman of the Commission for the Palace;
Ditto of the Committee of Enclosures;
Commissioner of Greenwich, Highland Roads,
For paving Regent Street and building churches;
Conservator o' the Mersey, and Trustee
For certain chapels in St. Marylebone;
Member o' Council for fair Cornwall's Duchy;
On the Fine Arts Commission, and Director
Of Geological Surveys; Chairman, too,
Of Sewer Commissions—six fused into one.
"'Tis right," quoth he. "The Ministry doth make
A man acquainted with strange offices."
Anon, some careless under-secretaries,
Bound for the sea-side, sweep past by the window,
Nor stay to look in on him. "Ay," quoth he,
"Be off, you cool and lazy sinecurists,
To haunts of fashion; wherefore should you call
Upon a poor o'er-worked Commissioner?"

Lord Warden. And did you leave him in this situation?

Com. We did, my Lord,—declaring they 'll not rest
Till they 've killed all the deer.

Lord Warden. And ta'en my place?
It cannot be—he must have lost his wits;
Let 's ask what *is* the matter.

Commiss. I 'll bring you to him straight.

Enter ORLANDO (PUNCH), *and* ADAM (JOHN BULL).

Adam (*reading Miscellaneous Estimates*). Dear Master, I can go no further. Oh, I 'm eaten out of house and home; and with such a family, too! Cheated and starved, cheated and starved.—Here I lie down, and give it up altogether. Farewell, kind *Punch!*

Orlando. Why, how now, JOHN!—no greater heart in thee? Comfort a little; cheer up a little. Here in the forest live certain rogues that feed them fat on thine estates. I 'll to them; and if I bring thee not some comfort, read me no more—laugh no more. Well said! thou look'st cheerly. Come, thou shalt not die for lack of thine own, if *Punch* can help thee. So, cheerly, good JOHN; cheerly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Venison Feast.*

LORD WARDEN, *Bow-bearer, Verderers, Regarders, Keepers, Commissioners, as before. To them* JAQUES (MORPETH).

Lord Warden. A little of the fat—more on that side.

Commiss. Th' alderman's walk? Is 't that your Lordship means?

Lord Warden. It is. (*Filling a glass of Claret.*) Here 's to the Woods and Forests!

All. Hip!—

Enter ORLANDO (PUNCH) *with a Blue-Book in his hand.*

Orlando. Forbear, and eat no more!

Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orlando. Nor shalt thou, till necessity be served.

Jaques (*aside*). Good gracious! who can this rude person be? [*Bows to him very civilly.*
Delighted, Sir, to make your sweet acquaintance.

Lord Warden. Now, my good man, don't talk about distress;
Such Chartist stuff is clean against good manners.

Orlando. I marvel you are not ashamed to feast,
As knowing what the wants of him whose meat
Smokes on your platters. There 's poor old JOHN BULL,
Who, thanks to such as you, with weary step
Hath scarce limped hither. Till he be relieved,
Oppressed with two great evils, want and taxes,
You shall not touch a bit—

Lord Warden (*aside*). He 's found us out.
No more we 'll waste—thanks to those vile Returns.

Orlando. Bolt not a morsel at your perils—So!
[*Shakes Blue-Book at them, and exit.*

LORD WARDEN, *Commissioners, &c., look at each other despondingly.*

Re-enter ORLANDO (PUNCH) *with* ADAM (JOHN BULL).

Lord Warden. So glad to see you! Set the old gentl'man down,
And let him feed—

Orlando (*sarcastically*). He 's much obliged to you; yes, much obliged.

Adam (*indignantly*). Much you 'll help him who cannot help himself.

Lord Warden. Welcome—fall to—we will not trouble you,
As yet, to tell us what shall be *our* fortunes.
You 'd like some music? Pray, good Cousin, sing.

SONG *by Commissioner* (*with profound melancholy*).

Oh, oh, JOHN BULL, be kind—
We little thought to find
Such base ingratitude!
To be thrown over clean,
Because our use ain't seen
By meddlers, raw and rude!

CHORUS *by the Officials of Woods and Forests.*

Heigh ho! Sing heigh ho! to our life once so jolly;
Folks won't be persuaded Reform is a folly.
Then heigh ho! once so jolly,
Our look out 's melancholy!

Squeezed, squeezed, until we 're dry,
At length we must say die;
The office goes to pot!
Figures and facts they warp,
At every penny carp,
Till nothing 's to be got.
Heigh ho! Sing heigh ho! &c. &c.

[*While he sings, the officials gradually slink off, leaving* ORLANDO *and* ADAM *alone. Scene closes.*

BUONAPARTISM IN ENGLAND.

THE spirit of Buonapartism has lately been progressing rapidly at Hull among a large party, who have rallied round the Emperor's double in this country, the illustrious GOMERSAL. It is well known that soon after the retirement into exile of his renowned prototype, GOMERSAL, making a sort of St. Helena of ASTLEY's Amphitheatre, promulgated his peculiar *idées Napoléennes*, from the stage of that establishment. That he even expected the dynasty of the Buonapartist family to be restored in his person in France, has been the subject of much shrewd suspicion; but we believe his hopes were much frustrated, his feelings embittered, and his milk of human kindness turned into the whey of misanthropy by the premature expedition of LOUIS-NAPOLEON to Boulogne.

GOMERSAL felt a natural jealousy of MONTHOLON, and, it is believed, refused to sanction the rash attempt, on the ground that "the pear was not yet ripe enough for its fall"—an expression he never used without emphasizing the word "pear," by whom he meant LOUIS-PHILIPPE, giving one of his well-known Buonapartist winks, and half emptying the small trunk of saw-dust which used to do duty as the property snuff-box of the Emperor.

Disgusted, apparently, with the little progress the cause of the Empire had been making, and fired by the example of his amphitheatrical ally, MARSHAL NEY, who had lately gone into the beer line, the Emperor has lately sought a sort of Elba in Hull, where he rules the roast as well as the boiled, as landlord of the "Duke of Wellington."

In this capacity the Imperial veteran carries out, or sends out his imperial measures, to the immense satisfaction of a host of friends, who rally round him with an affection worthy of the great historical scene at Fontainebleau. He often weeps over the fate of his old and faithful Mameluke, who was last heard of driving a fly in the neighbourhood of St. George's Fields; and GOMERSAL has been known to shed more than one tear over the apostate WIDDICOMB, who has degenerated from the gallant MASSENA into the kid-gloved, eureka-shirted introducer of equestrian artists into that brilliant circle which they have selected as the

arena for their accomplishments. The original cocked hat is, or ought to be, under a glass case in the bar; and the exemplary ex-Emperor still wears the little grey *redingote*—made to appear less still by the lapse of time, and the increase of corpulency—in memory of his imperial life at ASTLEY'S.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC HONOURS.

IN common with our brotherhood of the press—and if there be any body of mortal men, amongst whom the affectionate fraternal principle flourishes with strength and sweetness, it is the brotherhood of the press; for when they pelt one another it is all in play, and never with muck and dirt; no, the missiles are carnival weapons, sugar-plums and egg-shells filled with rose-water—in common, we say, with our fraternity, we rejoice at every recognition of the claims of literature by Potentates and Powers. When one goose-quill is honoured, every other goose-quill instinctively rustles with pleasure, and takes the ink, as the parent goose may have taken the water, with strengthening freshness and renewed delight.

Thus, when HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY—through the honoured hands of COLONEL PHIPPS—caused to be conveyed to MR. CHARLES KEAN a dozen silver spoons (we give them beautifully engraved) commemorative

of his Shakspearean power, together with a dozen four-pronged forks, illustrative of the eight-and-forty points, duly numbered by an appointed Beef-eater, in the said CHARLES KEAN'S *Shylock* and *Hamlet*—when, we say, we were made acquainted with this act of Royal beneficence, we felt—though we do not habitually write dramatic criticisms—as if the effulgence of the aforenamed spoons and forks were, or might be, in the course of our dinner-table life, reflected on ourselves. We felt that those forks and spoons had, or might have, a subtle and no less pleasing influence on the proper taste of letters.

We were not mistaken. The actor first acknowledged by the Court—a precedence, of course, his own by superior worth, and higher genius—the dramatist, at a decent distance followed. Literature can hardly be associated with forks and spoons—unless now and then, as the honoured guest at the actor's table—therefore, no such Court offering of plate reflected upon the modest genius of those dramatists, whose plays were represented at Windsor Castle, and who—with that condescension towards letters that has ever distinguished the House of Hanover—were severally invited to witness their works, and seats provided for them (at their own choice) upon any of the door-steps of the town of Windsor. Spoons and forks were not for play-writers; but, as the actor KEAN, in addition to the plate, received from Royalty a magnificent diamond-ring, so has a splendid ring been forwarded to each Windsor Castle dramatist; not a small petty annulus for his little finger, but a large, substantial ring of best Brummagem; no less than a ring for—his umbrella!

But for the space they would have occupied, we should also have given correct drawings of the Royal umbrella-rings vouchsafed to the dramatists: that is, if the modesty of their possessors would have induced them to accede to our wish. We regret that we cannot afford to the rings so much paper; the reader, however, may imagine them. He has only to fill his mind with the largest circle of brass, and the literary umbrella-ring will be immediately present to him.

To the distinguished critics, afforded so many pleasant and unctuous opportunities of contemplating the SHAKSPEARE Forks and Spoons of MR. CHARLES KEAN, and who have consequently been enabled to contribute to *Mr. Punch* the *fac-similes* herein rendered, *Mr. Punch* returns his sincere thanks; with a further apology for this late acknowledgment of the great service they have rendered to the dignity of SHAKSPEARE, and even, better still, in the fulfilment of their high function as public instructors, to the greater dignity of truth.

LETTER FROM AN INMATE OF THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION TO A FRIEND.

"MY DEAR BOB,

"I have now been in this place four months, and I am only sorry that I have but two more to remain, for my privilege is limited to six, though I will take care to renew my claim by a prompt act of theft immediately on my term being expired. My education, you will perceive, has not been neglected, but my comforts are the chief thing in my eyes, and these have been scrupulously attended to. You must not believe those who tell you that a prison is an uncomfortable place. I can assure you it is only the name of the thing; and even this we get over by calling our quarters the Chesterton Hotel, after our worthy governor. You must not believe those who tell you that it is a degradation to be here; for I can speak from my own experience, that we are all looked upon as if we were members of some college or university, for the learning of genteel businesses, which I might term the polite arts; for nothing is taught here of a rough or disagreeable character.

"There used, in former days of ignorance and barbarism, to be a wheel, and everybody here was being continually asked to step up stairs; but this was found by the visiting magistrates too exhausting by way of exercise, and it has been discontinued accordingly. We have our baths, and every luxury that could be desired. I might, perhaps, object to the over zeal with which the hair-cutter throws himself into his task; but as the warm weather comes on, even this peculiarity of the place will help to render it agreeable. I had much rather have short hair in this pleasant retreat than short commons out of it. And I can but advise you to get an Act of Parliament, read up the list of offences that will qualify you for admission here, and get elected; they will do it all for you at the Sessions, without any trouble or expense to you, as quickly as you can make it convenient.

"Some of your cousins were trying about a year ago to scrape up a little money to learn the trade of dressmaking. Tell them it is taught here as an accomplishment, quite free of charge, and if they can pick out of the Act a small misdemeanor, they might, at all events, come in by way of experiment—say for a month.

"I am yours very sincerely,

"TIMOTHY TRAPPER."

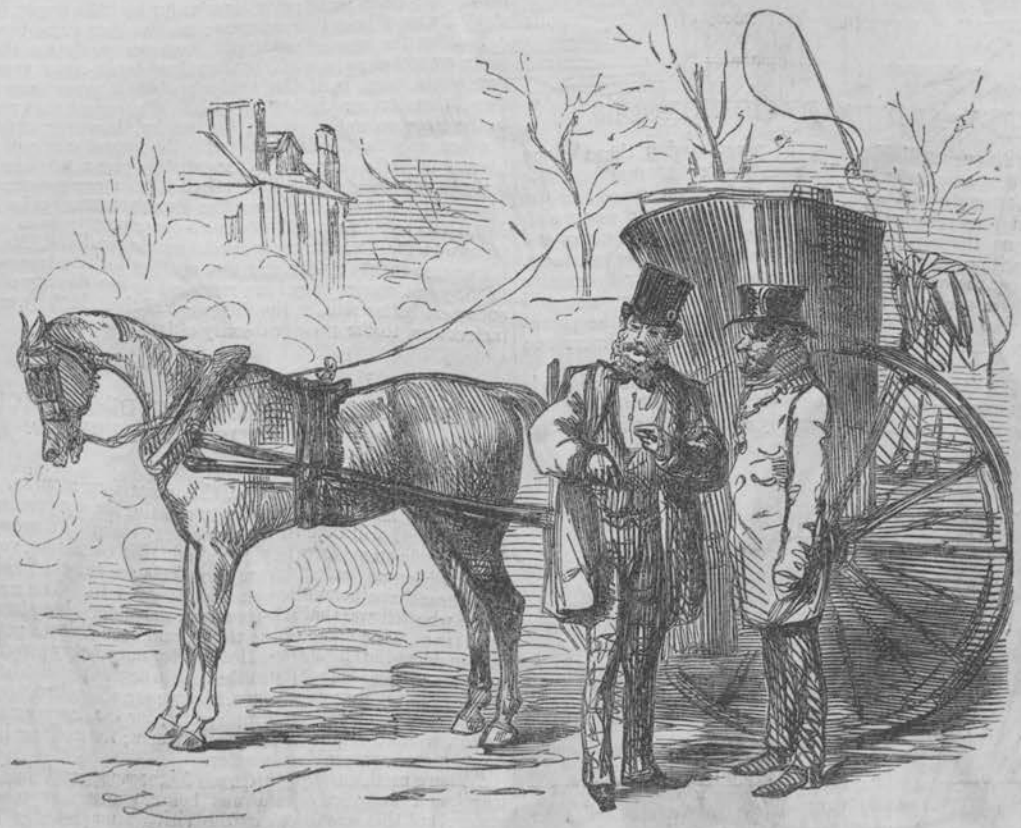
THE VALUE OF A DIPLOMA.

IF any fond father has a son who will be obliged to get his living by practising the medical profession, let that affectionate parent refer to the advertisements for assistants. Here is one:—

WANTED, a Gentleman of undeniable character, and attached to his profession, as an ASSISTANT. A gentleman holding a diploma, and requiring a year or two's experience, with kind treatment and opportunities of improvement, rather than emolument, will be preferred. A moderate salary will nevertheless be offered.—Apply to M.D., care of * * * *, giving references.

So, this gentleman of undeniable character is wanted as an assistant. He is to hold a diploma, and to require experience; but the latter, one would think, should have been a condition to the former. Surely he must be supposed to be very greatly in want of experience. Experience is to be his chief wages; what services, then, is he to render—domestic, culinary, stabular, or what? JOHNSON defined habit to be "the power which a man acquires of doing a thing by repeatedly doing it." In like manner this assistant is to learn his profession by repeatedly practising it. His work is to constitute his hire. It is to be observed that one of the advantages offered him is "kind treatment," which, being advertised, must, of course, be something extraordinary. "O ponder well, ye parents dear," these things, before you allow your children to become the sons of GALEN!

WELL OUT OF IT.



"THAT'S A DEUCED GOOD HORSE TO GO, DRIVER; WHAT'S HIS FAULT, THAT HE COMES IN A CAB?"
"WELL, SIR, I DON'T KNOW OF ANY FAULT IN PERTICKLER, 'CEPT THAT WHEN HE BEGINS TO KICK, HE DO KICK LIKE BLAZES."

SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

BEYOND all doubt the plush of the lamented JENKINS has descended on the Shakspearean critic of the *Morning Post*. Nothing can be more beautiful, and withal more airy and graceful, than his last doings upon *Othello*. He gambols among metaphors and images, as a kitten would gambol in a china-closet. It is cheering to the lovers of the Drama to know that such a mind, in its recreative moments, condescends to dally with the stage. The departed JENKINS himself seldom surpassed this:—

"*Desdemona* is the snowdrop of the Shaksperian parterre—the cynosure of *that* baldric of pearls by which the poet has encircled *his images* of feminine perfection. In most instances he depicts woman 'like one of heaven,' whom 'the devils themselves should fear to seize;' *but Desdemona* has nothing earthly but her heart, and that heart possesses so much of the divinity in its impulses, that *to one grain of dust* we discover an atmosphere of purity."

A snowdrop in a parterre—and the chief pearl of a baldric that encircles an image of perfection is *Desdemona*. Beautiful! Then, only think of her heart. For every grain of dust there is an atmosphere of purity: thus, if her heart have of dust, say twenty grains, it has a score of atmospheres. And, for all this, *Desdemona* is not at all the woman to give herself airs. For

"Even her love is not the common passion of our nature—her eye is not attracted by the allurements of form and complexion—her desires not quickened by the warmth of endearment; but her nature is absorbed by the lustre of soul, and of a name whose greatness has been deserved. To this soul her own clings, undisturbed by the defacement of *its casket*. It may be bruised, torn, *agitated*, broken—the divine essence within may escape, and blend with grosser matter; but while one inextinguishable spark remains, her own flickers in brightness around it, until the flame ascends to join the radiant fires of immortality."

Caskets, as the police will testify, have been bruised, torn, and broken: we now find that a casket may also be agitated, and we are refreshed by the knowledge. Essences, too, are not commonly kept in caskets; and it is well they are not, because they may, it seems, escape in "inextinguishable sparks." The poetic image of the casket and the essence is beautiful; but for prosaic life, we must prefer a bottle with a stopper of ground glass.

"Women resembling her [*Desdemona*] are rare, but they are to be found—though, when discovered, *like* the lily of the valley, they *mostly blossom* but to fade."

Thus, though it is the frequent habit of the lily of the valley to "blossom but to fade," there are exceptions. Some lilies of the valley never die; especially the lilies with leaves and flowers of wax and muslin, and stalk of wire.

"*Emilia* is a specimen of *ordinary womanhood*, abounding with excellencies and imperfections. She needs but little comment, more than that, like all the portraits of SHAKSPEARE, she is a truthful picture of reality."

In the last acted instance, however—

"The received stage version has been cast aside, and the strong-lunged and loud-voiced virago displayed by the sympathising and indignant woman."

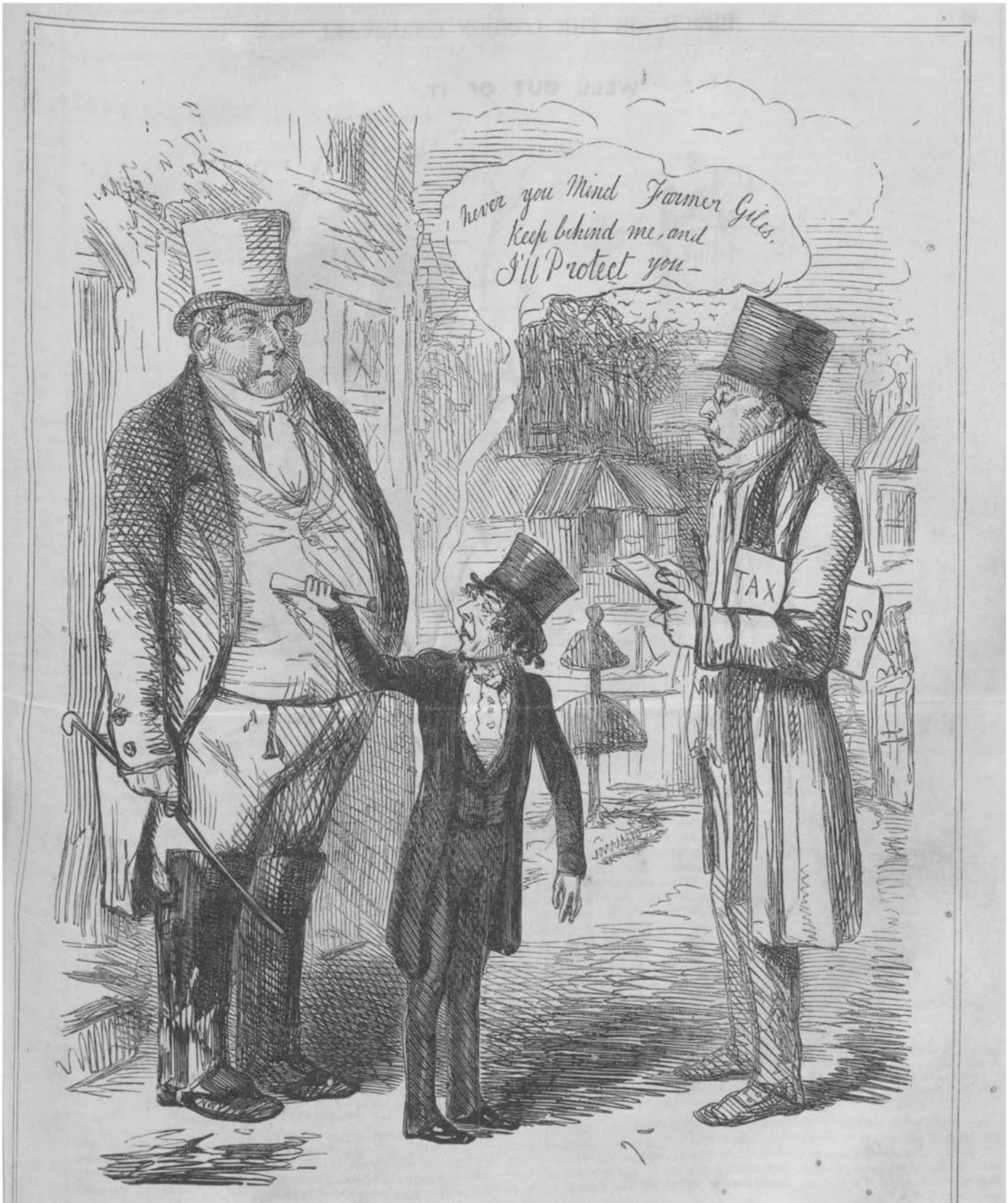
So that *Emilia* is not a shrew. When she exclaims

"A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones,"

it is not the rapping out of the soldier's wife—of the woman of the camp,—but a pretty outbreak of feminine sympathy. The lady swears—as WILKES was said to squint—no more than becomes her. We are henceforth to receive *Emilia* without the scold. Very well; we shall next have lucifer-matches without brimstone.

SHAKSPEARE was a clever man, no doubt; but we are always pleased when tremendous critics, alive to his faults, condescend to set the erring author right.

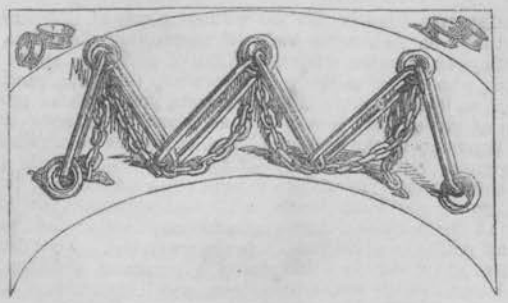
PARLIAMENTARY DEFINITION.—*Comprehensive Measure.* A measure that will take everybody in.



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO;

OR, THE GREAT PROTECTIONIST.

THEATRE CRIMINAL, OLD BAILEY.



Mr. Reeve having, at an enormous expense (£250 per annum), leased of the Sheriffs of London the Central Galleries of the Criminal Court, begs to lay before a discerning public his programme for the season.

Mr. Reeve is proud to say, that he may rely upon the judicious and impartial services of the most distinguished of Her Majesty's Judges. Negotiations are pending with Lord Denman, who will no doubt appear upon the Bench in his best ermine, renewed regardless of outlay.

Sir Thomas Wilde will also resume his position, with other Judges, like stars—too numerous and too brilliant to number.

Two Aldermen, (warranted to sleep without snoring,) will further illustrate the Bench—of course, not being able to touch it, without adorning it.

Messrs. Bodkin, Prendergast, Ballantyne, Wilkins, &c. &c., will prosecute and defend with their accustomed ability; and abuse, and tear, and twit, and expose, and badger one another with their usual strength, violence, sharpness, impartiality, and eloquence. (Mr. Kenealy is engaged for the impassioned Irishmen).

Mr. Reeve feels that he approaches the most difficult and the most delicate part of his task,—namely, the scale of prices for that curious and tasteful portion of the public, given to visit the Theatre Criminal. It will at once be conceded, that the general rule applicable to the Victoria, and other mere play-houses, cannot be made to apply to the Theatre, Old Bailey, in which the cases range from every conceivable point of interest—from the stealing of a penny bun by a hardened ruffian of nine years old, to a curious case of murder by an unfortunate and interesting individual.

Mr. Reeve, however, is anxious to assure the public that he will be as equitable as a strict regard to his own interests will permit. And—though he does not absolutely pledge himself to a rigorous respect for the subjoined scale of admission prices to the galleries of the Theatre, Old Bailey, he nevertheless trusts it may be received as, pretty well, a general tariff:—

A trial for Larceny—One Shilling.

For Shoplifting, ditto (if, however, by a Lady of the first respectability)—One Shilling and Sixpence.

Burglaries, Highway Robberies, Stealing from the Person, and other crimes, with which an enlightened public are too well acquainted to dilate upon—if committed in a common way, and by common people—One Shilling.

By Ladies and Gentlemen (in every case)—One Shilling and Sixpence.

For Murder in ordinary—Two Shillings.

If under extraordinary circumstances, and by an interesting individual of either sex, whose portrait is likely to appear in the newspapers——

But here Mr. Reeve feels it difficult to fix a sum. How is it possible beforehand to rate the value of a Hocker—to put a price upon a Greenacre—to name the exact figure when the imagination is moved by a Burke or a Hare?

Mr. Reeve conceives that he should only tamper with the feelings of a discerning and enlightened public, were he to attempt any fixed price of admission under such perplexing circumstances. He claims, therefore, to be left to his own sense of profits, which he herein declares he will make as low as possible, commensurate with a due sense of justice and a proper sense of himself.

A handsome Black Cap has been ordered for the Court; and Mr. Reeve further begs to assure his patrons that a contract has been entered into with a distinguished Covent-Garden florist to supply the dock with herbs and flowers, together—on interesting cases of homicide—with a white Camellia, or some other symbolically pure exotic—for the prisoner's button-hole.

Prospectuses may be had of the turnkeys of all Her Majesty's London Gaols, and at the Bar of every public-house in Newgate Street and the Old Bailey.

Fiat Justitia, ruat Cœlum! [*No money returned.*

BRIBERY OF THE PRESS.

At a recent meeting held for the purpose of discussing the merits and demerits of Smithfield Cattle Market, some wiseacre, whose love of Smithfield proves the value he sets upon that which is dirty, declared that an extensive system of bribery had been practised upon the Press by the enemies of the Smithfield nuisance. We, of course, can't answer for our contemporaries, nor fix the rate at which they estimate their characters, though we think some of them may fairly take pretty high ground in this respect; but, judging only for ourselves, we are convinced that no one who is not prepared to pay off the National Debt should attempt the audacious experiment. A certain statesman declared that every one has his price, and it may be said that our price is threepence; but let any one attempt to buy us, so as to give a bias to our judgment, and he will find that the entire contents of the Bank coffers would be but a contemptible instalment of the sum that would be required to purchase us.

The Champion of Smithfield seems to imagine that the Press is in the market, to be bought like any other article; but we should like to hear the reception the too speculative gentleman would get if he walked into the *Times* Office and asked the terms upon which that Journal could be bought for the Smithfieldian interest. The gentleman probably thinks that a shilling or two slipped into the hands of the publisher, and a half sovereign addressed to one of the writers, would do the business. We only wish he would try it on at Printing House Square; or, let him come to the *Punch* Office, and if our meanest myrmidon did not refresh him under the nearest pump, we do not know the character of our humblest underlings.

WRITS OF OUTLAWRY.

Notice was given at the Sheriff's Court, that unless the undermentioned persons and things speedily surrendered, they would be speedily outlawed:—

1st. The Coming Man. He has been overdue for a long period, and though every possible corner has been searched in the hopes of finding him, he has not yet turned up. He owes an immense deal, owing to the long arrears of interest, which at times has been very high indeed; and it is extremely doubtful if he would be able to honour all the promissory notes and things that have been endorsed with his name.

2nd. The Good Time that is Coming, Boys. This good Time has been anxiously looked for in Ireland, in the English Colonies, in the British Government, and other places where its presence is sadly wanted. Unless it rapidly makes its appearance, it will be posted as a public impostor.

3rd. The Leader of the Protectionists. There was great hesitation in outlawing this last individual, as it was strongly asserted that there was no veritable person of that name, though it is well known there are numerous pretenders to his character. However, he is now summoned, if in existence, to make his appearance, and give himself up for prosecution; for if not, a certain party in the House will be very large losers.

VOICI!

We have heard of the duality of mind, but a duality of voice is something quite new; and this novelty has at length presented itself in the person of a Mr. Richmond, who can of course sing duets with himself, and while executing a bass he can double his voice by adding a treble. This vocal phenomenon has been exhibited at the School of Medicine, by Dr. W. Pettigrew, a son, we believe, of the illustrious *savant* who will go down to posterity with half a dozen mummies in his hand. Mr. Richmond's power of multiplying his voice caused a general feeling among his auditors that there must have been "six Richmonds in the field" when two had been heard already, and that Richard's exaggeration of the Richmond family was, after all, perfectly natural.

A Peculiar Persuasion.

The *Boston Atlas* says that—

"A Joint Stock Company is in process of formation in New York, composed of members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and others agreeing with them in sentiment, whose destination is California."

It is of no use to ask where the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church expect to go to; for they have settled it that their destination is—California. The sentiment in which they and their friends coincide, must be a somewhat peculiar kind of religious feeling. We only hope that it is not a veneration for—the Golden Calf.

1265

A LIBEL ON PUNCH.

THE *Daily News*, in a recent leading article on the wondrous events of the year 1848, declares that it "nevertheless did not produce one man—one great man equal to the situation." We don't exactly see what our contemporary means; for, we hope that the ordinary domestic footman of 1848 was "equal to the situation," or in other words, "strong enough for the place;" and at all events, if the *Daily News* intended the expression to have a larger signification, and to mean that there has been no man equal to the situation as servant-of-all-work to the country in general, we must beg leave to demand an explanation, for we consider ourselves—*Punch*—to be quite equal to *the* situation, or any other situation that may happen to present itself. *Punch* has not only been the Coming Man, but he has been the Man actually arrived, and a grateful country acknowledges the services which *Punch* has performed.

We are seldom self-eulogistic; but when we ask who put down all the humbugs in 1848? Echo, the accountant-general for all unaccountable things, proceeds to answer, *Punch*.

Who settled COCHRANE?
I, answered *Punch*,
With my staff and hunch,
I settled COCHRANE.

If we were to go through a list of all our achievements during the year 1848, we should prove ourselves indeed equal to the situation; but the catalogue would be a great deal more than equal to the situation which our columns can afford for it. We, however, call on our contemporary for an explanation of his extraordinary statement; and we beg the *Daily News* to name a friend, in an early number of the paper.

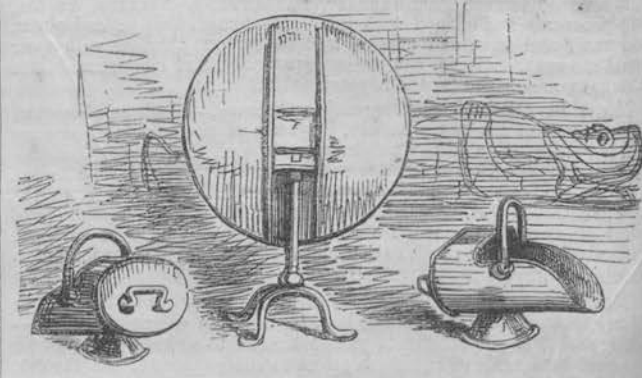
Shameful Treatment of Royalty.

THE recent performance of Sacred Music at Exeter Hall was honoured by a visit from PRINCE ALBERT, who, says the *Court Circular*, occupied a place next to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, "IN THE GALLERY!" We should think these illustrious individuals will not be very ready to repeat their visit, when the Committee thought proper to find them no better accommodation than a couple of places in the Gallery. Surely common courtesy might have suggested that a couple of reserved seats at least should have been set apart for the husband of HER MAJESTY and the noble and gallant amateur by whom he was accompanied.

BEAUTIES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

NOTHING goes down in this day without plenty of additions. Even the lecturers on Astronomy can't get successfully through a season, unless they can advertise a fair sprinkling of additional stars: and one Professor, who wished to throw all rivalry into the shade, came out last year with no less than six additional comets, and a sort of prospective promise of giving next season two additional poles, some additional wind-instruments to the band of ORION, as well as an additional quart of pure cream thrown into the milky way to increase its richness. The Theatres, when they wish to present extra attraction to the public, will announce additional bands, additional chorusses, or additional stuffing to the additional backs of additional seats; and Vauxhall's occasional million of additional lamps is proverbial. Even the Dutch Dwarf was advertised the other day with numerous additions, though we think curtailments would have been more attractive in his case; and now the British Museum has begun to rely upon some of its splendid additions for the gratification of public curiosity.

We say nothing of the attractions that meet our eyes under the portico, consisting of an ancient idol, who has been idoling away his time, to our knowledge, for the last twenty years, at the doors of the Museum, and a canoe, found in Sussex, supposed to have been brought over by two Indians recently married, who took their wedding tour in this canoe, by way of enjoying a little canoe-bial felicity. These we do not regard as additions to the great national collection; but there are a few specimens of a more modern date, which have evidently been recently incorporated with the interesting objects forming the British Museum. Of these, a round mahogany table is the most conspicuous; and it is evidently intended to lead back the mind imperceptibly towards the Round Table of KING ARTHUR, rendered illustrious by the Knights



who sheltered their spurred and booted legs under the renowned mahogany. A couple of coal-scoops keep up the allegory, by reminding us of the knightly helmets of the days of chivalry, when the "coal-black wine" was quaffed in anticipation of death or victory.

While recognising the claim of these objects of domestic *virtu*—the tea-table and the coal-scuttle—to take their place among the treasures of the past, by the side of the mummy, the butterfly, and the tomahawk, we cannot help inquiring why a place in the catalogue is not afforded them. If they are to be allowed the dignity of exhibition, they surely merit the compliment of insertion in the Guides to the British Museum; and we have looked in vain for a kitchen tea-table of the time of GEORGE THE FOURTH, or a couple of coal-scuttles oscillating between the reigns of WILLIAM THE FOURTH and VICTORIA, in the Handbooks to the great national collection of curious and interesting objects.

T. P. Cooke's Medals.

OUR worthy contemporary, the *United Service Gazette*, informs us that T. P. COOKE has "received the medal for his share in the battle of St. Vincent." We are happy to hear it. Our contemporary, in his ignorance, then laments that T. P. COOKE has never received a medal for "*William—'Black Eyed Susan's' sweet William.*" What! "*A* medal!" Why, T. P. COOKE has received at least ten thousand medals for "*William;*" ten thousand medals, all in gold, and all with a royal likeness; though, of course, it would be very inconvenient for him to wear them all at his breast, even could he or any other man be sufficiently large-hearted to carry them.

Q. WHY are the Lords of the Admiralty the worst sailors in the world?

A. Because they lose so many ships *among the breakers.*

THE WRONG AND THE REMEDY.

In law, "Every wrong hath its remedy," quoth BLACKSTONE: in fact, "*every* wrong hath not its remedy," rejoins *Punch*. If a man bore you to death with bad verses, can your executors indict him for murder? If a clown cripple your favourite foot by treading on your worst corn, will the law force him to give you so much as a crutch or a cork leg? If a dunce steals your ideas—and *Punch* loses a countless amount by this sort of larceny—will the law send him to the tread-wheel? Supposing a stupid lord, "whose praise is censure, and whose censure praise," patronises you, till your countenance becomes crimson, can you repair the injury by suing out a *fieri facias?* Is a *fuge* warrant available against a ruffian who runs away with your best joke? What *satisfaciendum* will accrue from a *capias* sent after a rascal who runs away with one's reputation by declaring one of his own inanities is "from *Punch?*" Will the law revenge you on a dandy for ogling your wife? or for dedicating insane love-songs to your daughter?

Answer, O! ye daily diners in the halls of the Temple; ye broth imbibers of Gray's Inn; ye moot-point grinders of Lincoln—Have *these* wrongs remedies?

Echo answers, "Decidedly not!"

This, then, is the crowning wrong—you promulgate a fiction, and dress it up as a truth. There *are* wrongs without remedies. *Punch* will, however, provide them. Benignant *Punch*, knowing that you never lie if you know it—gratis—determines to condone this particular fib by making you, in future, lie like truth. A few wrongs which have hitherto escaped what you are pleased to call the lynx eye of the law, have not been hidden from the lynx-er vision of *Punch*, and he now provides their remedy:—

THE WRONG.	THE REMEDY.
A dissipated friend, whom you are anxious to cut for ever, begs to borrow five pounds "for a charitable object—till to-morrow."	Lend it him.
Your darling wife has a grand evening party—the ninth that season—together with six more dress-frocks for the dear girls.	Accidentally insinuate that TOPS, the horse-dealer, is coming at eleven to bid for the carriage-horses, as you feel it necessary to economise, and to rub on in future with a phaeton "and one."
A vain author sends you a bad book, and then a dozen letters, imploring an impartial critique in an early number of your Review.	Oblige him—be impartial; and he will never repeat the offence.
A genteel begging-letter impostor "waits an answer."	Give him a note of introduction to MR. HORSFORD, of the Mendicity Society.
An intriguing *chaperon* teases you constantly with puffs of her lovely charge, and with invitations to tea *tête-à-têtes*, "with nobody but ourselves."	Say your uncle in India has just died in a state bordering on insolvency.
A sentimental wearer of muslin bores you about BYRON, and "high-souled sentiment."	Inquire into the state of her mind touching boiled mutton, dashing off a few piquante inquiries concerning cold ditto—and pickles.
An equestrian JACK BRAG bawls out to you across a carriage-full of ladies, "What did you give for your splendid creatau?"	Answer, "Three-and-sixpence an hour."
A rival bothers your life out by trying to inveigle you into a quarrel.	Let him alone, most severely.
A sponging sporting friend comes down uninvited to your place to have a month's shooting; but in reality to avoid duns.	Hint that a celebrated sheriff's-officer has hired the adjoining manor for a year.

These are only a few of *Punch's* remedies. For any other wrongs which any true friend (that is to say, a subscriber) may be labouring under, *Punch* will provide a remedy on the shortest notice.

PORTER'S STATISTICS.—The following forms a highly important branch of Porter's statistics, as recognised by some of the inferior brewers of a much miscalled beverage:—

Spanish Liquorice	9
Water	80
Quassia	6
Real London Porter for mixing	5
	100

WALLSEND AT THE WORLD'S END.

NEWS has arrived of a nature to set all Newcastle in a blaze, in the shape of intelligence that coal has just been discovered in Egypt. With that promptitude which British Commerce always displays, vessels have already been freighted for Egypt with a cargo of goods that are sure to be brought into brisk demand by the new trade that the Egyptians have just hit upon.

The presence of coal in the soil requires all the appurtenances necessary for dealing with it, from its snug bed in the earth through all the vicissitudes of the barge, the sack, and the scuttle, till it lies a lifeless cinder in the deep recesses of the dust-hole. Even there the coal must be of a character that will bear sifting, for its ashes are seldom allowed to rest in peace, and every operation that a coal undergoes will entail the necessity for some article of merchandise to deal with it in its various stages of existence. The digging for it requires a spade, and the coal must have the sack before it leaves its first abode in the earth's bosom. Its career from the sack to the cellar requires the interposition of a heaver, and it is notorious that

"When thy servant heaves a coal,"

he must be provided with that fan-tailed hat whose protective powers are not an idle fan-tasy. The introduction of the heaver, which is consequent upon the traffic in the coal, will bring after it, as an inevitable *sequitur*, the dustman, and the cry of "Dust, ho!" will become in time naturalised in the land of the Pyramids. Calculating on this contingency, an enterprising shoemaker may safely despatch a cargo of some of those "five hundred highlows for the million," which are offered to the passing multitude (with a curious forgetfulness, that into five hundred a million can't go), by some of the cheap shoevenders of the metropolis.

ACT TO REPEAL AN ACT INTITULED

"AN ACT FOR THE BETTER REGULATION OF THE NAVIGATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, ETC."

1. That the vulgar names of "wherry," "skiff," &c. be exchanged for the more universal terms "proa," "felucca," "junk," "caique," and "catamaran."

2. That the unmeaning expressions at present used by call-boys in the steamers be forthwith annihilated; and that, instead of crying out, "Eecase herrr," "Stop herr," "Gvvnaaaiced," they be compelled to speak in the intelligible language of the *Fonetic Nuz*.

3. That the Nigger who at present inveigles passengers from the Strand into the halfpenny boats be appointed First Lord of the Admiralty: Provided, That in future there be no monopoly of the best berths by any Lascar ELLIOTTS, or MINTOS, from the Bobbygewau Indians.

4. That the buoy at the Nore be immediately put into a tailed coat, having outgrown his present suit: Provided, That he be no longer suffered to run errands for ships at anchor.

THE JEW BAILIFF'S COMPLAINT.

"Mr. Disraeli did not vote in favour of the proposition of Lord John Russell for the removal of Jewish Disabilities."—*Evening Paper.*

Forced from writs and all their pleasures,
Fetter Lane I've left forlorn;
Men no more, t' increase our treasures,
Are to spunging-houses borne.
Men in Parliament have sold us,
Altering laws that gave us gold;
But we had doubted, had they told us,
We by Dizzy should be sold.

Since you thought our race so clever,
What 's your motive, may I ask,
From the "peoplesh" cause to sever,
When to aid us was your task?
Curly locks and dark complexion
Cannot alter nature's claim;
Though you cut us, your connexion
Is apparent all the same.

Why did you, in novels flashy,
For our elevation toil?
Promises are poor and trashy,
From us if your acts recoil.
Think, young master, iron'd-shirted,
Publishing your books in boards,
'Tis by deeds that you have hurted,
While your kindness was but words.

"Am I not a Man and a Brother?"

ANOTHER ROYAL ABDICATION.

Most painful rumours have reached us of the abdication of the Railway King, who has for some few years ruled his subjects with a rod of iron. He was to have met his subjects on the Eastern frontier of his dominions about a week ago; but when the time came for the interview, His Majesty was not forthcoming, and the Viceroy remained to brave the storm of dissatisfaction which the absence of the Railway King had created. Attempts were made to communicate with His Majesty by means of a telegraphic despatch, but the electric wires were found to be out of order and slack, which gave a loose appearance to the whole transaction. It is not known whether the Railway King remains entrenched within the lines, or whether he intends effecting a retreat; with a view to which he has already offered, it is said, a partial surrender of his capital.

The abdication, if so it should prove to be, arose out of an *émeute* in the market, where there have been many murmurings lately as to the administration of the Railway Kingdom; and it has been asked how His Majesty will account for the share he has had in it. We forbear from all conjecture on the subject, and will only express a hope that His Majesty may not find himself in the unfortunate position of Humpty Dumpty, whose involuntary shelling-out affords some parallel to the proposition of the Railway King to shell-out, if his subjects think that he should do so.

INSOLVENTS TAKING THE BENEFIT OF THE NEW ACT.

It will be rather curious, though very awkward, if the Jewish Disabilities Bill is carried at the same time as the Insolvent M.P.'s Bill; for we can imagine certain Members will feel a little awkward in sitting next to an officer of the Hebrew persuasion, who may have several writs in his pocket commanding the presence of each of them to a certain Bench over the water, the sittings in which are sometimes prolonged to a very unpleasant length. The absence of honourable Members from their parliamentary duties would doubtlessly be accounted for in some ingenious manner; and, who knows, we may be reading in the morning papers an announcement like the following:—

"The Debate was interrupted at this point by the rising of Mr. Lawrence Levi, the Hon. M. P. for Fetter Lane, who requested leave of the Speaker to pair off immediately, upon very urgent business, with the Right Hon. I. O. U. Debenture, the Hon. M. P. for Tickborough. Leave was granted to both Hon. Members, who left amidst the laughter of the whole House."

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THE STORY OF KOOMPANEE JEHAN.

OME time after the death of AURUNGZEBE, a mighty prince held domination over India, from the seven mouths of the Ganges to the five tails of the Indus, who was renowned above most other monarchs for his strength, riches, and wisdom. His name was KOOMPANEE JEHAN. Although this monarch had innumerable magnificent palaces at Delhi and Agra, at Benares, Boggleywollah, and Ahmednuggar, his common residence was in the beautiful island of Ingleez, in the midst of the capital of which, the famous city of Lundoon, KOOMPANEE JEHAN had a superb castle. It was called the Hall of Lead, and stood at the foot of the Mountain of Corn, close by the verdure-covered banks of the silvery Tameez, where the cypresses wave and the zendewans or nightingales love to sing. In this palace he sate and gave his orders, to govern the multitudinous tribes which paid him tribute from the Cashmerian hills to the plains watered by the Irrawaddy.

The great KOOMPANEE JEHAN governed his dominions with the help of a council of twenty-four vizeers, who assembled daily in the Hall of Lead, and who were selected from among the most wealthy, wise, brave, and eminent of the merchants, scribes, and warriors in the service of his vast empire. It must have been a grand sight to behold the twenty-four sages assembled in Durbar, smoking their kaleoons round the monarch's magnificent throne.

It was only by degrees, and by the exercise of great cunning and prodigious valour that the illustrious KOOMPANEE JEHAN had acquired the vast territory over which he ruled. By picking endless quarrels in which he somehow always seemed to be in the right, and innumerable battles in which his bravery ever had the uppermost, he added kingdom after kingdom to his possessions. Thus the Rajahs, Princes, and Emperors of India fell before the sword of his servants; and it is known that BOONAPOORT, TIPPOO SAHIB the Mysore Sultan, and ISKENDER SHAH, who conquered PORUS SINGH on the banks of the Indus, were severally overcome by the lieutenants of the victorious warrior who dwelt in the Hall of Lead. One of his chieftains, the great ELLEEN-BURROO, a stronger man than ANTAR himself, carried off the gates of Somnauth on his back, and brought them to the foot of the throne of the palace, on the Mountain of Corn, by the banks of the Tameez.

This mighty monarch, who had guns enough to blow this world into Jehanum, and who counted his warriors by lakhs, was, like many other valiant sovereigns, the slave of a woman; and historians assert that he gave up the chief government of his country to the Empress, his mother, the Queen of the Ingleez, of whom he was so fond that he could deny her nothing. He appointed the Captains and Colonels of his regiments, but the Empress nominated all the chief Generals; and the chiefs of KOOMPANEE JEHAN, who had carried his flag in a hundred battles, and notched their scimitars across the head-pieces of thousands of his foes, were not a little angry to see strangers put over them, who came from Lundoon smelling of musk and rose-water, and who got the lion's share of the honours, while they took no more (as who indeed can?) than the lion's share of the fighting. Thus, in a famous action in Kabool, a certain Captain of Artillery blew open the gates of the city, but it was the General, KEEN BAHAWDER, who was made a bashaw of three tails for the feat which the other had done: and for a series of tremendous actions on the Sutlej River, HARDING SHAH, SMITH SAHIB, and GOOF BAHAWDER were loaded with honours, and had their mouths well nigh choked with barley-sugar; whereas one of KOOMPANEE'S own warriors, LITTLER SINGH, a better soldier than any of those other three, was passed over with scarcely a kind word.

In consequence of this system—for the Empress mother would often cause her son to select Generals who had no more brains than a wezz or goose—disasters frequently befel KOOMPANEE JEHAN'S armies, and that prince had many a bekhelool or hard nut to crack. One army was waylaid and utterly destroyed, because the Queen Mother chose to give the command of it to an officer, out of whom age and illness had squeezed all the valour: and another warrior, though as brave as ROOSTUM, yet was a hundred years old, and had been much better at home handling a pipe than a sword, for which his old hands were now quite unfit. Lion as he was, GOOF BAHAWDER did not remember that the enemy with whom he had to do were *derans* or foxes, and that a pack of foxes is more dangerous than a lion in a pit. Finding one day the enemy posted in a jungle, this GOOF BAHAWDER sent his troops in upon them helter-skelter; but some fled, many were slain, GOOF BAHAWDER had a dismal account of the battle to render, and when he claimed a victory, people only laughed at his ancient beard.

That is, they would have laughed, but the people of Lundoon were in too great a rage to be merry. Everywhere, in every house, from the highest to the lowest, from the Omrahs and Lords prancing about in the Meidan, to the camel-drivers in the streets, all men cried out; and the Indian soldiers said, "Why is this old man to be left to jeopardise the lives of warriors, and bring our country to sorrow? If the Queen-mother *will* appoint chiefs for the armies of India, over the heads of those who are as brave and more experienced, let her give us men that are fit to lead us. Who is GOOF, and who is ELPHINSTOON, and who is KEEN, to whom you give all the honours? And what are they to compare to THACKWELL and LITTLER, to NOTT and POLLOCK KHAN?"

Now there was, when the news came to the City of Lundoon, that GOOF BAHAWDER had been beaten upon the banks of the Chenaub, a warrior who, though rather old, and as savage as a bear whose head is sore, was allowed by all mankind to be such a ROOSTUM as had never been known since the days of WELLINGTOON. His name was NAPEER SING. He, with two thousand men, had destroyed thirty thousand of the enemy: he despised luxury: he had a beak like an eagle, and a beard like a Cashmere goat. When he went into a campaign he took with him but a piece of soap and a pair of towels: he dined off a hunch of bread and a cup of water. "A warrior," said he, "should not care for wine or luxury, for fine turbans or embroidered shulwars; his tulwar should be bright, and never mind whether his papooshes are shiny." NAPEER SING was a lion indeed; and his mother was a mother of lions.

But this lion, though the bravest of animals, was the most quarrelsome that ever lashed his tail and roared in a jungle. After gaining several victories, he became so insolent and contemptuous in his behaviour towards KING KOOMPANEE JEHAN, whom he insulted, whom he assailed, whom he called an old woman, that the offended monarch was glad when GENERAL NAPEER SINGH'S time of service was out, and vowed no more to employ him.

It is related of NAPEER SINGH, that when he was recalled to the island of the Ingleez, he went into the Hall of Lead, where the monarch sate in full Durbar, knocked the heads of the twenty-four vizeers one against another, and seizing upon KING KOOMPANEE himself by the royal nose, pulled him round the room, and kicked him over among the sprawling Counsellors of his Dewan. I know not whether this tale is true; but certain it is, that there was a tremendous tchwash or row, and that when the king heard the General's name mentioned, he grew as yellow and as sour as an ilemoon or lemon.

When the news of GOOF'S discomfiture came to Lundoon and the Hall of Lead, and the Queen of Feringhistan, all the Ingleez began to quake in their shoes. "Wallah! wallah!" they cried, "we have been made to swallow abominations! Our beraks have been captured from our standard-bearers; our guns have been seized; our horsemen have fled: overpowered by odds, and because GOOF BAHAWDER knew not how to lead them into battle. How shall we restore the honour of our arms? What General is there, capable of resisting those terrible Sikhs and their Sirdars?"

The voice of all the nation answered, "There is but one Chief, and his name is NAPEER SINGH."

The twenty-four vizeers in the Hall of Lead, remembering the treatment which they had received from that General, and still smarting uneasily on their seats from the kicks which he had administered, cried out, "No; we will not have that brawling SAMPSON—take any man but him. If GOOF BAHAWDER will not do, take GOOM BAHAWDER. We will not have NAPEER SINGH, or eat the pie of humility any more."

The people still roared out "Nobody can help us but NAPEER SINGH."

NOW NAPEER SINGH was as sulky as the twenty-four vizeers. "*I* go," said he, "to serve a monarch who has been grossly ungrateful, and whose nose I have tweaked in Durbar? Never, never!"

But an old General, nearly a hundred years old, very old, brave and wise, the Great WELLINGTOON, came to NAPEER SINGH and said, "O Khan, in these times of danger men must forget their quarrels and serve their country.—If you will not go to the Indus, I will go—one or other of us must." They were two lions, two ROOSTUMS, two hooked-beaked eagles of war—they rushed into each other's arms, and touched each other's beaks. "O Father," NAPEER SINGH said, "I will go:" and he went forth and he bought a piece of soap, and he got two towels; and he took down from the wall his bright and invincible tulwar.

Meanwhile the twenty-four vizeers and KING KOOMPANEE JEHAN had been taking council in the Hall of Lead. Many of the angry ones said

"No, we will not appoint him our General." Some of the wise vizeers said "Yes, we will appoint him; for without him we shall not have a kingdom at all." At last the King himself, who was bajil, that is very fat, rose up from his throne and said—

"O my Agas, Omrahs, Scribes and men of war. There are many things which a man has to put into his imameh or pipe, which are hard to smoke, and have an unsavoury perfume: I have been smoking a chillum of this sort. A kick is not a pleasant thing to swallow, neither is a dose of senna. Adversity sometimes prescribes one, as the Doctor orders the other. We have had all our beards pulled, we have been kicked round the room, we have been tumbled helter-skelter by this ROOSTUM. Bekhesm! Bismillah! my sides ache still with the violence of his papooshes. But what of this? If I am drowning, shall I refuse to live because a man pulls me out of the water by the nose? If I want to fly, shall I refuse a horse because he kicks a little? I will mount him in the name of Fate, and ride for my life. We know how strong this SAMSOON is; let him go in Heaven's name, and fight the enemy for us. Let him go. Make out his papers; give him a khelat, and a feast of honour!" And the wise and beneficent monarch sate down and puffed away at his kaleoon, as the twenty-four vizeers, bowing their heads, cried—"Be it as the King says."

When the Ingleez heard of this Elemzshedeh, or good news, they all rejoiced exceedingly; and the Queen of the Ingleez clapped her hands for joy.

And as for NAPEER SINGH, he took his two towels, and his piece of soap, and his scimetar, and he went away to the ship which was to carry him to the sea.

CALIFORNIAN RESULTS.

IT is beginning to be feared that, in consequence of the arrivals from California, gold will become a drug, not only in the money, but in every other market, and the now despised copper farthing will be preferred to the golden sovereign. We may expect such incidents as that described in the annexed illustration, where the farthing is an object of suspicion, on account of possible lightness, or of having been submitted to the sweating process. Our copper coal-skuttles will be worth more than their weight in gold, and we shall promote our copper tea-kettles to the centre of our sideboards, in place of those numerous gold cups which our public services have caused to be showered down upon us. In periods of panic the cry of "Run for gold!" will be converted into "Fly for warming-pans!" or "Rush for coal-scoops!"—for these will in future form the bullion, so precious to the Bank and the public in general.

Shopkeeper. "I'M AFRAID THIS FARTHING IS A LIGHT ONE. IT'S BEEN SWEATED."

A MILITARY ECONOMIST.—LORD GOUGH is the greatest military economist of the age, for by his operations in India he has carried into practice the principle of reducing the Army to an extent almost without precedent.

THE BEGGAR AT THE GATE.

A BEGGAR maid crouches at England's door;
Squalid and sad she crouches there alway,
Shivering, unsheltered, thro' the winter frore,
Scorching, unshaded, thro' the summer day.

The sun comes up upon that beggar's lair,
Her gaunt and grasping hand, her rags of green;
The sun goes down upon that beggar's stare,
All listless, save when stirred by hunger keen.

An idle spade is lying at her feet,
An idle distaff broken on her knee;
But in her wail mingle soft notes and sweet,
And thro' her woe break flashes of strange glee.

She is not, sure, a beggar born, for pride
Momently lights that face all shrunk and scarred;
'Tis a gaunt skeleton of strength untried,
A wreck of beauty, sore misused and marred.

She might be one of ancient race and strong,
Fallen to fate of harlot and of thrall,
In whom doth jostle memory of wrong
And bitter hopelessness, and hopes of gall.

And as forth fares proud England, day by day,
For toil or traffic, pleasure or parade,
Still doth she find this beggar in the way,
Like LAZARUS at DIVES' portal laid.

Still that gaunt hand is on her robe of pall,
That hollow voice in her unwilling ear,
And ceaseless still that cry for bread doth fall,
Which, hunger-prompted, heart of stone must hear.

Nor Pity only bends her to the cry,
She knows that desperate wretchedness is mad;
'Tis easy raising fire, the means hard by,
And treasonous poison may be cheaply had.

And she is rich, and richer fain would be;
And beggar drudges work for scanty pay;
The pauper's dole for paupers bait may be,
Whence better fed and clad would turn away.

So day by day the beggar's dole is given
With grudge and grumble, ling'ringly and loath—
A charity without that gracious leaven
Which blesseth giver and receiver both.

Every such gift the giver leaves more hard,
And the receiver more unthankful finds;
By acts which should unite is union barred,
And Pity chafes the sore, e'en as it binds.

This should not last—and must not—neither can;
Oh England, lift this beggar-maid forlorn,
Leaving on one, with heart and right of man,
No curse save that whereunto man was born,—

In the brow's sweat to earn the needful bread;
Strengthen those feeble hands to dig and spin,
Till listless, lazy Pauperdom be fled,
And the day's work its fair day's wage shall win.

What interest urges, urges also love;
Let England to that beggar stoop her knee,
Lift up her rags, her matted hair remove,
And in that squalid maid a sister see!

Sister, that but step-sister's lot hath known;
Sister, that oft has cursed, and struck, and striven;
Sister, that hath, as England's self must own,
Much to forgive—as much to be forgiven.

All Alive.

WE see a gentleman was presented to HER MAJESTY at the Levee, "on his return from Ireland." Is there anything very arduous in going to Ireland? Is there anything very wonderful in a gentleman returning from it? We put these questions with the greatest caution, for really it would seem, from the above presentation, that it was altogether a service of the most imminent danger. If that is to be the established qualification, VAN AMBURGH ought to be presented at the very next Levee, for he puts his head in the lion's mouth every day of his life.

IRISH PREJUDICE.

THE opposition to the Irish Rate-in-Aid Bill is not to be wondered at. Unless it had been proposed to levy the rate on England, every one might have foreseen that the Irish would be displeased at any rate.

FASHIONABLE HOBBIES.

SOMEHOW or the other, young ladies must have a Hobby. At one time it is a Chatelaine; at another it is TOM THUMB; or a monster Brooch as big as a cheese-plate; or an Album, with which they stop every young gentleman, no matter whether he has turned-down collars or not, and call upon him to "Stand and deliver" a copy of verses, or a Sonnet, or an Autograph, or to take the book home with him for an Impromptu. At present, the female Hobby is an old postage-stamp—a small thing, the reader will say, for a young lady to run away with, but one which carries her, at certain mad times, to the greatest absurdities. You can hardly step into a drawing-room without being stopped for old postage-stamps. Sometimes it is for papering a room; sometimes it is to oblige a lady, whose DRACO of a papa will not let her marry before she has *collected a million postage-stamps:* which fact was lately announced in the newspapers as having actually occurred.

Whether this fearful feat of strength was ever accomplished, the female literature of our country,—whether you refer to the *Charwomen of England*, or look into the *Grandmother's Magazine*—most shamefully fails to tell us. What the use of a million old postage-stamps could have been to the papa, when he got them, is a profound mystery, unless he had some great specific for making them as good as new, or had an absurd ambition of dying what is called a *millionnaire*, and determined to do the thing to the very letter. This new branch, however, of the begging profession may bring some little increase to our impoverished revenue. The Postmaster-General might advertise for tenders for old postage-stamps; and, as the number of dead letters amount to a few millions in the course of a year, no difficulty would be experienced in having a sufficient supply to meet the extraordinary demand. The result should be advertised in the papers; and we would not mind, for once in the way, throwing open our valuable pages to an announcement so important as the following:—

"GOVERNMENT CONTRACT.—The Government contract for 1,000,000 old postage-stamps was taken yesterday by MISS SABRINA WRIGHT, of Russell Square. The amount, which was the highest tender ever yet offered, being at the rate of 1*s.* 1½*d.* per 100, has been paid over to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. We congratulate the country upon this decided improvement of its financial resources."

And then, in another part of our paper, we would, just for the curiosity of the thing, publish to the world the following palpitating event amongst the

"FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.—Yesterday, was celebrated at St. George's the marriage between MISS SABRINA WRIGHT, the acknowledged *belle* of Russell Square, and the HON. CAPTAIN ALFRED PADDINGTON, related to the celebrated PADDINGTONS, of CANAL AND COMPANY. Previous to the interesting event, the lovely bride retired to the vestry-room with her opulent parent, and handed over to him one million postage-stamps, which it had been her unremitting study for the last six years to collect from all quarters of the habitable globe. As four hours were consumed in counting this million postage-stamps, a little delay necessarily occurred in the solemnization of the happy ceremony; but the gallant bridegroom during the interval behaved remarkably well, and did not exhibit the smallest sign of impatience beyond yawning once or twice. We hear that a large fortune was dependent upon the accurate number of the postage-stamps."

Who knows! announcements like the above may soon appear in the papers, if this hobby for hunting down old postage-stamps is still run to death in fashionable circles. As for ourselves, we beg to assure all young ladies, that we have promised to give away every head we have for the next five years to come.

PREPARATION FOR THE BAR.

IT is a somewhat discouraging fact, that the Benchers of the Middle Temple, after doing their best to make arrangements for the legal education of their students, and engaging a first-rate lecturer, were only able to attract one pupil to the banquet of enlightenment. This *tête-à-tête* between the master and the disciple was found very embarrassing to both parties, and the Benchers resolved reluctantly to discontinue it. We understand that MR. BRIEFLESS has offered to repeat his lectures in the Hall of the Middle Temple, to the "one pupil," whoever he may be; for the learned gentleman in question is accustomed to the concentration of his energies on a single student, and will undertake to get him up in any or every branch of the law at the shortest notice.

THE RUINED ELMS; OR, THE LAMENT OF THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

"We regret to record the partial destruction of the magnificent Elms on Richmond Terrace. We understand those noble trees have been mutilated by order of the West Sheen Vestry."—*Evening Paper.*

I'LL tell you of a ruthless deed;
And, had I power, as I have will,
Its authors should receive their meed,
As I'm the Lass of Richmond Hill.

Know ye the Terrace Elms, that long
Have crown'd the height, where, blooming still,
Immortalised in gentle song,
I dwell—the Lass of Richmond Hill?

Those noble trees are pollards now;
I felt each nerve and fibre thrill,
While wretches lopp'd them, trunk and bough,
Wounding the Lass of Richmond Hill.

What butcherly, barbarian hand
Could do this brutish work of ill?
Whose clay-cold heart the ruin plann'd—
Hear, from the Lass of Richmond Hill.

It was, in truth, a butcher's act,
'Twas his the rising sap to spill,
By West Sheen's muddy Vestry back'd—
Believe the Lass of Richmond Hill.

When ye despoiled this lovely scene,
Had ye no tender lambs to kill?
Answer, ye savages of Sheen,
Ah! tell the Lass of Richmond Hill.

VICTUALS AND DRINK.

SOME attempts are being made to supply the Metropolis with pure water, in lieu of that which is now laid on so uncommonly thick to the inhabitants of London and the suburbs. Those Members of Parliament who advocated the vested interests of what are usually called the Water Monopolies, lost sight of an argument which might have been fairly used in favour of the old-established concerns, on the ground of their supplying to their customers a full-bodied liquid, in which are included not only an ordinary drinkable but a variety of eatables, possessed of numerous flavours and qualities. Any one who is at all acquainted with the internal economy of his own cistern, will be aware that the depositions of all sorts of matter are so abundant, that there can be no lack of evidence—when these depositions are carefully examined—of the richness of the fluids supplied by the Water Companies.

If we desired to extemporise a dish of small fish, we should only draw off a pint or two of water, hap-hazard, into one of our saucepans, allow it to boil in the ordinary course, and, straining the whole through a sieve, dish up the residue as a *plat de poisson*—chemists might call it *poison*—of an average character. No wonder that water is found so nutritive of itself, when we get it impregnated with so much animal food, without any charge being made for it by the collector of the water-rate.

We would advise the established Companies to begin to advertise the fact as a point in their favour, instead of allowing it to be used any longer as an argument against them. We scarcely require soup kitchens when we can get a thick, substantial *potage à la Thames*, supplied to us at a comparatively trifling expense; and when the animalcule are not quite so abundant as usual, the Battersea bulrushes serve to impart a vegetable flavour, which renders the mixture a very respectable sort of Julien.

The application of the filtering process seems to be an act of waste, for it is calculated to separate the most nutritious particles of the mixture from the mixture itself, and these contrivances, instead of being encouraged, should perhaps rather be condemned, as neutralising the solidity of the Thames water, when regarded as a substitute for other diet. We presume that the above considerations weigh with those persons who so zealously advocate the interests of the existing Companies, and look upon any scheme for the supply of pure water as purely superfluous.

THE COUNTRY FOR CONVICTS.

MR. PUNCH yesterday honoured the Home Secretary with an audience. SIR GEORGE GREY came to consult *Mr. Punch* as to the most eligible method of disposing of rogues and thieves. He said that he was completely puzzled to know what to do with them. To maintain them at home was out of the question. You could not, consistently with humanity, treat them worse than paupers. *Mr. Punch* agreed that you could not. On the other hand, it was iniquitous to put the poor on a level with felons. In this opinion also *Mr. Punch* coincided. Our colonies objected to the reception of convicts; and there was no knowing where to send them. You could not hang them off now-a-days, as you did formerly; besides, that plan was found not to answer. What was to be done?

Hereupon *Mr. Punch* scratched his head; but the Minister desiring him not to do that, but to speak out if he had anything to say, *Mr. Punch* at once declared that if he were in the place of the Government, he should send the rascals to California—he meant, of course, those only who were utterly incorrigible.

Punch explained to SIR GEORGE GREY, that confirmed villains are a sort of human rubbish, which no respectable colony would like to have shot upon its territories. California, he said, was a sort of Noman's Land, and such rubbish might lawfully be shot there. It might seem strange to send criminals to the gold-diggings by way of punishment. But they would be obliged to work like slaves for every morsel of food.

Not a bite nor a sup was to be had for love, and could only be got for a great deal of money. The life would be as hard as that of Norfolk Island, and the company not much better. The gold-seekers lived in hourly fear of each other. The hand of every man was against his neighbour's throat. Here was starvation, hard labour, and constant terror. Added to this, there were the pangs of frequent disappointment; for all was not gold that glittered: and iron pyrites were often mistaken for the precious metal. Furthermore, there was the chance of being scalped, and the great probability of being destroyed by fever. Send a convict to California, and he would not be likely ever to return and trouble you. The Sovereign of Tartarus had not a more wretched place in his dominions, nor even, perhaps, had the Potentate who owns Siberia. Yes; *Punch* would certainly transport all desperate offenders—none others—to the Mormon Diggings.

The Home Secretary thought there was a great deal in the suggestion of *Mr. Punch*, and would not say that he had no intention, at some period which might be more or less distant, of founding thereon a certain proposal, which he might not impossibly submit to the House of Commons.

A CALEDONIAN CALEMBOURG.

THE Scotch are not usually very happy at a joke; and indeed, in ordinary practice, the idea of Scotching a *bon mot* is quite equivalent to killing it. There are, however, some hopes at last of an approach to wit by our Northern neighbours, for they have commenced making bulls on a small scale, and we have just received a somewhat mild specimen of this class of facetiousness. In a railway time-table of the Perth and Greenhill Junction line we find the following announcement:—"SUNDAY TRAINS commencing MONDAY morning." How a Sunday train is to commence on Monday we don't know, but perhaps, as the Scotch are proverbially slow coaches, a Sunday train commencing on Monday will be sufficiently fast for them.

We presume that all the Monday trains run on Sunday, and so on, and thus our Scotch fellow-subjects will remain a day after the fair until the end of the chapter.

A CHANGE FOR INDIA.

(Mr. Punch throwing an Old Shoe for Better Luck.)

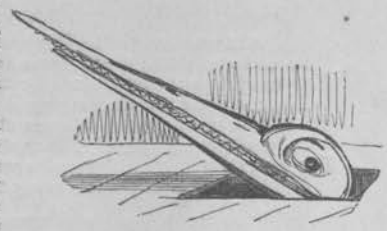
"What does he want?—his tent, his bed, a canteen, a second pair of breeches, a second pair of shoes, half a dozen shirts, a second flannel waistcoat, a couple of towels, and a piece of soap; all beyond is mere luxury, and not fit for a campaign."—*Sir Charles Napier's Letter to Sir J. Hobhouse.*

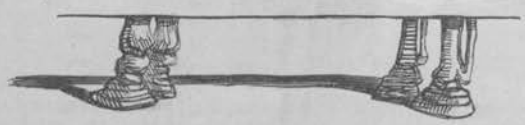
LODGINGS FOR ANTEDILUVIANS.

The *Athenæum* says that at the recent dinner of the Geological Society, when the health of the Archbishop of Canterbury was drunk, in connexion with the British Museum, his Grace, in reply, gave his geological friends a hint:—

"He requested that if, in the course of their researches, they should discover many more icthyosauri, they would also extend their search, and find an antediluvian museum—for the truth was, that the curators were just now suffering from an embarrassment of riches, and could not find room for all the treasures they possessed."

There exists, it seems, a glut of fossils in the British Museum. If this is to continue, the Museum must be run up higher, and furnished with as many stories as the earth has strata. The curators will otherwise be puzzled to find house-room for their antediluvian guests, and will have to poke them into all sorts of holes and corners. We shall have mammoths thrusting their heads out of the back-windows of the Museum, to the terror of all small children in the opposite nurseries. Holes will have to be cut in upper floors to admit the beak of some *pterodactylus longirostris*, or other reptile, which may be at a loss where else to poke his awkward snout. The legs of a *megalonyx* will be let down into a cellar, the *mastodon* will be turned up on a sofa, and the *deinotheria* obliged to sleep three in a bed. Until some adequate provision is made for their accommodation, it is useless to disturb these venerable curiosities in their present lodgings, which, although situated beneath "the cold ground," are roomy enough, if not sufficiently comfortable.





WANTED A JUDGE.

The ancient tom-foolery of meeting the Judges with a procession of javelin-men when they enter an Assize town, is now very sensibly discouraged by most of their Lordships, who frequently exercise their ingenuity in dodging the High Sheriff and his mountebank myrmidons. Lord Denman and Mr. Justice Williams managed to give the actors in the usual mummery the slip the other day at Salisbury; for, arriving by a railway train in private clothes, they walked arm-in-arm to their lodgings as quietly as a couple of private gentlemen. The High Sheriff and his followers were frantically looking into every carriage for a Judge, when our learned friend Briefless, who had arrived by the same train and had popped on his wig instead of a travelling-cap, was mistaken for a Judge, and pounced upon by the shrieval *cortège*, which heralded his exit from the vehicle with a flourish of trumpets, and preceded him to the door of the Station with all the honours due to the judicial ermine.

Mr. Briefless called upon the parties concerned, to show cause why he was thus made absolute on the platform; and an explanation having been given, the learned gentleman blandly observed, that perhaps some few years hence he might have the pleasure of accepting the courtesy that had been shown to him.

Having turned away from Briefless, the javelin-men made a simultaneous rush towards a "spangled" beadle, who happened to be upon the platform; but the High Sheriff immediately seeing the error, called off his pack, and made for the lodgings of the Judges, where the party arrived just in time to see the door closed after Lord Denman and his colleague had entered. The High Sheriff, with a discomfited air, gave the word of command to his followers to "fall out," which they proceeded to do, by quarrelling as to whose stupidity it was that had occasioned the *contretemps*.

Daily Life in Boulogne.—Going to the top of the pier and back again; climbing up to the Haute Ville and scrambling down again; varied occasionally with a walk round the ramparts, and back again.

A WORD OR TWO WITH JENNY LIND.

We believed that we never should have had "words" with our favourite Jenny; but we are really inclined to be angry with her for having "kept the *voice* of promise to the ear," and cruelly broken it to the hope, by refusing to sing on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre.

We fancied, in the first instance, that "the Bishop had done it all;" and we remonstrated with him accordingly; but we suspect that the apostacy of Jenny Lind from the theatre of her grandest triumphs, is an act for which she alone is accountable. An old saying tells us, that "a little bird that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing;" but we would not, if we could, resort to coercion in the case of the gentle Nightingale; but, in the name of the public, we would ask Jenny Lind if all parties have not had reason to expect that her promissory notes would become payable in the course of the season; and under this impression, was it not quite natural that nothing should be done to supply the deficiency? We all looked for the bill of the Nightingale to be duly honoured in the Haymarket; and though the manager is too energetic to be without other resources "in case of need," the loss, both to himself and his patrons, cannot be made up very easily.

Seriously, we cannot understand the secession of Jenny Lind from a profession of which she has been the greatest pride and the brightest ornament. She cannot have allowed flattery to persuade her that she is too good for it; and surely she cannot have deceived herself into the belief that the profession could contaminate herself, or degrade her either morally or socially; for this would be to repay with a sort of tacit reproof the kindness that has been shown to her in her private as well as her public character, by all classes, from the Queen downwards; and Her Majesty is not in the habit of bestowing her favour with an indiscriminate disregard to personal respectability. Jenny Lind can read Shakspeare, we believe; and he will tell her that—

"'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus."

These are not the days in which any occupation demanding the exercise of talent can be looked upon as degrading in itself, and Jenny Lind's secession from the stage must be regarded as indeed a calamity to the profession; for of her genius it might truly be said, *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*. She made the stage better without making herself worse; and it is rather a harsh reflection upon her sister artists, many of whom are as good and pure, we hope, though without having been blessed with such means of giving effect to their goodness as herself—it is, we say, an unkind reflection upon them to abandon their common profession as one of a degrading character.

It is true we have no right to question the course it may suit a public performer to adopt, but Jenny Lind has made herself almost necessary to the public amusement; because she has, it seems, withdrawn at the eleventh hour from an establishment to which the public looks for the perfection of a certain class of entertainment, and whose manager will have the utmost difficulty in supplying the gap that has been so unexpectedly created.

Jenny Lind is charitable, we know, for she has sung for many objects of charity; but we venture to ask her whether her refusal to sing at Her Majesty's Theatre might not have prevented the opening of the theatre, and deprived hundreds of individuals—the humble adjuncts who have been necessary to her past triumphs—of the means of subsistence? The spirit of the management has prevented this—perhaps at a considerable loss to the proprietor—unless Jenny Lind, upon reconsideration, determines to save him from a sacrifice, to which his faith in her may have exposed him.

RIGHT AND TITLE.

Punch has been apprised of a prize in the shape of gold, to the amount of nearly one million sterling, coming home in the brig *Pandora*, from California. It appears that there are two or three parties who are entitled to a share of this result of the diggings; but *Punch* ought certainly to put in his claim to a slice of the booty, on the ground of his having given innumerable *digs* at California.

"BE AISY!" "BE AISY!"

The letter A only of the British Museum Catalogue has yet been published. As there has been no announcement hitherto of the succeeding letter, may we ask the talented, but extremely slow, Secretary—

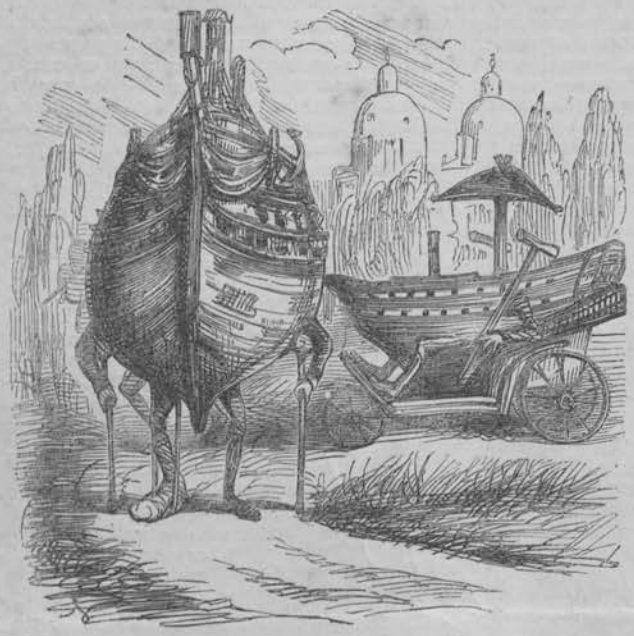
"*How* doth the busy B
Improve each shining hour?"

HOW TO BREAK A HORSE.

This can be done very easily by riding at a steeple-chase, where, if the leaps are at all difficult, your horse is sure to be broken, and into so many pieces, that it will be quite a puzzle to put it together again.—*Vide the Liverpool Steeple-chase, where three horses were killed.*

THE NAVY ON ITS LAST LEGS.

"She walks the waters," says a first-rate poet, speaking of a very superior vessel, "like a thing of life." It is to be feared that there are too many ships in the British Navy, which, in spite of all that has been spent upon their construction and re-construction, will never be able to walk the waters at all. A limp or a hobble is all that can be expected of these lame contrivances of the Admiralty. If they were capable of floating, they should be turned adrift; but as that is impossible, let them be paid off, according to their deserts, and sent begging.



Instead, however, of getting rid of useless ships, and incompetent Lords of the Admiralty, our naval authorities discharge able-bodied seamen. If our wooden walls are to be unmanned in this way, how can they be expected to stand firm in the face of an enemy? One pair of hands must do the work of two in action, the school of seamanship must be the nautical drama, and the jack tar must realize on the deck of the enemy the picture which has been so often presented by Mr. T. P. Cooke.

GOOD NEWS FROM INDIA.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good; and that which wafted hither the last Indian Mail has brought comfort and consolation to some people. We extract the following paragraph from the *Standard*:—

"No more Reductions in the Army.—We have very good authority for announcing, that, in consequence of the disastrous intelligence from India, orders were on Saturday issued by his Grace the Commander-in-Chief, and circulars were dispatched by the evening mails to all commanding officers of regiments and depots, countermanding any further discharge of soldiers from the army. The battles in India seem to have anticipated the Government in its truckling to Cobden & Co."

"No more reductions in the Army!" And they to whose sympathies the above paragraph is directed will doubtless add "Hurrah!" Hurrah! Though our dragoons ran away, riding over our artillery—though the Sikhs took four of our guns, and half-a-dozen stands of colours—Hurrah! Though our killed and wounded amounted to between two and three thousand. Never mind the disgrace, the loss and the carnage! British valour has sustained a check; but so have the proceedings of "Cobden & Co.," and—there are to be no more reductions in the Army.

A WELL-BRED DOG.

We have heard from very good authority that in anticipation of the very laudable intention of the Attorney-General to abolish the evil practices of the Palace Court, the Crier of the Court has prevented the necessity for any further reductions, as far as he is concerned, by deliberately crying his eyes out.

A COCKNEY CON.

When may a man really be supposed to be hungry?
When he goes to Nor-(gnaw)wood for his dinner.

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

A Railway Melody.

Sung with great applause by a Shareholder of the York and North Midland Railway.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the large sums we 've been squand'ring away,
To see of the mischief the probable ends,
A prospect to catch of a reckoning day?
Though haply o'er some of your shares, as o'er mine,
The demon of Discount has stolen—what then?
Like stock in a market that 's ceased to decline,
'Twill wear the gay tinge of a premium again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on schemes now abandon'd so long!
The branches—the trunks—of which once they were part,
The Courts of Law, Chanc'ry and Bankruptcy throng.
The letters some hand has unthinkingly traced
To a deed whose provisions are binding and tight,
Will many a scheme, from the share lists erased,
In a period of panic and loss bring to light.

And thus as we through the Insolvent list glide,
To visit our friends of the mania anew,
How many we see overwhelm'd by the tide,
Whom rigging and stagging could never pull through.
Yet still, as in fancy the premiums mount,
On whatever the title of railway share bore,
Deceived for a moment the profits we count,
And breathe Capel Court's balmy fragrance once more.

So brief was our fortune; a glimpse at the most
Is all we now catch of a profit to clear,
And oft e'en the turn of the market is lost
For want of some fool of a purchaser near.
Ah! well may we hope, now the mania's gone,
To meet with a medium 'twixt premium and dis.;
And sure such a time must be hastening on,
When the truth is brought out at such meetings as this.

HO! FOR CALIFORNIA.

Some of the omnibuses which put upon their panels the names of all sorts of places to which they won't take the public, are, we believe, about to try the dodge of adding California to the list of localities to which they affect to convey the passengers.

Some of the omnibuses on the western road might just as well invite the public to go to Kamschatka or Seringapatam, as to Kensington and Hammersmith; for when you approach the vehicles with a request to be set down at either of those suburbs, you find the door slammed in your face, without a word beyond a shout of "All right" to the driver, who puts his horses along at a rapid rate, leaving you in the middle of the road to reflect upon human deceit—a reflection from which you are aroused by a cabman, who inundates you with oaths, because he has nearly driven over you.

We should suggest the introduction of a few *bonâ fide* Kensington and Hammersmith omnibuses in addition to those mere "mockeries, delusions, and snares," which fly along the road to tantalise those among the public who won't go five miles further on than their destination, for the sake of giving double fare to the conductors, and having to walk back again.

ANALYSIS OF THE SPEECH OF MR. DISRAELI.

The speech made by Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons, on proposing his resolutions relative to the burdens on agriculture, was sent for analysis to the laboratory of that eminent chemist *Mr. Punch*. It appeared as a mass of watery vapour, nearly equal in volume to a small duodecimo, but which was reduced by condensation into a much smaller space. On applying the test of Mr. Joseph Hume, there was thrown down a large precipitate of imaginary facts and figures. There remained in solution a tissue of misrepresentations combined with a great amount of clap-trap and a considerable portion of fatty matter, that on examination proved to be gammon: from which substances the liquid was separated by distillation.

The product which came over was chiefly aqueous; containing, however, traces of spirit, and a minute quantity of essential principle—which consisted in easing the landlords of taxation at the expense of the community, and leaving the much-enduring tenant-farmers worse off than they are.

OUR FEMALE FASHIONS.

THOUGH there may be one article of male attire that the gentler sex will not insist upon the right to wear, we perceive a growing disposition towards the adoption of other portions of our costume, to an extent that has left us no other guide than the bonnet, by which to distinguish our male from our female acquaintances. The masculine paletot is now so universally adopted for feminine wear, that we are in danger of confounding our sons with our daughters, and are disposed to confound the arbiters of Fashion who have introduced the absurdities of costume that are now so general. We refrain from tracing the origin of the nondescript article worn by the ladies of the present day; but the antiquarian would tell us that it is a modification of the old watchman's coat grafted on the night-gown of domestic life, with a dash of the primæval pinafore, and a small taste of the antique tippet. We shall be delighted when France becomes a little more rational, if it is only for the chance we shall then have of seeing the fashions imported thence invested with a greater air of rationality.

PUNCH'S RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

OUR own little Railway, the Kensington, has been following the example of larger Companies by holding a general meeting, presenting a report, and performing, on its own snug little scale, all the operations of a line of first-rate magnitude.

The report, which has not been made public, was quite satisfactory to the proprietors, and our imagination—filling the capacity of "Our own Correspondent" on this occasion—enables us to give a few extracts:—

"Your Directors had hoped to render this a favourite trunk line for the conveyance of luggage belonging to the boys and girls going home for the holidays from the various boarding-schools in the neighbourhood; but as there is not yet any scholastic establishment at Wormwood Scrubs, nor any probability of a large juvenile population in the Canal Basin, which form the two termini and the only stations on the permanent way, there has been as yet no chance of pushing the resources of the line as a trunk, or even a carpet-bag line, into full development.

"Your Directors are sorry to state that the branch concerns, commenced last year, have not yet borne any fruit, but the asparagus cuttings yielded a small revenue—applicable to the Halfpence Fund intended as superannuation money for the one stoker—and some of the cuttings remaining uncut from last year, have in due course run to seed, with a view to forming the seeds of future prosperity.

"Your Directors were in negotiation with the Great Western, for the sale of the whole of their plant; but as the most valuable portion of the plant was a lot of cabbage-plants, the negotiation fell to the ground just as the cabbages were shooting out of it.

"Your Directors have looked at the Canal with great caution, and have in fact gone very deeply into it. They have also reflected much on the Kensington Basin Bill, and have determined not to wash their hands of it.

"Your Directors, after due deliberation, have resolved on abandoning that part of the line known as the Shepherd's Bush Clothes-line, though the laundresses have been hanging out for better terms; but your Directors prefer the chance of the dry goods traffic to the prospect of having a damp thrown on any of their lines by a class of people who refused to stir a peg—or even a clothes-peg—to meet the views of the proprietors.

"Your Directors are still undecided what to do with the first class carriage originally built for the passenger traffic on this line, and are now considering a proposition from MESSRS. LEE, the eminent nurserymen, who have made an offer for the carriage without its wheels, with a view to its conversion into a Chinese summer-house, or an extensive melon-frame.

"Your Directors are happy to state that the uniforms of the guards, and other servants of the Company, have been purchased by the captain of a ship trading to the Sandwich Islands, and desirous of taking out some articles of a cheap description to propitiate the native chiefs, who are believed to be partial to the practice of dressing themselves up in policemen's uniforms."

Every separate sentence of the Report was received with shouts of applause; and the meeting broke up with a vote of confidence in everybody and everything.

SHABBY PEOPLE AT COURT.

A VALUED correspondent—valued, at the very least, at 3*d.* a week—has laid a certain complaint before us on behalf of Trade. It is well known, that for the good of trade chiefly, if not entirely, the QUEEN holds her levees and drawing-rooms; HER MAJESTY in all things having an eye to business, which is the main-stay of her nation and her throne. Those who present themselves before the sovereign on state occasions are expected to appear, we will not say in becoming attire, but in Court dresses. In short, a levee or a drawing-room is a review of British manufactures and industry.

Our correspondent complains that there are vast numbers of persons who elude the Court regulations respecting dress altogether, and others who hire their Court dresses from *costumiers*, to their own shame, to the detriment of trade, and in contempt of our Sovereign Lady the QUEEN, her crown and dignity. Certainly, if any traitor wished to insult his Monarch, we know not how he could do so more effectually than by treating her as the presiding genius of a masquerade. Such a caitiff ought to be taught the difference between St. James's Palace and Vauxhall. It is monstrous that less respect should be shown to Her MAJESTY than to her Majesty's Theatre.

But the real truth is, that the Court dress is a masquerade costume. Anybody would rather go to Court in plain clothes if possible; if not, he would naturally fly to MR. OBBARD or MR. NATHAN. Who would purchase, whilst he could hire, apparel fit only for the Knave of Diamonds? By the bye, if drawing-rooms are to be masquerades, let them be good masquerades. Why should visitors be restricted to the footman-like costume of the last century? Why not assume any fashion of any time? Why should not PEEL figure in the garb of ULYSSES, or the DUKE OF WELLINGTON in the habiliments of JULIUS CÆSAR?

Let every man who goes to Court appear there in an appropriate character; simply in that of a gentleman. If necessary, let him bring a certificate from his tailor that his clothes are bran-new—made expressly for the occasion. Have a Board of Black and Blue Cloth, to enforce the proper regulations; exclude the transgressors of them, and order all such contumacious wretches under the pump. As to the ladies, they may safely be trusted to wear the newest, most fashionable and finest clothes they can get. But do away with your Court dresses—which have not even antiquity to boast of, except when they come out of an old-clothes-shop; and which are quite as ridiculous, and not nearly so splendid, as liveries.

STEEPLE-CHASE EXTRAORDINARY.

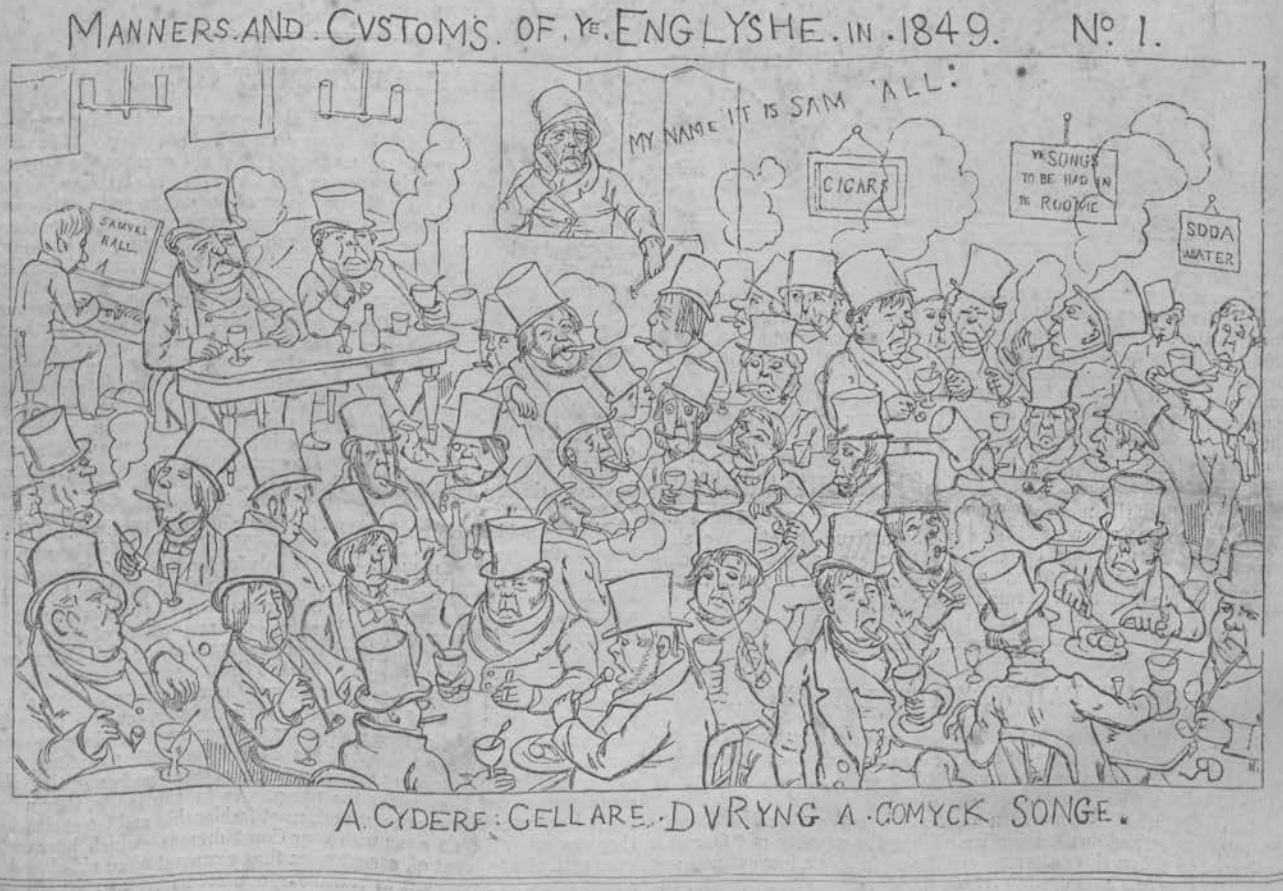
THE following advertisement appeared lately in a newspaper, which, we feel bound to state, was not our respected sporting contemporary:—

EXCHANGE OF LIVINGS.—*OPEN TO ALL ENGLAND AND SOUTH WALES.*—A small Living, for one of larger income. The Pastoral duty is light, situation convenient, and society good. Full particulars in reply will meet with confidential attention. Address to A. Z., Post-office, to be left till called for.

Having made application to A. Z., and ascertained that the stumpy would be made all right, the backers of the *Vicar of Wakefield* and *Sir Hugh Evans* (the field being open to a South Cambrian) determined that they should run a steeple-chase for the stakes. Both animals are touched in the wind, and want change of air, with which they would be better off, although upon poorer feed. Over the pastoral field, which was light work, both got well enough, and took several pens and sheep-folds in good style; but, coming upon some heavy glebe land, the *Vicar* broke down, and *Sir Hugh Evans* went in and won, seemingly not at all distressed. The sport attracted a great show of spectators, with shovel hats in plenty, and a pretty sprinkling of mitres among them.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

SATURDAY, March 10th, 1849.—To Drury Lane this evening, to see the Horsemanship, which did divert me mightily; but had rather it had been at Astley's. After that, to Supper at the Cider Cellars in Maiden Lane, wherein was much Company, great and small, and did call for Kidneys and Stout, then a small glass of *Aqua-vitæ* and water, and thereto a Cigar. While we supped, the Singers did entertain us with Glees and comical Ditties; but oh, to hear with how little wit the young sparks about town are tickled! But the thing that did most take me was to see and hear one Ross sing the song of SAM HALL the chimney-sweep, going to be hanged: for he had begrimed his muzzle to look unshaven, and in rusty black clothes, with a battered old Hat on his crown and a short Pipe in his mouth, did sit upon the platform, leaning over the back of a chair: so making believe that he was on his way to Tyburn. And then he did sing to a dismal Psalm-tune, how that his name was SAM HALL, and that he had been a great Thief, and was now about to pay for all with his life; and thereupon he swore an Oath, which did make me somewhat shiver, though divers laughed at it. Then, in so many verses, how his Master had badly taught him and now he must hang for it; how he should ride up Holborn Hill in a Cart, and the Sheriffs would come and preach to him, and after them would come the Hangman; and at the end of each verse he did repeat his Oath. Last of all, how that he should go up to the Gallows; and desired the Prayers of his Audience, and ended by cursing them all round. Methinks it had been a Sermon to a Rogue to hear him, and I wish it may have done good to some of the Company. Yet was his cursing very horrible, albeit to not a few it seemed a high Joke; but I do doubt that they understood the song. After SAM HALL, to pay for my Supper, which cost me 2*s.* 2*d.*, besides 4*d.* to the Waiter; and then home in a Cab, it being late, and I fearing to anger my Wife, which cost me 2*s.* more; but I grudged not the money, having been much diverted, and so to bed.


MANNERS. AND. CVSTOMS. OF. YE. ENGLYSHE. IN. 1849. No. 1.
MY NAME IT IS SAM 'ALL.
CIGARS
YE SONGS TO BE HAD IN YE ROOME
SODA WATER
SAMUEL HALL
A. CYDERE: CELLARE. DVRYNG A. COMYCK SONGE.

ANOTHER BANKRUPT PIER.

WE regret to perceive that a cruel attempt has been made to drag no less a member of the Pierage than the Herne Bay Pier into the Court of Bankruptcy. The noble defaulter gallantly excused himself on the ground of his not being a trader, and thus the *dolce far niente*, or fact of there being "nothing doing," has at last proved beneficial to his interests. We are glad that the Herne Bay Pier has been spared this ignominy, for it would have been shameful to break him up into dividends, shiver his old timbers, and melt down his old iron into something like a farthing in the pound, at a time when its prospects are beginning to brighten.

It may be said of Herne Bay, as of many others of a retiring and secluded nature, that it has only to be known to be admired; and we must confess, that since we have become better acquainted with Herne Bay, we have been much struck by its quiet unobtrusive attractions, which make any one glad to see it again, who has once paid it a visit. We trust the noble Pier will be able to keep its head above water; and we have little doubt of such a result, for the number of its friends increases every year; and we hope to see its coffers filled with something better than water, which, when they have been under repair, has too often flowed into them.

AN OXFORD BONFIRE.

OXFORD is "flaring up" again with a vengeance. The following paragraph is extracted from the *Morning Post*:—

"SUPPRESSION OF HETERODOXY IN OXFORD.—We are informed that a work, recently published by MR. FROUDE, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, entitled *The Nemesis of Truth*, was a few days since publicly burned by the authorities in the College Hall."

We have never read MR. FROUDE'S book. Possibly it may be a very bad one. If so, the learned authorities had better have left it alone. Or, at least, to have publicly refuted it would have been wiser than to have publicly burned it. The blaze of such fires is conspicuous. Oxford ought to know that candles thus lighted are sometimes not easily put out. Really, the University ought to be ashamed of this remarkably mediæval proceeding. It is fortunate for MR. FROUDE that Oxford can only burn books. Had it the unlimited power of fire and faggot, we are afraid that "FROUDE'S Remains" would at present be a heap of cinders.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras; and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, MARCH 17th, 1849.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

IT is with the greatest satisfaction, my dear ROBERT, that I have you as a neighbour, within a couple of miles of me, and that I have seen you established comfortably in your chambers in Fig-Tree Court. The situation is not cheerful, it is true; and to clamber up three pairs of black creaking stairs, is an exercise not pleasant to a man who never cared for ascending mountains. Nor did the performance of the young barrister who lives under you—and, it appears, plays pretty constantly upon the French horn—give me any great pleasure, as I sate and partook of luncheon in your rooms. Your female attendant or laundress, too, struck me from her personal appearance to be a lady addicted to the use of ardent spirits; and the smell of tobacco, of which you say some old college friends of yours had partaken on the night previous, was, I must say, not pleasant in the chambers, and I even thought might be remarked as lingering in your own morning-coat. However, I am an old fellow. The use of cigars has come in since my time, (and I must own, is adopted by many people of the first fashion), and these and other inconveniences are surmounted more gaily by young fellows like yourself, than by oldsters of my standing. It pleased me, however, to see the picture of the old house at home over the mantel-piece. Your college-prize books make a very good show in your book-cases; and I was glad to remark in the looking-glass the cards of both our excellent County members. The rooms, altogether, have a reputable appearance; and I hope, my dear fellow, that the Society of the Inner Temple will have a punctual tenant.

As you have now completed your academical studies, and are about to commence your career in London, I propose, my dear Nephew, to give you a few hints for your guidance; which, although you have an undoubted genius of your own, yet come from a person who has had considerable personal experience, and I have no doubt would be useful to you if you did not disregard them, as, indeed, you will most probably do.

With your law studies it is not my duty to meddle. I have seen you established, one of six pupils in MR. TAPEWORM'S Chambers in Pump Court, seated on a high-legged stool on a foggy day, with your back to a blazing fire. At your father's desire, I have paid a hundred guineas to that eminent special pleader, for the advantages which I have no doubt you will enjoy while seated on the high-legged stool in his back room, and rest contented with your mother's prediction that you will be Lord Chief Justice some day. May you prosper, my dear fellow! is all I desire. By the way, I should like to know what was the meaning of a pot of porter which entered into your chambers as I issued from them at one o'clock, and trust that it was not *your* thirst which was to be quenched with such a beverage at such an hour.

It is not, then, with regard to your duties as a law-student that I have a desire to lecture you, but in respect of your pleasures, amusements, acquaintances, and general conduct and bearing as a young man of the world.

I will rush into the subject at once, and exemplify my morality in your own person. Why, Sir, for instance, do you wear that tuft to your chin, and those sham turquoise buttons to your waistcoat? A chin-tuft is a cheap enjoyment certainly, and the twiddling it about, as I see you do constantly, so as to show your lower teeth, a harmless amusement to fill up your vacuous hours. And as for waistcoat-buttons, you will say, "Do not all the young men wear them, and what can I do but buy artificial turquoise, as I cannot afford to buy real stones?"

I take you up at once, and show you why you ought to shave off your tip, and give up the factitious jewellery. My dear BOB, in spite of us and all the Republicans in the world, there are ranks and degrees in life and society, and distinctions to be maintained by each man according to his rank and degree. You have no more right, as I take it, to sport an imperial on your chin than I have to wear a shovel-hat with a rosette. I hold a tuft to a man's chin to be the centre of a system, so to speak, which ought all to correspond and be harmonious—the whole tune of a man's life ought to be played in that key.

Look, for instance, at LORD HUGO FITZURSE seated in the private box at the Lyceum, by the side of that beautiful creature with the black eyes and the magnificent point-lace, who you fancied was ogling you through her enormous spy-glasses. LORD HUGO has a tuft to his chin certainly, his countenance grins with a perfect vacuity behind it, and his whiskers curl crisply round one of the handsomest and stupidest countenances in the world.

But just reckon up in your own mind what it costs him to keep up that simple ornament on his chin. Look at every article of that amiable and most gentleman-like—though, I own, foolish—young man's dress, and see how absurd it is of you to attempt to imitate him. Look at his hands (I have the young nobleman perfectly before my mind's eye now); the little hands are dangling over the cushion of the box, gloved as tightly and delicately as a lady's. His wristbands are fastened up towards his elbows with jewellery. Gems and rubies meander down his pink shirt-front and waistcoat. He wears a watch with an apparatus of gimcracks, at his waistcoat-pocket. He sits in a splendid side box, or he simpers out of the windows at WHITE'S, or you see him grinning out of a cab by the Serpentine—a lovely and costly picture, surrounded by a costly frame.

Whereas you and I, my good BOB, if we want to see a play, do not disdain an order from our friend the Newspaper Editor, or to take a seat in the pit. Your watch is your father's old hunting-watch. When we go in the Park we go on foot, or at best get a horse up after Easter, and just show in Rotten Row. *We* shall never look out of WHITE'S bow-window. The amount of LORD HUGO'S tailor's-bill would support you and your younger brother. His valet has as good an allowance as you, besides his perquisites of old clothes. You cannot afford to wear a dandy Lord's cast off old clothes, neither to imitate those which he wears.

There is nothing disagreeable to me in the notion of a dandy any more than there is in the idea of a peacock, or a cameleopard, or a prodigious gaudy tulip, or an astonishingly bright brocade. There are all sorts of animals, plants, and stuffs in Nature, from peacocks to tom-tits, and from cloth of gold to corduroy, whereof the variety is assuredly intended by Nature, and certainly adds to the zest of life. Therefore I do not say that LORD HUGO is a useless being, or bestow the least contempt upon him. Nay, it is right gratifying and natural that he should be, and be as he is—handsome and graceful, splendid and perfumed, beautiful—whiskered and empty-headed, a sumptuous dandy, and man of fashion—and what you young men have denominated "A Swell."

But a cheap Swell, my dear ROBERT (and that little chin-ornament, as well as certain other indications which I have remarked in your simple nature, lead me to insist upon this matter rather strongly with you), is by no means a pleasing object for our observation, although he is presented to us so frequently. Try, my boy, and curb any little propensity which you may have to dresses that are too splendid for your station. You do not want light kid gloves and wristbands up to your elbows, copying out MR. TAPEWORM'S Pleas and Declarations: you will only blot them with lawyer's ink over your desk, and they will impede your writing: whereas LORD HUGO may decorate his hands in any way he likes, because he has little else to do with them, but to drive cabs, or applaud dancing-girls' pirouettes, or to handle a knife and fork or a toothpick as becomes the position in life which he fills in so distinguished a manner. To be sure, since the days of friend ÆSOP, Jackdaws have been held up to ridicule for wearing the plumes of birds to whom Nature has affixed more gaudy tails; but as Folly is constantly reproducing itself, so must Satire, and our honest *Mr. Punch* has but to repeat to the men of our generation, the lessons taught by the good-natured Hunch-back, his predecessor.

Shave off your tuft then, my boy, and send it to the girl of your heart as a token, if you like: and I pray you abolish the jewellery, towards which I clearly see you have a propensity. As you have a plain dinner at home, served comfortably on a clean table-cloth, and not a grand service of half-a-dozen *entrées*, such as we get at our County Member's (and an uncommonly good dinner it is too), so let your dress be perfectly neat, polite, and cleanly, without any attempts at splendour. Magnificence is the decency of the rich—but it cannot be purchased with half a guinea a day, which, when the rent of your chambers is paid, I take to be pretty nearly the amount of your worship's income. This point, I thought, was rather well illustrated the other day, in an otherwise silly and sentimental book which I looked over at the club, called the *Foggarty Diamond* (or by some such vulgar name). Somebody gives the hero, who is a poor fellow, a diamond pin: he is obliged to buy a new stock to set off the diamond, then a new waistcoat, to correspond with the stock, then a new coat, because the old one is too shabby for the rest of his attire:—finally, the poor devil is ruined by the diamond ornament, which he is forced to sell, as I would recommend you to sell your waistcoat studs, were they worth anything.

But as you have a good figure and a gentleman-like deportment, and as every young man likes to be well attired, and ought, for the sake of his own advantage and progress in life, to show himself to the best advantage, I shall take an early opportunity of addressing you on the subject of tailors and clothes, which, at least, merit a letter to themselves.

WILLY-NILLY.—The Grand Protectionist Meeting of the Season was held at WILLIS'S Dancing-rooms, at which there was the usual amount of wailing and lamentation for Protection, and the customary agricultural phantoms. It might very appropriately be called a day performance of *Les Willis; or, the Phantom Dancers.*

WATER PARTIES FOR NEXT SUMMER.

THE *New York Express* gives a long account of a new contrivance which enables a man to fling himself into the river with perfect impunity, and float there as pleasantly as he likes, and as long as he chooses, only using his finger to propel himself wherever he pleases. If this be true—and we would not doubt an American paper for the world—it is clear that the steam-boats must be very heavy losers by the new invention. Who will pay to go to Boulogne when he can float there with no more fatigue than jumping off Waterloo Bridge and merely scratching the water for two or three hours? The stretch—we mean of the hand, not of the paper—will be so easy, that Aldermen, no matter how heavy, will be seen sailing down the Thames, paddling with one hand, and reading the *Times* with the other, till they reach Blackwall, when they will be taken out of the water, and quietly shaken, not a stitch of their clothes the worse for the immersion.

How sweet the whitebait will be after such a trip! How delicious the iced punch will taste after a voyage in which you have been your own captain, crew, and steam-vessel! No fuel required—no provisions necessary, excepting what you choose to carry in your hat—no stores, no ammunition,—no luggage further than a chart of the aquatic country to tell you where you are steering to. Ladies, we are informed, may also trust themselves in the same contrivance, and thus a mother will be able to take her family by water to Margate, stopping on their way at Erith for dinner, and land on the pier at the same time as the steamer, without having paid a sixpence for the fare.

The river will become quite animated with these live craft, and wherries must ultimately be cut up for firewood, and boat-races be exchanged for swimming-matches. Eton will challenge Westminster to a floating-match from Putney to the Buoy at the Nore and back again. On a summer's evening the Thames will be crowded with human vessels, some of them probably playing at whist—others making tea on a floatable tea-tray, whilst a young party is swimming through a quadrille, or acting a nautical charade, dressed up as Tritons and mermaids.

We hope the *New York Express* has not imposed upon us, as nothing would delight us more than taking a swimming tour round the globe; in which case, supposing our feet are not nibbled off by crabs and lobsters, and we do not fall in with the American Sea Serpent, and are lucky enough not to be spoken with on our passage out by a single shark, we shall be happy to drop in at New York, and see if our American brothers have any more inventions which will bear carrying out to such an extent as the one which promises to board over the Atlantic, and make the sea as safe to walk upon as the land.

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.

THE Committee of the Literary Fund evidently desire that letters—like the challenge of *Acres*—should smell woundily of gunpowder. Hence, at the next meeting, LORD HARDINGE, the hero of the Sutlej, takes the chair. With a soldier from the East for President, it is certainly heroic literature in Indian ink. Nevertheless, the selection is very correct. There was a talk of inviting MR. MACAULAY to preside; but the ignorant notion was very properly abandoned. Down goosequills, and fix bayonets! We hear that his Lordship will preside with a dignity peculiarly fitting to the interests and character of letters. He will sit astride a piece of ordnance, supported by distinguished artillery officers. The toasts will be heralded by sound of trumpets; and, when drunk, finally honoured with rounds of musketry. Not, however, to intimidate the ladies who may propose to attend, be it known that nothing heavier will be let off than blank cartridge.

We are delighted to learn that the compliment paid by Letters to War, will be reciprocated by the Horse Guards to Parnassus. LORD HARDINGE, a Soldier, presides over Literature; THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, Author, will command at the next Hyde Park Review of the Household Cavalry.

THE PARLIAMENTARY COCKER.

MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY seems to be the very presiding genius of Arithmetic, for directly he rises and opens his mouth the powers of calculation are put into requisition for the purpose of counting the House. Given—the indication of a speech from MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY,—to find the number of the People's representatives who happen to be present, is a proposition that appears to be a perfect matter of course. The Honourable Member for Youghal is a second "Calculating Boy" in his Parliamentary capacity, or at all events, if he is no great arithmetician himself, he is the constant cause of arithmetic in others. Division is one of the rules to which, however, he contributes very little, for he seldom leaves a sufficient number of legislators present to admit of their coming to a division. He is, in one respect, a modern *Coriolanus*, for as the latter flutter'd

"The Volscians in Corioli,"

so does the former flutter

"The Commons down at Westminster"

in a style for which not perhaps the eagle in the dove-cote, but a certain other animal among the chickens, would furnish an apt simile.

SONG OF A STEEPLE CHASE.

(BY A COSTERMONGER.)

IF I've got a donkey wot won't go,
I musn't wollop him—oh, no, no!
The lawr of the land says I shan't do so.
My sporting tulips;

I wants to know, in pint of fact,
Which on us most breaks MARTIN's Act
Agin dumb hanimals bein whack'd,
You or I?

If a stubborn hass won't mend his pace,
And I gives it im over the ed and face,
Wot's that to running a steeple-chase
Neck or nuffin?

When you cuts and flays your osses hides,
And digs your spurs into their sides,
And unto the death the creeturs rides,
For a foolish frolick.

At Liverpool, the tother day,
There was three on 'em killed in that shameful way,
And nobody had no fine to pay,
Not a farden.

One had his thigh broke—two their backs,
Now, I beg respeckfully to ax
If there oughn't to be a cruelty tax
For gentlefolks?

If me, or JIM, or TOM, or BILL,
Was to use a hanimal half so ill,
'Twould be forty bob, or a month at the mill,
And serve us right.

So if I've got a donkey wot won't go,
I don't dare wollop him—oh, no, no!
But there's one lawr for high and another for low,
My sporting tulips.

A Californian Death-bed.

THE *California Herald* abounds with stories of the privations and wretchedness of many a long-eared MIDAS of the Sacramento. There is a stern moral in the subjoined:—

"Many are dying from want of attendance and the ordinary comforts of life, while their hard earnings *lie under their pillow* (if pillow they have) in the shape of from 1 to 10lbs. of gold dust tied up in a dirty rag. Two of these cases occurred yesterday, and two more to-day."

To die "from want of attendance and comforts," with gold for a pillow, is to die hard indeed.

THE GREAT SEA SERPENT.

THIS Salt Unknown has—depone certain folks—appeared between the Cape and St. Helena; whilst—according to the *South African*—others avow the snake to be

"A flight of sea-fowl skimming the water in single file, and, in peculiar states of the atmosphere, mistaken for one unbroken creature of enormous size."

Thus, the bird sends us back to PROFESSOR OWEN's implied calculation—"How many gulls are required to make a sea-serpent?"

THE CLERGYMAN IN NEWGATE.

Mr. Davis—Ordinary of Newgate—has made his Annual Report of the moral condition of his infected flock. Very tender indeed should be the bowels of our Old Bailey shepherd. The West-end pastor, who handles the sins of miserable sinners in fine array, and closetted in many pews, may—and always does—denounce iniquity and peccadillo with a righteous and affecting vehemence. He turns fashionables inside out, and shows the rough side of the tapestry. He thunders among the porcelain of human clay till he makes it ring and reverberate. But it is different with him when he approaches the wickedness of ignorance—the crime of unawakened human nature. He looks around this Newgate flock, and his heart is touched with the knowledge, that of his hundred infected sheep, there may not be ten who ever knew the care of a shepherd. They have been suffered to go astray, and in their wandering to contract all kinds of diseases. Never have they realised the picture of the Rydal sage—

"A young lamb's heart amid the full-grown flocks."

And with this conviction, tender indeed is the heart of the pastor towards his fore-doomed charge. We are fain to hope that, under such benign influence, Mr. Davis cogitated his Annual Report. Let us see.

"In 1843, [reports Mr. Davis] when persons sentenced to transportation were ordered to be sent abroad, there were 727 transports; in 1844, 527; in 1845, 456; in 1846, 448; but as soon as it became known that transports were detained in England, they rose in 1847 to 521, and in 1848 to 590."

The comfort of board and lodging in the Houses of Correction, with instruction in trades, infers Mr. Davis, caused the greater number, the increase being 521 and 590 on the previous 448. Thus, the laudable desire to learn a trade, may have added somewhat to the apparent number of thieves.

More than 50 men and boys are received in Newgate for one woman. "Women," says the clergyman, "are generally rendered corrupt, in the first instance, by those of their own sex, and not by men, as it is generally imagined." A truth not commonly allowed. It is well known in camps and barracks, that if Molly leave her village for the fascinations of the scarlet, Molly is never at rest until she has induced her former acquaintance, Peggy, to become her sister in misery. The fallen crave for companionship.

"There has been a remarkable diminution in the number of boys committed of late. From September, 1847, to September, 1848, the total number was 284, and 50 of these were sentenced to be whipped. Mr. Davis ascribes this decrease to *the wholesome effect of flogging* and to the increase of Ragged Schools."

A satisfactory proof this, that the schoolmaster is the best antagonist of Jack Ketch, and that flogging, however wholesome, is scarcely so salutary as teaching. The greater the employment of the primer, the less the need of the cat.

"No less than six prisoners have been under sentence of death for murder in the year, and three were executed. The mental sufferings of all these arose *not so much from the dread of death* as from their own recollection of the act of murder, all of them describing their act *as being vividly and perpetually present to their imaginations.*

Surely, conscience—that terrible Nemesis—is herein the best avenger. The murderer is continually tortured by the mental repetition of his atrocity. He writhes in the hell of his remorse. Might he not—his personal slavery being secured to society—might he not be wisely left to the hourly horror of his existence? Nevertheless, we hire the hangman to preach to the world the sacredness of human life, by putting to death a human creature!

"Mr. Davis describes the capital sentence as being *held in extreme dread*, [not "extreme;" see above], and expresses his conviction, that if it were abolished there would be *far less security* to human life, many savage and vindictive animosities being held in check by *the fear of death alone.*"

No doubt Mr. Davis is sincere in his belief; as other excellent men, before him, have held the like sincerity. Worthy graziers believed there would be far less security for their flocks, were men not hanged for sheep-stealing; townsfolk believed there would be far less security for their purses and watches, were men not hanged for every kind of filching and stealing:—

"The thirteen convicts ordered for execution were conveyed to Tyburn in five carts, and executed according to their sentence; most of them were boys, the eldest not above twenty-two; some were greatly affected, others so hardened, that they ridiculed the punishment of death, and laughed at their companions for being afraid of it."

The above will be found in the *Annual Register of* 1770, *April* 24. And in this way were men hung up like dogs for the security of property that is now doubly secure, though thirteen of our fellow-creatures are not, at one swing, sacrificed at the shrine erected to chattels—the Tyburn gallows of a Monday morning.

My Bonny Bark.—Those interesting Writings which appear in the public prints under the head of "Markets," apprise us that there is an enormous rise in the price of English Bark. It is evident from this gratifying fact, that whatever may be the prospects of trade in general, the trade in Bark is not likely to go—where we might expect it to find its way to—need we add—the dogs?

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Drummond is going to bring in a Bill by which Property will be more easily transferable than it has been. For our parts, we find our property only too easily transferable as it is, and the effect of our baker's and butcher's bills, introduced last Christmas, has been to render the duties of our purse-bearer considerably lighter than before.

As for personal property, if anybody really wishes to get rid of it, we recommend him to purchase a Llama Paletôt, and having put his silk handkerchief in one of the pockets behind, to walk through St. Giles's, leaning on the arms of two talkative friends.

The plan of this Bill for the Conveyance of Property has been suggested by the Parcels Delivery Company, which now conveys all kinds of property in the most economical manner every day.

We have glanced at this new Bill, and find that all the complicated indentures will be exploded, and as to the formalities necessary to the execution of any instrument, it will only be requisite to say,

—"I've done the deed,
Didst thou not hear a noise?"

We subjoin a few of the Concise Precedents which will take the place of the present cumbrous conveyances—just as express-trains have superseded stage-coaches.

1. *Will of Jeremiah Snooks.*

This is the last Will and Testament of Me, Jeremiah Snooks.—I give all my things to my relations, to be divided among them, the best way they can.

N.B. If anybody grumbles about his share, or kicks up any row about it, he isn't to have anything.

P.S. Codicil:—My nephew Ptolemy mustn't have that bay cob of mine unless he gets two stone lighter before he rides her.

his
Jeremiah × Snooks.
mark.

2. *Sale of Blackacre.*

Whereas Solomon Joshua Levy wants to buy my house and furniture for £200. Now, this Indenture Witnesseth, that if he comes down with the rhino on Tuesday next at the "Black Boy and Trumpeter," Holborn, he may have it.

Mem.—I stood him a go of brandy by way of earnest. Jim Blunt.

3. *Marriage Settlement.*

Amelia Screw is going to marry Me, John Thomas. I'll pay her bills like a gentleman, and leave her pretty well off if I die before her.

Provided that she is never to give me cold meat for dinner, except once a week.

N.B. If my mother-in-law as is to be stays in our house more than ten days at a time, I may go to Herne Bay.

John Thomas.
Amelia Screw.

4. *Mortgage.*

My name is Horatio Fastman, I'm desperately hard up for tin, and I'll mortgage my dog-cart and carpet-bag for £50 to Abraham Moses. If I don't stump up the flimsy before next Derby day, of course A. M. must have them altogether.

PUNCH WRONG FOR ONCE IN HIS LIFE.

It is seldom that *Punch* commits the smallest error, even by the merest accident, but he pleads guilty of a misrepresentation in one of his *tableaux* of last week, in which some individuals were shown as in the act of smoking clay pipes at the Cider Cellars. The proprietor has pointed out, in a polite note, the mistake of the artist, who naturally thought that where there was so much singing, there would also be some piping; but not being an *habitué*, his ideas on the subject were less clear than they usually are upon things in general. We hasten to correct this mistake, for it seems that the smoke arising from a clay pipe is considered less respectable than the fumes emanating from a cigar, and we would not, on any account, be instrumental to throwing a cloud over an establishment on false or mistaken grounds, and we therefore give the Cider Cellars the full benefit of the exemption from the evils of common clay which the proprietor repudiates.

A CORPORATE ENGINE.

We are informed by the *Gateshead Observer*, that on the Sedghill Railway there has been started a new engine, called "The Alderman." We wonder if they "stoke" the Alderman with turtle and venison.

UPS AND DOWNS OF POLITICAL LIFE.

LOUIS-NAPOLEON AT HAM.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE IN EXILE.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE NEW ST. PATRICK;

OR, SIR ROBERT TURNING THE REPTILES OUT OF IRELAND.

MISS BENIMBLE'S TEA-AND-TOAST.

MISS B. REMOVES FROM PIMLICO TO ST. JAMES'S.

EAR *Mr. Punch*,—If you know what moving is—(supposing you are not like some of your sect, who put their hands in their pockets, walk out of the old house, and only walk into the new one when it is all in apple-pie)—if you know the trouble of changing your quarters, with the contemporary hurry of feelings,—you will, from the bottom of that cream-jug, your heart, forgive my silence these last two weeks. Upon my word and honour, when I looked at your amusing paper, and didn't see "M. B." in it, I felt my bosom turned into a pincushion stuck sudden through and through. But the fact is, I was warned out in a minute from Pimlico—the house being taken with the most shameful want of ceremony by a genteel family from Scotland, of the name of EL—T—T; come, as I hear, to be ready to fill any place anywhere, at five minutes' notice, as may be ready for 'em.

Well, now it's over, I 'm in delight, in perfect hysterics at the change! For here I am, *Mr. Punch*, in charge of a house—to let, in St. James's; here I am with a commanding prospect of fashionable life, to say nothing of the Duke on horseback, and SIR ROBERT PEEL, in his primrose waistcoat, on his way to Parliament. Here I am, with the drawing-rooms in carriages going to the Palace, with no end of stars and garters under my very eyes. You should only see the cap I 'm making to sit at the window in at the next deception by the Court.

Having put my few things to rights, and given my cat her milk, and here, *Mr. Punch*, a word upon cats that, all along, have been wickedly scandalised; the feeling race being snubbed only, as it 's my opinion, to give a higher lift to nasty dogs—but it 's like the world! Nobody here below gets his proper share of butter to his bread; it 's either just a scrape with the edge of the knife, or it 's laid on by the pound—to come back to my cat, and, indeed, to the whole speeches in general,—it isn't true that cats, like folks in office, don't care a pin for persons, but only for the place. My own cat Teresa is a proud witness to the contrary: whether she laps her milk in Pimlico or St. James's, in Carlton Terrace or in May Fair,—it 's all as nothing, so she laps it with me. And looking in that cat's eyes, I 'd take my avadavat of it,—she 's as fond of me as if I was her own flesh and blood,—which of course I aint, only using the expression as a Potiphar.

So little BENJAMIN 's been into Egypt again upon the corn business! And, I must say, another BENJAMIN'S mess he 's made of it. And yet the young Caucasian tried to do his best in earnest. His love of the land is wonderful! And then how proud he is of what he calls the hereditary aristocracy! I'll be bound for it, *Mr. Punch*, there isn't a curly poodle in high life, as is as proud of his silver-collar—with the arms of the noble house cut into it—as is BENJAMIN of the nobility that makes a pet on him only to bark at the Free Traders. But the worst of it is, BENJAMIN has writ story-books; BENJAMIN 's a genius, and therefore can't deal with 'rithmetic. Though (I can't give my 'thority)—though he 's eat a leaf of *Mr. Cocker* every day 'twixt bread and butter—though he 's had a Rule-of-Three sandwich every day for the past month, he can make nothing of figures. No, no; we want a sound, dull man for that; and though BENJAMIN'S speeches may be full of lightning, it isn't the lightning of the 'lectric wires, that goes on any messages, with not a bit more flourish than a ticket-porter. It was a cruel piece of ironing of LORD RUSSELL—a man not given to fun—to wish BENJAMIN might have the Committee, just out of curiosity to see what he would do with it. This reminds me, *Mr. Punch*, of something in *Tristram Shandy* (I never, in course, read the whole book; only bits), where *Mr. Shandy*, when he gives a cake to a donkey, says it was out of no love to the donkey itself, but only just to see how a donkey would eat a cake!

That little morsel, *Mr. Punch*, was pretty when BENJAMIN—winking, hard, as I am told, at LORD NUGENT—talked of HAMPDEN, and said that the beans-and-bacon blood that had fought against Ship-money, was not the sort of blood to put up with matters as they were. Why, there was in that sentence a little pocket-rebellion held at the head of the House like a pocket-pistol! There was a Revolution and—and I won't say what—with BENJAMIN DISRAELI, cropt close for the part, as OLIVER CROMWELL THE SECOND! Of course BENJAMIN didn't mean rebellion; no—not he; good fellow! He only meant "cheers;" and—in course—had 'em! The speech was all very nice and pretty while it was left alone—and ought to have been ticketted like the plants at the flower-show to "admire, but not touch." The speech was like a beautiful round bubble—one ornamented with schismatic colours—and blown from soap-and-water! And it was—as I can understand—very nice to hear how BENJAMIN'S backers clapt and hallooed as it floated along,—just as little boys cry and shout at a soap-bubble sailing in the street. And so—like the bubble—it went sailing on, till it knocked against the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S head, when—where was it? Nowhere! Howsomever, BENJAMIN spoke—as I hear—very serious; taking the wrongs of the landed nobility as much to heart, as though he was one of 'em; as though he 'd been born with a coronet for a caul, and swaddled in robes of vermine.

There is only one thing that the County of Bucks should remember; and that is, at the next election to send to Parliament, along with MR. DISRAELI, the famous MR. SOTHEBY; he, as one member, could let off the Vauxhall-fireworks, while BENJAMIN spoke 'em; the speech to conclude with a grand display of Kat'rine Wheels, BENJAMIN standing in the middle of 'em, as he will stand upon a pedestal in Palace Yard—or the Minories—in 1990! This would make the thing perfect: as it is, though BENJAMIN is shockingly in earnest, the entertainment does somehow want *real* fire.

Afore I leave Parli'ment, I 've a way of putting money in the pockets of the members. MR. MUNTZ read a certain ironmonger's bill from Birmingham; whereupon, some malicious creature cried out—"It 's a puff!" And, I ask, why not? If members knew what power they 'd in their hands, mightn't they turn a penny by it? I don't see why even BENJAMIN himself shouldn't weave in his speech half-a-dozen lines from the House of MOSES—why MR. MUNTZ shouldn't give a flourish to ROWLAND'S Macassar—and COLONEL SIBTHORP say a word for MR. TUCKER'S geese. A word 's enough; if advertisers are wise, they 'll drop the newspapers and go to Parliament.

So I see the BISHOP OF EXETER 'S in a breeze again! Isn't there a bird that 's called MOTHER CAREY'S chicken, a bird that 's only seen in foul weather? It 's all with ill-luck, I 'm sure, but that blessed Bishop is the chicken of Mother Church. We never seem to hear of him, but squalls follow. Why, *Mr. Punch*, I see he 's put a parson into gaol for preaching; locked up a real parson for what the Bishop calls contempt! MR. SHORE preaches the Gospel, and that 's contempt of a Bishop! MR. SHORE—being debarred his regular pulpit—preaches in a Chapel, and that 's an insult to the Church Established. Once a parson, always a parson, says the Bishop; which, in MR. SHORE'S case, means—once out of bread, always out of bread. And so the Bishop locks up MR. SHORE; the Bishop claps the clergyman in gaol to show himself the better Christian. After all, there 's no change in the Bishop himself; once Exeter, always Exeter!

Well, it was a little different with the REV. MR. HAZLEWOOD—there was a trial about him last week at Lincoln. He was so fond of rum, he forgot his Prayer-book. "I found the psalms and lessons for MR. HAZLEWOOD," says the clerk in the trial—"but could not keep him right. He read the psalms for Easter Sunday on Good Friday. He often smelt of rum!" And still it seems, he was allowed to die a parson—in what I believe is called, the odour of orthodoxy, which is *not* rum. Upon my life, *Mr. Punch*, this is too bad. If a parson isn't to lose his dignity, when he loses his morals, why all that the wicked will say is this,—morals have nothing to do with a clergyman. You may drum a common soldier out of the common army for bad manners—but, it seems, to the disgrace of the ranks, you must not drum out a culprit of the Army of Martyrs. If such dirty doings are to be covered up, I don't wonder that the aprons of the Church are as black as they are!

To turn from these things to the sweet field of letters—as MR. LOVELACE calls them—and I 'm in lively hopes that that dear one of the force will have his beat removed from Pimlico here—to touch upon books like a butterfly on flowers, I am so happy to see by the papers that "G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ." is going—or is gone—to "edit" a romance. But here 's the strange, the delightful part of the story:—

"No greater guarantee as to its excellence can be advanced, than the fact of so established a writer as MR. JAMES becoming its sponsor, especially when it is well known that large sums have been frequently offered to him to edit works, and that he has invariably declined such propositions."

Which I suppose means, that MR. JAMES, not expecting to give to the world any new books of his own, takes care of a stranger's; just as folks, who don't expect any more family on their own account, advertise to dry-nurse the babies of other people.

If I 'm wrong, to be set right by such a gentleman as Mr. JAMES will delight and honour,

Yours, with a respectful curtsey,

M. B.

A LITTLE BEAR'S GREASE.—It is rumoured that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has conferred on MR. ANSTEY the title of COUNT OUT.

OLD BAILEY DRAMAS.

Now that the theatrical nature of the attractions at the Old Bailey has been recognised by the open and undisguised letting of the galleries at a certain price, to be obtained by making a charge for admission, we think the speculators have a right to demand the enjoyment of the usual facilities for going publicly to a place of entertainment open to the public in general.

Should the thing pay largely, and hold out a prospect of increased profits, the lessee may be tempted to form engagements by special retainer, with some of the most attractive members of the forensic profession—whose scarcity, by the way, enhances their value most considerably—who might perhaps be inclined to accept special retainers, and appear "for one trial only," at the Central Criminal Court. Such an announcement as, "MR. SO-AND-SO"—we beg pardon if the paucity of brilliance at the bar prevents a name from coming at once into our minds—such an announcement, we repeat, as, "MR. SO-AND-SO in two Cases," would form a very taking "poster" for the dead-walls of the metropolis.

We are almost old enough to remember when the Trial of THURTELL was dramatised over the water, and

'THE IDENTICAL GIG"

formed a single line in the play-bill, until the run of the gig was prevented by the interference of the authorities, and the "Identical Horse" was pulled up rather short, with a threat of the discontinuance of the Manager's licence. These were very properly regarded as wholly illegitimate sources of attraction; but as the peculiar business of the Old Bailey is well known, and the galleries are let without disguise, it would be an affectation of delicacy to pretend that the proceedings at the Central Criminal Court might not be consistently advertised for the purpose of attracting the public to the Trials. Such a poster as the one annexed, would not be out of character with the facts we have stated.

Every accommodation should be afforded to the frequenters of the galleries, and an usher going round with "Apples, Oranges, Nuts, Bill of Indictment, Ginger Beer," would be a great convenience to the audience. If the system goes on we should not be surprised to hear of BALLANTINE being called for at the close of a speech, or SERJEANT WILKINS being smothered alive in a shower of bouquets; while some of the smaller fry, who are in the habit of substituting arrogance or bullying for incapacity and emptiness, might some day "come in" for a shower of orange-peel from the gallery, or at all events a sound hiss or two that would greatly disturb the dignity of the Court. When the public are made to pay for what they see and hear, they will expect the privilege of expressing an opinion, and therefore the system of payment should be abolished at once, for if the persons in the gallery are charged for admission, they will insist on the right to money's worth for their money, and then, woe to those forensic performers who have nothing but bully and bluster, vanity and virulence, emptiness of head and fulness of mouth, to rely upon. *Punch's* respect for the dignity and decency of every Court of Justice induces him to suggest the immediate abolition of the unwholesome system of letting out the galleries of the Old Bailey, as if the place was a theatre instead of one of the tribunals of the country.

"THERE WAS A TIME."

THE present ever was—is—and will be the worst of all Time, at least with some folks. MR. DRUMMOND is one of these unfortunate people. All his best days are yesterdays. He is continually in short mourning—no doubt wearing his deepest black like *Hamlet*, inwardly—for the increasing wretchedness of the age. With him time produces nothing that is not smaller than what preceded it. We doubt if, with him, the hail-stones of the next storm will be comparable to the magnificent hail-stones of last summer. All things with Mr. D. are decreasing—dwarfed. The goose of our day lays an egg of duck's size—the duck, of pigeon's—the pigeon, of sparrow's. Fine cat's-head apples have shrivelled into crabs; and the biggest herrings of the nineteenth century equal not the sprats of 1799. Even the wit of DRUMMOND is scarcely so vivid as the wit of CANNING.

"There was a time when the country had *some* national faith; when men worshipped—he was not afraid to use the word *worshipped*—the statesman who guided the destinies of the state, reverenced the judges who administered the laws, and *venerated the sailors and soldiers* by whom they were defended; when our noblest *Credo* was *Rule Britannia*, and the finest anthem in the National Ritual was *God Save the Queen*."

What a time was this! When PITT was worshipped, folks taking off their coats and laying them in his path to Parliament House! When LORD MANSFIELD was dragged by the people in his carriage to the Lords! When our sailors were *not* pressed, and our soldiers were *not* crimped; and when even the rooks cawed *Rule Britannia*, and COLONEL KELLY'S famous parrot sang *God save the King!*

And now we have no patriotism—no reverence—no religion. Cotton has wiped away the bloom of life. "The manufacturer," says MR. DRUMMOND, "is a man without a country." Well, we fear it *is* the fault of money to be cosmopolitan. £. *s. d.* are, in fact, the witches of the world; the Weird Sisters—

"Posters of the sea and land,—"

no more willing to sacrifice themselves for the beeves of Bucks, than for the chimnies of Lancashire.

Mrs. Glass on Europe.

EUROPE, at the present moment, ought to be in a sounder state than ever, if you only consider its number of new Constitutions. Austria has got a new Constitution, Prussia has got a new one, and France, who all last year was very weak, though its general system lately has been a little stronger, has also had a new Constitution. These Constitutions may last with good advice to support them, but it is strongly feared that quacks will do their best to disturb and upset them. We recommend Prussia to be very particular with its Diet, and France not to leave its chamber till it is strong enough, and would impress upon Austria and all three of them to remain as quiet as they possibly can. Constitutions, like certain jellies, require being left to themselves for some time before they will settle down: turn them out before they are perfectly firm, and they will not stand a day.

A VISIT TO ASTLEY'S.

THE attractions of the *Cirque National*, at Drury Lane, have perhaps drawn away our attention too long from "those dear scenes of youth," which Astley's always presents to us. Memory still wraps herself up in the Hussar uniform, formerly worn by WIDDICOMB, who has lately destroyed all illusion by resorting to the habiliments of every day life, and has not only smothered romance in a white waistcoat, but has suffocated ideality in the body-coat of common-place humanity.

WIDDICOMB himself is still the same as ever; but when we ask for that jacket which used to have such a thorough lacing all over it, as to be equivalent to a thorough good hiding—or concealing—of the cloth underneath, we are amazed at the miserable substitute, and on a further inspection of his attire

"We start, for frogs are wanting there."

Since the abdication of the EMPEROR GOMERSAL, and the retirement of CARTLITCH into the privacy of a public-house, Astley's had lost some of its ancient glory; but there are symptoms of a revival of its best days, its loudest lungs, and its reddest fires. *Corasco, or the Warrior's Steed*, is a piece quite worthy of the old reputation of the Amphitheatre. There is an ironical Warrior who asks a "*Churrrlish* Priest" whether "Mother Nature" does not "call on yer to rispect her sakered dictates which speak with thundering elowquence to e'en the sterenest heart." There is an "age-ed pare-ent" who is constantly "strrruggell-ing" 'twixt those constant competitors "Love and Duty," until the former prevails; and for the sake of his "Chyild," he gets knocked on the head in an Astley's *mêlée*.

There is a low comic character who in his capacity of "Cook to the Temple," chaffs the High Priest, and while being ordered for "instunt execution" by that dignitary, expresses a wish that his basting-spoon were at hand to enable him to baste the Pontiff. There is a Princess ferociously in love with the wrong man, clutching him by his chintz-curtain tunic, and exclaiming, "Ye shall not tearrr him from this lace-e-rated bosom," until half-a-dozen "Sbirri" in white night-gowns pull off the Princess (O P); and as many "slaves" in red calico shirts drag off the beloved warrior (P S).

There is in addition a faithful steed, who occasionally runs on at one wing, and off at the other, which causes the Warrior to shout out—"Ha! my gallant courser warns us of danger:" though the fact is, the sagacious brute sees nothing more dangerous than a man holding a sieve of oats, for which the "faithful steed" makes, with a precipitancy perfectly natural. Nevertheless, the whole effect is admirable; and as "we must not look a gift-horse in the mouth," we have no right to ask whether the "faithful steed" is munching a handful of corn, when he returns from some movement supposed to have been prompted by fidelity to his master—our friend "the Warrior."

But the scenes in the Circle are the strong point at Astley's—particularly when such an equestrian as young HERNANDEZ is attached to the establishment. His exploits are performed with such ease, that however daring his attempts, we feel perfectly sure that they will be successful. It seems to be all the same to him whether he comes down upon one leg or two, whether he alights on the back of the horse or on the neck, and whether he jumps backwards or forwards over a single scarf or over half-a-dozen. Whatever he wishes to do he does, and without any apparent preparation, or the smallest probability of failure. His proceedings seem to be wholly irrespective of the horse, and he spends a far greater proportion of the time occupied by his performance in the air than on the back of the animal.

We regret that we cannot express our perfect satisfaction at some of the other proceedings in the Circle, and we must particularise the Clowns, who, in attempting to infuse freshness into their jokes, have lost that staleness which gave them such a relish. Long-winded common-place stories, and hackneyed songs, have succeeded to those delicious bits of what WIDDICOMB still terms "face*tia*," and WIDDICOMB himself has assumed the style of the *Petit Maître*, instead of that of the "spangled Officer," in which he earned our youthful homage. WIDDICOMB's small talk may be well enough in the *Salons de la Haute Société*, but in his own peculiar Circle—the Ring at ASTLEY'S—if he were to make his small talk still smaller, it would be, to us, more acceptable.

The Clowns had much better confine themselves to what JOE MILLER has set down for them, than attempt an originality which is not original, and soar into a sort of philosophy which puts the audience, or, at least, ourselves, into a temper anything but philosophical. It would be really refreshing to be asked once more, from the Ring at ASTLEY'S, whether our Mother knows of our being out, or to listen to the application which used to be made nightly to WIDDICOMB, as to what the Clown was expected to go, for to do, for to fetch, for to bring, for to carry.

MR. HUME, YOU 'RE WANTED

To MOVE—the Triumphal Arch opposite Buckingham Palace to some spot where it will not be destroyed, or completely sacrificed.

To MOVE—the Trustees of the British Museum to make a little more haste about their interminable Catalogue.

To MOVE—Smithfield Market to some suburb where it is likely to have elbow room, so that the beasts may not be deprived, before death, of all the animal comforts.

To MOVE—all the Powers under the Sun to give the Common Council a little common sense.

To MOVE—the friends of DEPUTY HICKS to look after him.

The Law of Arrest Abridged.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "An M. P. IN DIFFICULTIES," writes to inquire if we can inform him whether the Thames lies in Middlesex or Surrey? or in neither? or if only in one, in which one? His object for inquiring, he states, is because he has been in hot water ever since he has been in Parliament, and he would not mind occupying so cool a retreat as one of the towers of Hungerford Bridge (both of which are untenanted), if he thought he should be free from those persecutions which are likely, when a certain measure is passed, to make his time like the articles ticketed in the linendrapers' shops; "VERY CHAS(T)ED INDEED." We should advise our distressed M. P. to rent both towers, and then he can change his residence according to the county from which he saw danger approaching. By this means he will be safe on both sides.

ORIGIN OF THE FONETIC MYSTERY.

WE fancy we have at last discovered the origin of our good-tempered contemporary, *de Fonetic Nuz*, whose number for *dis* week is being pertinaciously advertised. We look upon the paper as a great "Ethiopian Organ," designed as an accompaniment to the Serenading Parties that have, within the last three or four years, immigrated into London and the provinces. The Fonetic spelling is evidently based on the same principles as those which have regulated the orthography of *Jim Crow*, *Buffalo Gals*, *Clare de Kitchen*, and the rest of the Nigger Melodies.—*Ex. Gr.*

"Toder Sunda' mornin' I
Put on my dandi coat,
An' went down to Grinige,
'Pon a steam bote.
Wheel about," &c.

We should not be astonished to hear that DUMBOLTON is a contributor to *de Fonetic Nuz*, and that PELL is resting his bones in a life of literary leisure as sub-editor of the Journal. We do not expect the Fonetic movement will progress very rapidly, for few of us will send our English, as we do our horses, to be broken, and we shall prefer our Language in its sane or entire state, rather than adopt the Orthographical monomania which our Fonetic friends are afflicted with.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

THE great question of the present day is, "What shall we do with our convicts?" An inhuman wretch suggests that they should be sent to Ireland. We must protest in the most energetic manner against any such proposition, for we can scarcely conceive any offence that is deserving of so severe a punishment. We only ask the monster in human form, from which this cruel suggestion emanates, "How would he like it himself?"

MANNERS. AND. CVSTOMS. OF Ye ENGLYSHE. IN. 1849. No 2.

AN "AT HOME". YE POLKA.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Wednesday, March 21st., 1849. To-NIGHT to an Evening Party with my Wife, to SIR HILARY JINKS'S, whereunto we had been bidden to come at 10 of the Clock; for SIR HILARY and her Ladyship have taken to keeping rare Hours. Thereat was a goodly Company of about an hundred, and the Women all very fine, my Wife being in her last Year's Gown, which I am tired of, and do hate to see. We did fall to dancing Quadrilles, wherein I made one, and had for my Partner a comely Damsel, whom after the Dance was ended, did hand to a Sofa, and thereon sit me by her Side; but seeing my Wife looking hard at us, did presently make my Bow, and so away. Then to look on while some did dance the Polka, which did please me not much, for had beheld it better danced at the *Casino*, and do think it more suitable to such a Place than to a Drawing Room. The Young Fellows did take their Partners by the Waist, and these did lean upon the others' Shoulders, and with one Arm stretched out, and holding Hand in Hand, they did spin round the Room together. But, oh! to see the kicking up of Heels and stamping of them on the Ground, which did mightily remind me of *Jim Crow*. In truth, I am told that the Polka is but a Peasant's Hop, from Hungary, and now to think of Persons of Quality cutting such Capers! SIR HILARY to his Taste; but a Minuet for me at Home, with Gentlewomen, and a Polka with Milkmaids at a Maying or a Booth. Meanwhile the Servants did hand round Glasses of Negus, which was poor Stuff; and those who listed to Supper when they chose, in a side Room, off wretched Sandwiches of the size of the Triangles in EUCLID his *Geometry*, which did think shabby. Home in a Cab, at Two in the Morning, much wearied and little pleased; and on our way Home, spying a Tavern open, did go and get me a Pint of Beer, and the same to my Wife; for we were both athirst, and she in an ill-humour about the Beauty I had danced with, and I because of the bad Supper; and so very ill-contented to Bed.

THE PLAINTIFF PRELATE.—The word *versus* appears so often in the Law Reports, in connexion with the name of the BISHOP OF EXETER, that after-ages will perhaps be led to suppose that it was actually one of his Lordship's titles. There is probably not a single Confessor or Martyr that has had so many trials as BISHOP PHILPOTTS.

THE REAL RATE IN AID FOR IRELAND.—*Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera.*

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MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

ON TAILORING—AND TOILETTES IN GENERAL.

UR ancestors, my dear BOB, have transmitted to you, in common with every member of our family, considerable charms of person and figure (of which fact although you are of course perfectly aware, yet, and equally of course, you have no objection to be reminded); and with these facial and corporal endowments, a few words respecting dress and tailoring, may not be out of place; for nothing is trivial in life, and everything to the philosopher has a meaning. As in the old joke about a pudding which has two sides, namely an inside and an outside, so a coat or a hat has its inside as well as its outside; I mean, that there is in a man's exterior appearance the consequence of his inward ways of thought, and a gentleman who dresses too grandly or too absurdly, or too shabbily, has some oddity or insanity, or meanness in his mind, which developes itself somehow outwardly in the fashion of his garments.

No man has a right to despise his dress in this world. There is no use in flinging any honest chance whatever, away. For instance, although a woman cannot be expected to know the particulars of a gentleman's dress, any more than we to be acquainted with the precise nomenclature, or proper cut of the various articles which those dear creatures wear; yet to what lady in a society of strangers do we feel ourselves most naturally inclined to address ourselves?—to her or those whose appearance pleases us; not to the gaudy, over-dressed Dowager or Miss:—not to her whose clothes, though handsome, are put on in a slatternly manner, but to the person who looks neat, and trim, and elegant, and in whose person we fancy we see exhibited indications of a natural taste, order, and propriety. If MISS SMITH in a rumpled gown, offends our eyesight, though we hear she is a young lady of great genius and considerable fortune, while MISS JONES in her trim and simple attire attracts our admiration; so must women on their side, be attracted or repelled by the appearance of gentlemen into whose company they fall. If you are a tiger in appearance, you may naturally expect to frighten a delicate and timid female; if you are a sloven, to offend her: and as to be well with women, constitutes one of the chiefest happinesses of life; the object of my worthy BOB'S special attention will naturally be, to neglect no precautions to win their favour.

Yes: a good face, a good address, a good dress, are each so many points in the game of life, of which every man of sense will avail himself. They help many a man more in his commerce with society than learning or genius. It is hard often to bring the former into a drawing-room: it is often too lumbering and unwieldy for any den but its own. And as a KING CHARLES'S spaniel can snooze before the fire, or frisk over the ottoman-cushions and on to the ladies' laps, when a Royal elephant would find considerable difficulty in walking up the stairs, and subsequently in finding a seat; so a good manner and appearance will introduce you into many a house, where you might knock in vain for admission, with all the learning of PORSON in your trunk.

It is not learning, it is not virtue, about which people inquire in society. It is manners. It no more profits me that my neighbour at table can construe Sanscrit and say the *Encyclopædia* by heart, than that he should possess half a million in the Bank (unless, indeed, he gives dinners; when, for reasons obvious, one's estimation of him, or one's desire to please him, takes its rise in different sources), or that the lady whom I hand down to dinner, should be as virtuous as *Cornelia* or the late MRS. HANNAH MORE. What is wanted for the nonce is, that folks should be as agreeable as possible in conversation and demeanour; so that good humour may be said to be one of the very best articles of dress one can wear in society; the which to see exhibited in LADY X.'s honest face, let us say, is more pleasant to behold in a room, than the glitter of LADY Z.'s best diamonds. And yet, in point of virtue, the latter is, no doubt, a perfect dragon. But virtue is a home quality: manners are the coat it wears when it goes abroad.

Thus, then, my beloved BOB, I would have your dining-out suit handsome, neat, well made, fitting you naturally and easily, and yet with a certain air of holiday about it, which should mark its destination. It is not because they thought their appearance was much improved by the ornament, that the ancient philosophers and topers decorated their old pates with flowers (no wreath I know, would make some people's mugs beautiful; and I confess, for my part, I would as lief wear a horse-collar or a cotton night-cap in society, as a coronet of polyanthuses or a garland of hyacinths):—it is not because a philosopher cares about dress that he wears it; but he wears his best as the sign of a feast, as a bush is the sign of an inn. You ought to mark a festival as a red-letter day, and you put on your broad and spotless white waistcoat, your finest linen, your shiniest boots, as much as to say "It is a feast; here I am, clean, smart, ready with a good appetite, determined to enjoy."

You would not enjoy a feast if you came to it unshorn, in a draggle-tailed dressing-gown. You ought to be well dressed, and suitable to it. A very odd and wise man whom I once knew, and who had not (as far as one could outwardly judge,) the least vanity about his personal appearance, used, I remember, to make a point of wearing in large Assemblies a most splendid gold or crimson waistcoat. He seemed to consider himself in the light of a walking bouquet of flowers, or a moveable chandelier. His waistcoat was a piece of furniture to decorate the rooms: as for any personal pride he took in the adornment, he had none: for the matter of that, he would have taken the garment off, and lent it to a waiter—but this Philosopher's maxim was, that dress should be handsome upon handsome occasions—and I hope you will exhibit your own taste upon such. You don't suppose that people who entertain you so hospitably have four-and-twenty lights in the dining-room, and still and dry champagne every day?—or that my friend, MRS. PERKINS, puts her drawing-room door under her bed every night, when there is no ball? A young fellow must dress himself, as the host and hostess dress themselves, in an extra manner for extra nights. Enjoy, my boy, in honesty and manliness, the goods of this life. I would no more have you refuse to take your glass of wine, or to admire (always in honesty) a pretty girl, than dislike the smell of a rose, or turn away your eyes from a landscape. "*Neque tu choreas sperne, puer,*" as the dear old Heathen says; and, in order to dance, you must have proper pumps wherein to spring and whirl lightly, and a clean pair of gloves, with which you can take your partner's pretty little hand.

As for particularising your dress, that were a task quite absurd and impertinent, considering that you are to wear it, and not I, and remembering the variations of fashion. When I was presented to H. R. H. the Prince Regent, in the uniform of the Hammersmith Hussars, viz., a yellow jacket, pink pantaloons and silver lace, green morocco boots, and a light blue pelisse lined with ermine, the august Prince himself, the model of grace and elegance in his time, wore a coat of which the waist-buttons were placed between his Royal shoulder-blades, and which, if worn by a man now, would cause the boys to hoot him in Pall Mall, and be a uniform for Bedlam. If buttons continue their present downward progress, a man's waist may fall down to his heels next year, or work upwards to the nape of his neck after another revolution: who knows? Be it yours decently to conform to the custom, and leave your buttons in the hands of a good tailor, who will place them wherever fashion ordains. A few general rules, however, may be gently hinted to a young fellow who has perhaps a propensity to fall into certain errors.

Eschew violent sporting-dresses, such as one sees but too often in the parks and public places on the backs of misguided young men. There is no objection to an ostler wearing a particular costume, but it is a pity that a gentleman should imitate it. I have seen in like manner young fellows at Cowes attired like the pictures we have of smugglers, buccaneers, and mariners in Adelphi melodramas. I would like my BOB to remember, that his business in life is neither to handle a curry-comb nor a marline-spike, and to fashion his habit accordingly.

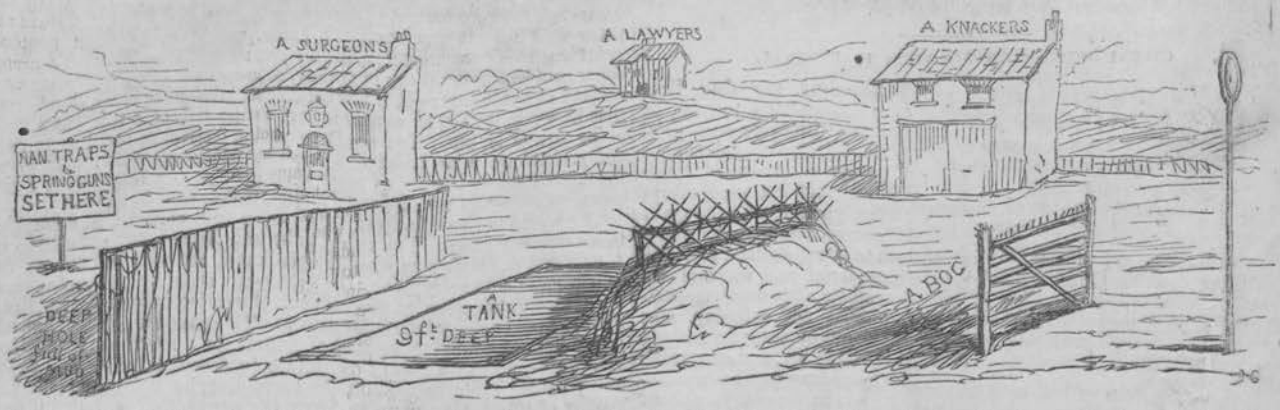
If your hair or clothes do not smell of tobacco, as they sometimes it must be confessed do, you will not be less popular among ladies. And as no man is worth a fig, or can have real benevolence of character, or observe mankind properly, who does not like the society of modest and well-bred women; respect their prejudices in this matter, and if you must smoke, smoke in an old coat, and away from the ladies.

Avoid dressing-gowns; which argue dawdling, an unshorn chin, a lax toilet, and a general lazy and indolent habit at home. Begin your day with a clean conscience in every way. Cleanliness is honesty.* A man who shows but a clean face and hands is a rogue and hypocrite in society, and takes credit for a virtue which he does not possess. And of all the advances towards civilisation which our nation has made, and of most of which MR. MACAULAY treats so eloquently in his lately published History, as in his lecture to the Glasgow Students the other day, there is none which ought to give a philanthropist more pleasure, than to remark the great and increasing demand for bath-tubs at the ironmongers; Zinc-Institutions, of which our ancestors had a lamentable ignorance.

And I hope that these Institutions will be universal in our country before long, and that every decent man in England will be a Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath. BROWN THE ELDER.

* *Note to the beloved Reader.*—This hint, dear Sir, is of course not intended to apply personally to *you*, who are scrupulously neat in your person; but when you look around you and see how many people neglect the use of that admirable cosmetic, cold water, you will see that a few words in its praise, may be spoken with advantage.

THE STEEPLE-CHASE HIPPODROME.



EVER anxious to diffuse happiness and enjoyment, we have a plan to propose for affording to everybody facilities for partaking of the pleasures of the Steeple-Chase. Persons in London, engaged in business, can seldom find time to indulge in this exciting pastime, as the scene of it generally lies in some remote locality. We therefore suggest the establishment of a Metropolitan Steeple-Chase Hippodrome, in which all the finest features of the best ground across the country, shall be carefully included. Successively, and at suitable distances along the course, we would have duly arranged a spiked five-barred gate, a quagmire, a bank with *chevaux-de-frize*, a tank, a fence of spear-headed iron railings, a deep pit, and a number of man-traps; besides a variety of high hedges and concealed ditches, rubbish-heaps and tile-shards, and broken bottles. In short, we would render the Hunting-Ground replete with all possible sources of danger to life and limb, and with every convenience for being impaled, smothered, drowned, or having backs, arms, legs, or necks, broken. For this is the species of entertainment for man and horse, in which alone, as far as we can discover, the peculiar fun of a Steeple Chase consists.

PARLIAMENTARY INQUIRIES.

THERE are many Members of Parliament who by way of finding something to say, are in the habit of popping up every now and then to "ask a question" of a Cabinet Minister. In some of these querists, the feeling is like that of the Sweep who was satisfied to be spoken to by a Lord, though it was only to be told to "Get out of the way;" and with the same spirit—or rather, want of spirit—there are many ordinary individuals who delight in being addressed by a Minister, though it should only be to be snubbed by him. Besides, it is so very easy to ask a question; and there are so many who possess this sort of questionable capacity, which enables them though they can make nothing else answer, to obtain an answer from a member of the Government. The present Ministers are exceedingly amiable in this respect, and will vouchsafe a reply to the merest pieces of impertinent curiosity; but we advise them not to encourage the practice of frivolous questioning too much, lest it should be necessary to create a new office—similar to that which, we presume, must exist in the *Bureaux* of some of the weekly papers—namely, an official intrusted with the duty of answering every inquiry that may be made *De omnibus rebus et (plus-quam) quibusdam aliis.*

We should recommend that for each Secretary of State, and every other member of the Ministry, a letter-box be opened into which queries may be dropped; and that a list of

Ministerial Answers to Correspondents

be printed every day, with the votes of the House of Commons. We can understand the series commencing with something like the following:—

"M.P., who is anxious to be made acquainted with the measures of the Government, is informed that we never measured them.

"B—H—RT—N. Certainly. His proposition to leave off business at 12 o'clock, will be treated as an open question; but the suggestion would come better from the Member for Beds.

"J—S—PH H—E. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER does not contemplate the reduction of the salary of the well-behaved individual who opens the door and directs persons calling at the Treasury. His civility entitles him to fall under the head of Civil Contingencies.

"S—R—P. The Horse Guards Clock was not stopped purposely in the autumn, to give more time—and consequently a longer existence—to the present Government. To the other question, 'When they mean to make room for better men?' the reply is, 'When the better men are forthcoming to occupy whatever room may be made for them.'"

Q. WHAT is Empiricism?
A. The privilege an M.P. has of not paying his debts.

MANCHESTER HOUSE ACADEMY,

AND

POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.

Conducted by RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ., M.P., *and* JOHN BRIGHT, ESQ., M.P.

Arithmetical Teacher, JOSEPH HUME, ESQ., M.P.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has been instituted principally for the EDUCATION of OLD GENTLEMEN, for whom, on account of the recent discoveries in Political and Fiscal Science, it is necessary to GO TO SCHOOL AGAIN.

MANCHESTER HOUSE ACADEMY offers peculiar advantages to the LANDED INTEREST; and it can already boast of a numerous class of Tenant Farmers, as may be proved by the increasing expression of Free Trade views at Agricultural Meetings throughout the country. At the same time, the system of instruction pursued by MESSRS. C. & B. is highly calculated to be beneficial to the Landlords, by expanding their minds, and opening their eyes to the means of most effectually securing their real welfare. It is based on the soundest and surest principles, forming in its totality a truly LIBERAL scheme of EDUCATION. Political and Financial ECONOMY will be taught in all their branches, and Lessons will be daily given in COMMON SENSE applied to LEGISLATION.

The Proprietary Class of Pupils will be carefully instructed in the analogy between LAND and CAPITAL, and in the theory and practice of improving Estates. Their attention will be particularly directed to the connexion of UNTAXED HUSBANDRY with RENT, and to the necessary dependence of the former on the REDUCTION of PUBLIC EXPENDITURE. The relation of GAME PRESERVES to CROPS, and also of Poachers to Crime and COUNTY RATES, will be strongly impressed on their understandings.

The excellence of the ARITHMETICAL TUITION provided for the Scholars is guaranteed by the name of the eminent Accountant who will undertake that department. Each of them will, in a short time, be placed in a position to calculate with facility the COST of a WAR, or any other National Act of Extravagance or Folly. The greatest attention will be paid to the morals of the OLD GENTLEMEN intrusted to the charge of MESSRS. C. & B., and the utmost efforts will be made to convince them of the atrocity of Bloodshed and the emptiness of Glory; and to imbue their minds with those Pacific Principles, to maintain which is not only a matter of conscience, but also of Pounds, Shillings, and Pence.

*** No extras. MESSRS. C. & B. will expect to meet their Old Friends at an early day after the Easter Vacation.

A PETITION EXTRAORDINARY FROM THE SHIPS IN ORDINARY.

HERE 's thirteen on us all a-lyin'—
Thirteen line-o'-battle ships,
As little thought they 'd leave us fryin',
In the sun our seams a dryin',
Where first they turned us off the slips.

So we 'umbly ax your Lordships
Not to break our 'arts of oak;
We an't soft ships to fear 'ardships,
We 'd be glad to serve as guardships,
Or carry any sort of folk.

Tho' it was hemigrants or sodgers—
Anything afore them rats,
Which now they is our only lodgers;
For well they knows, the artful dodgers,
The Board don't stand the expense of cats.

Some on us from Portsmouth hails,
From Rochester and Woolwich others,
That never had a suit o' sails—
We, nor our little frigate brothers—
While old ships that might be our mothers,
Is thrashin' thro' all sorts o' gales.

Yet here we lies, each on his bed of
Green Thames mud, wich strong do smell:
Each eatin, we may say, his 'ead off,
Fine ships as e'er you ered or read of,
And ne'er of work can get a spell!

Yes—here from port to starboard slewin'
With the tide, so slow and sad—
At our moorings nuffin doin',
We lies tumblin' into ruin,—
Shiver our timbers, it 's too bad!

Surveyors say, we 're loose and battered,
And noways fit to stand the sea!
Our knees is weak, our 'eads is shattered,
Our ribs, from taffrail unto cat-head,
They isn't what ribs ought to be.

Our rotting an't from wind or weather,
It must be wot they calls dry rot;
Yet oak and copper, hemp and leather,
Along o' lying years together,
Is goin' wisibly to pot!

Please you, my Lords, we thinks it funny,
When in the newspapers we reads,
How poor JOHN BULL arn't got no money,
Yet like a stoopid son of a gun, he
His idle wessels keeps and feeds.

He 's got old first-rates in commission,
New first-rates fittin' at the docks;
He 's got adwanced ships, in addition,
And us, in ordinary, wishin'
As how we 'd never left the stocks.

Then, pray, don't use us so no more,
We ax commissioned for to be—
Nor let the buoy that 's at the Nore
Be to an old man grown, afore
We wretched wessels gets to sea!

"GREY 'S THE FAVOURITE."

SIR GEORGE GREY must have a particular talent in refusing a favour. It seems to be an actual pleasure in being refused by him. Where another minister would irritate, he only softens, and sends away persons quite delighted with their unhappy fate. He certainly has some peculiar patent for saying "No," which we should advise all overseers, railway clerks, box-keepers, prime ministers, and other gentlemen, who generally deal in negatives in the most negative manner, to look into, and see if they cannot copy it. This *savoir faire*, or rather *savoir rien faire*, of SIR GEORGE'S is most conspicuous at the Home Office, where he receives gentlemen as strangers, who leave him as friends. Every audience he gives widens his circle of admirers; for we are sure there has not been a deputation lately, asking for several millions, or only for a few, but what the conference has concluded in the following agreeable manner:—"The Hon. Members then withdrew, every one expressing his gratification at the extremely courteous manner in which he had been received by the Home Secretary." His greatest triumph, however, has recently been achieved—he has even pleased an Irish deputation, "who retired delighted, though all empty-handed." This is Genius!

DRAWING IT RATHER TOO MIL'D.

THE Americans have lately commenced the practice of drawing pretty largely on our credulity, by the exhibition of drawings purporting to rival the Sea Serpent in length; and BANVARD'S Three-mile painting has just been surpassed by one of four miles of the Gulf of Mexico.

We presume the American artists can draw long bows as well as long rivers; and we suspect that if we were to measure either of the Monster Paintings by a three-feet rule, the claims of the artists to credence, might be four-feited, on the spot.

We are not aware that a picture, any more than a poem, is to have its merits determined by its length; but even if it were so, originality would assuredly go for something, and the BANVARD Painting of Three miles, must at all events be preferred to the one of Four, which is evidently suggested by the success of the picture already exhibited. We despise plagiarism in any shape, and the public will be found to agree with us pretty generally on this point; so that, if the Mexico affair is but a plagiarism upon the Mississippi painting, the views of the owner of the former are not likely to be realised to any great extent, or to realise anything.

We were in hopes that the age of monstrosities had nearly passed, and that we ourselves had administered the last thump to Monster Drums, besides having given the final blow to JULLIEN'S Monster Ophicleide. These Monster Paintings appear like a revival of the age of monsters, and we may apprehend that Monster Posting-bills will be required extending along the fronts of the houses of entire streets, to be *en suite* with the exhibitions they are intended to direct attention to.

We trust the artists will not adopt the "Gigantic Dodge" in the works of Art they intend for the ensuing exhibitions. Should the attempt be made, the evil will cure itself; for whatever size a canvas may be, the result would be as in the sketch annexed, where a single foot may be seen monopolising the space that an entire picture ought to occupy.

BEGGARY IN BELGRAVIA.

IN justice to the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER we must correct a prevalent impression that he is an enormously wealthy man. A correspondent of the *Morning Post* states, that in Queen's Road, Belgravia, the property of the noble Marquis, the lamps, the watering, and the repair of the road, have all been discontinued; insomuch that the dust in it is several inches thick, and it is infested at night with thieves and other bad characters—that his Lordship's father made a contract with the Woods and Forests to keep it in good repair, but that the Marquis refuses to fulfil that covenant. The *Post* adds, that the noble Lord is paid a ground-rent by every house in the district, and, we are sorry to say, lends its authority to the delusion that he derives a princely income from this property. We are warranted by the circumstances of the case, which would otherwise be impossible, in protesting that the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER is as poor as a poet; in short, in a state bordering upon destitution. We must say, we think the public ought to come forward, and relieve that poverty on the part of the noble Marquis, which alone can account for the beggarly state of Queen's Road, Belgravia; and we shall have much pleasure in forwarding to his Lordship any coppers that may be sent for him to our office.

PERFECT SINCERITY, OR THINKINGS ALOUD. No. 1.

"ARE YOU GOING?"

"WHY, YE-ES. THE FACT IS, THAT YOUR PARTY IS SO SLOW, AND I AM WEALLY SO INFERNALLY BORED, THAT I SHALL GO SOMEWHERE AND SMOKE A QUIET CIGAR."

"WELL, GOOD NIGHT. AS YOU ARE BY NO MEANS HANDSOME, A GREAT PUPPY, AND NOT IN THE LEAST AMUSING, I THINK IT'S THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO."

THE RETURN OF JENNY LIND.

THE truant JENNY LIND is about to re-appear at Her Majesty's Theatre, and though the arrangements already advertised do not promise an unconditional return to her allegiance, there is, at all events, a disposition shown to make some atonement for the loss that had been threatened to the public. We are promised six Concerts, which will be, in fact, six Operas. There will be full chorus, full band, and full everything, except dresses and scenery. It seems very unfair and illiberal to impute to those concerned in producing the accessories of costume and scenery the entire sin of a theatrical entertainment—supposing there to be anything sinful in the matter, which is one of those narrow-minded and illiberal doctrines we decline the trouble of arguing upon.

At all events we are glad for our own sakes, and for her own sake, that JENNY LIND is to contribute to the entertainments of the season in any shape whatever; and we can but hope that she will soon resume the place on the stage which fresh candidates are continually coming forward to occupy.

It is true that JENNY LIND won all hearts; but the heart of the public, like Nature itself, abhors a vacuum; and if one tenant in possession is either ejected or chooses to withdraw, the void is speedily filled by some new occupant.

HEAVING A SI.

IT is a pity that the KING OF NAPLES and his subjects in Sicily cannot agree. The fact is, his Majesty will not be persuaded to use a little of his Naples Soap, but prefers lathering them in a most unjustifiable manner; while the Sicilians themselves are so unreasonable, that Sili-uns, without the initial Si, would be the most fitting name for them.

A FAVOURITE OF FORTUNE.—It is said that owing to the exertions of his kind friends, the Financial Reformers, MR. JOHN BULL will this year be enabled to invest a good round sum in the Savings Bank.

THE SECOND COLUMN OF "THE TIMES."

THIS little Library of Modern Romance—for such the Second Column of the *Times* is fairly entitled to be called—varies exceedingly in mystery as well as in interest. On some days there is a comparative plainness in these Newspaper Novelettes, but at other times there is a wild obscurity, which even our sagacity fails of fathoming. We can comprehend the invitation of A. B. to return to C. D., or we can understand E. F. being willing to forgive G. H. and pass an Act of Oblivion with reference to everything; but there are now and then little morsels of the mystic which we cannot attempt to penetrate. What, for instance, can be the meaning of these extraordinary words in the *Times* of last Saturday—

"NO DOOR-MAT TO-NIGHT!"

What possible intimation can this convey to any body? If the words had been "NO SCRAPER," we might have caught a faint glimpse of something or other vaguely shadowing out a possible allusion to somebody in a scrape: but "NO DOOR-MAT"—what on earth can that expression be intended to typify? Had the words been "NO LATCH KEY" we might have fancied a hint was intended to be conveyed to some too-festively disposed husband, but "NO DOOR-MAT," though perhaps referring to some very serious MAT—TER, is a piece of obscurity, that after turning on the gas of our sagacity with all our might at the main, we cannot illuminate. We have gone about during several hours, muttering to ourselves "NO DOOR-MAT TO-NIGHT!" we have turned the Mat over in our minds some hundreds of times, we have endeavoured to knock down the door which separates doubt from something like a glimpse of certainty; but all in vain. "NO DOOR-MAT TO-NIGHT!" remains stereotyped in our brain, without the smallest clue to its meaning.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF ONE OF NAPOLEON'S SAYINGS.

"GIVE ME A MAN WITH PLENTY OF NOSE."

State of the Quadrant.

WE fear that the late alterations must have caused a large pecuniary loss to the Quadrant, and if the lamp-posts can throw any light on the subject, we should be inclined to believe that there had been as much difficulty in squaring the Quadrant's accounts, as there would be in squaring its circle—or Circus. Somebody found Rome of brick and left it of marble; but somebody else—we mean ourselves—can recollect leaving the Quadrant lamp-posts of iron and finding them of wood—or rather we have missed the iron columns altogether, and find in their place nothing but some wooden lamp-posts of the most contemptible character. Perhaps the intention is to realise by means of these wooden posts, something like a Wood and Forest, to be in character with the Commissioners.

THE FARMERS' WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

"——— so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins. *At last I left them.*"—SHAKSPEARE.

MISS BENIMBLE'S TEA-AND-TOAST.

MISS B. DISCOURSES WITH POLICEMAN LOVELACE ON THINGS THEATRICAL.—WALLACK'S BRIGAND.—THE WINDSOR PLAYS.—DOGS AND DRAMAS FROM THE FRENCH.

Good Mr. Punch, there 's something in the air of a Court that does lift one up astonishingly. I can't say but I felt it—just a little—in Pimlico; but here, in the very heart and bosom—if I may be allowed the expression—yes, the heart and bosom of St. James's, the feelings seem to open like a bed of tulips. The only thought that clouds my soul, is the fear of somebody taking the house, and driving me forth an outcast and a wanderer—perhaps into Baker Street, perhaps into Russell Square. Upon my word and honour, every blow of the knocker goes through and through me, like a thunderbolt. But enough of this; let me not precipitate.

What a beautiful effigies is St. James's Palace! Real English brick, and not ashamed of itself. Not like the skeleton things that 's run up now-a-days, with plaster of Paris outsides, whitened over like a Twelfth Cake. And falling asleep, and thinking of them bricks, I 've been all the week in the reign of George the Third, and had Queen Charlotte dancing a minuet in a golden petticoat, at the bottom of my bed, every night; and the lovely Prince George of Wales, with ruin made easy in his handsome face; and the sweet Princess, and the King himself, with his pig-tail, that speaks the father of his people. Well, the only comfort I have for not living then, is to think how old I should be at present—which, by no means, I am not—as Mr. Lovelace himself, with a little oath like a sugar-plum, declared only last night. And this *is*, after all, a comfort for folks who prefer the good old times. For if they 'd been a part of them times, they would now be a part of the churchyard. Better to be alive—even in these dreadful days—eating one's mutton-chop and pickled-cabbage, than to have the sheep and lambs—(as I 've seen 'em)—chewing their grass and clover over us. But away with graves and the blue devils, or, as I 'm told they 're called in high life, the azure Beelzebubs—and let me talk of Lovelace and the news.

"That 's a beautiful sight," said I to Mr. L., last Friday as was—(it was his first cup of tea with me in St. James's)—"a beautiful sight," meaning the Queen's coach, with the Queen and the Prince inside, going to the Haymarket playhouse. "A lovely sight," said I, "when a Queen is not only the mother of her people, but a nurse to all their arts. And what 's the Queen and Prince going to see?" says I. "Why," says Lovelace, "they 're going to see *Othello* with the characters reversed." I must say, I didn't quite understand this; but I suppose it means the reverse of *Othello*.

"Anything new at the playhouses?" says I. "Why yes, ma'am," says L. "There is the *Brigand*, for one thing." Whereupon I begged to defer. "The *Brigand?*" says I; "why he 's as old as Turpin or any other highwayman." But Lovelace shook his head. "Miss Benimble," says he with a look, "it is one great consolation to us—poor creatures as we are—that a really fine thing never grows old." (What stirred within me at that minute, I can't say; but I *did* catch my eye rolling round to the looking-glass.) "A fine piece of Art, like Nature, has always life in it. Now, this is the case with Mr. Wallack's *Brigand*. Did you ever see him in that green velvet jacket?—in those green conclusions?" I couldn't say I had. Whereupon, L. raising his voice and his arm together, said—"Look abroad at Nature! Consider the fields, how at the breath of spring they take a fresher and a livelier green! How the daisies, with their innocent, baby looks, open their precious eyes! How they come forth and decorate the meads!" ("Beautiful," I thought; but I only nodded.) "And like unto this and these," said L., "is the green jacket and the &c. of James Wallack's *Brigand*. They pass a winter in the wardrobe; their greenness is forgotten: their buttons are veiled in darkness; and then—fresh as the spring—they reveal their verdant beauty to the light—or rather lights—and their buttons, like the silver looks of daisies, anew refresh us with their brightness. And it is thus, Miss Benimble," said L., with almost a tear in his eye, "it is thus that Fine Art is a part and parcel of Nature; ever to be fresh and ever to be new. And thus, while grass grows, and daisies twinkle, thus will the green jacket of Wallack's *Brigand*, with all its buttons, be freshly green and freshly bright with every season." "That 's all very well," said I, "about the jacket and so forth; but how about the acting itself?" On this, Lovelace, as I thought, give a melancholy smile, and said—"Do you not perceive that I spoke of the velvet as of the part; that what I praised in the jacket, &c., I meant in a figurative sense, as of the actor himself. My dear Miss Benimble, did you not perceive this?" Well, being pushed home in this way, of course I said yes. However, I returned to the point. "And you think it capital;" said I. "The very finest thing possible in its possible way. Hearty and fresh, and just sufficiently flavoured with the orange-flower of romance—if I may say so—to make it very taking. As a policeman, Miss Benimble—and I hold this to be a tremendous test of the beauty of the thing—as a policeman, I could not take up Wallack's *Massaroni*. I could not do it." And here Lovelace with his double fist, gave such a blow to the table, that the two cups jumped clean out of the two saucers. "Compose yourself," says I. "And is it such a high and lofty thing?" "'Tisn't meant to be high and lofty," said Lovelace, "no more than your work-box was meant to be a church-steeple. But a work-box, that is, a beautiful work-box—a bit of really fine Tonbridge art—is, after all, a better thing than a shocking ugly steeple. For instance, I like the little bit of pathos of *Massaroni* a great deal better than cat-and-dog tragedy." "Why, what in the world," says I, "is cat-and-dog tragedy?" "Why," says Lovelace, "I call that cat-and-dog tragedy that 's made up of nothing but a growl and a spit."

Seeing that L.'s mind run upon nothing but plays and players, I went on. "And so," said I, "Mr. Webster's printed a book of the Windsor Castle Plays?" "A beautiful thing," said Lovelace—"printed on fifty pound Bank-notes, and bound in covers of beaten gold from California." "Nonsense," says I. "True," says L., very serious. "True. Mr. Webster, as a man and a manager, knows the human heart; and knowing how long *Hamlet* and the *Merchant of Venice* and so forth have been shut out of high life, thinks the best way to get 'em back to society, is to print 'em on Bank of England fifties. The books, I understand, are to be given away to the Aristocracy (bringing certificates of their Shakspearean destitution)—given at the Haymarket Box-office from ten to four. Monday is the first day of distribution. Nobody under a Baronet is eligible for a copy."

"Well," said I, "a copy would be pleasant if only for the paper. But talking of *Hamlet* and so forth, what do the critics mean when they say 'Mr. Anybody has made the part his own.' *How* can an actor make a part his own?" "Why," says Lovelace, "there 's two ways. The first is, when an actor by fine sympathy vivifies the text with the spirit of the author; and the second is this. An actor may make a part his own, as he makes a boot his own—by putting his foot in it."

And here, *Mr. Punch*, let me unburthen a sudden thought. It 's my belief, from the warmth of Lovelace in the matter of plays and players, it 's my belief that he 's been a player himself. Or if not a paid player, worse still; he 's disgraced his family, whatever it may be, and been an amatoor. And here, I may say, that I look upon the whole body of Police as nothing more than a long tail of mystery, that will some day be unfolded. There 's no knowing who 's in the Force. I 'm told, a hundred-and-fifty blighted clergymen; (it 's only to be hoped that the Bishop of Exeter won't lay hold on 'em;) two hundred physicians; three-hundred-and-twenty barristers; five-hundred schoolmasters; a thousand born gentlemen, whom *rouge-et-noir* have turned into the blues; with eight-and-twenty unknown first tragedians. What a work the Book of the Police would make, if the Member for Bucks would only write it. By the way, is it true that Mr. Disraeli—when he praised up the Emperor of Russia, smearing the bear with Caucasian honey, as Lovelace calls it—is it true that he stood in the Commons, with his coat lined with black foxes, the retaining fee of the Emperor? And, by the way, Lovelace says, that Mr. Disraeli is hurting himself, flashing his penknife of a hundred blades about everything. "He shouldn't sting every subject," says Lovelace; "he should take a lesson from the rattle-snake, and economise his venom. Satire and sarcasm," said Lovelace, the last thing he said last night, "are capital in their way, to wither and burn up the ugly corns and warts of the world; but they should be used with judgment and sparingly. Now put Benjamin in the Garden of Eden, and he 'd fall to watering the roses and lilies with nothing but vitriol and aquafortis." *I* don't believe it; but it 's what Lovelace says, and not your humble servant,

M. B.

Questions for the next Examination of Articled Clerks.

We have been in the habit of occasionally answering the questions contained in the pages of our respectable contemporary the *Legal Observer;* but we furnish by anticipation a few questions to which we shall be glad of an answer from any high legal authority:—

1. Will a Judge's Order be effectual against a Bill regularly filed, intimating that no order can possibly be admitted?

2. Allowing that a physician has no legal title to his fees, what becomes of the title by prescription, and does a physician's prescription give him no title at all?

3. There having been some doubts as to what constitutes a good endorsement of a Common Conveyance, what do you think of the number on the back of an omnibus or a cab?

4. If a Testator leave his property away from his own relatives, is it a good disposition of the estate, or does it show a bad disposition on the part of the Testator himself?

SUGGESTIVE OF A PICTURESQUE FIGURE.

Stout Old Gentleman. "A SHOWER-BATH MAKE YOUR HAIR IN A MESS! NOT A BIT OF IT, IF YOU WEAR AN OIL-SKIN CAP LIKE THIS, AS I DO.

THE BISHOP TO HIS CAPTIVE.

My throne is in my See—
My foot is on thee, SHORE!
Young man, in spite of me,
Wilt thou preach any more?

Now go where duty calls,
Why tarry—wherefore stay?
Ha! within four stone walls,
Thou canst not get away.

There preach till thou art hoarse;
Exhort, dissuade, reprove;
No doubt that thy discourse
The said walls' ears will move.

But ah! thou art the last
Thus to be trounced by me;
Soon will a law be pass'd
Dissenting clerks to free.

My foot is on thee, SHORE,
But will not long remain;
Then what can I do more,
Than take it off again?

Black and White.

THE "Great Unwashed" has long been a term of reproach in Parliament and elsewhere against the rabble; but the rabble will certainly have their revenge, if the Insolvent Members' Bill does not pass, for they will be able to call the House of Commons "THE GREAT UNWHITEWASHED."

THE RETREAT OF THE THIRTY THOUSAND.—MR. HUDSON has retired from the Eastern Counties.

THE FINE ARTS AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

THE western entrance to London has never been thought very imposing—particularly since the removal of the Turnpike where a toll used to be imposed—but the public are much indebted to the occupant of the Lodge, who, by mixing up classics with curds and whey, milk from the cow with Models from the Antique, succeeds in giving to Hyde Park Corner an air that smacks somewhat of the glories of art. We have frequently been struck by the humble small salad growing in the grandeur of an Etruscan vase; and we have watched in summer the aspiring bean of France finding its way to elevation by clambering up the stone column of Corinth. We have marked "the ivy green" clinging fondly to the "marble white," and we have felt an inward conviction that these lowly premises contained a genius superior to those baskets of biscuits, and bowls of lacteal beverage, which are the most ostensible objects of the humble abode.

It turns out upon inquiry, that the son of the gatekeeper is a real Artist, and that he has enjoyed the patronage of PRINCE ALBERT on account of some wood-carving of a high degree of merit. This fact accounts for the classical emblems that adorn the Curds and Whey House at Hyde Park Corner—converting its small inclosure into a sort of Boboli Gardens, and making the building itself a species of Pæstum on a somewhat diminutive scale.

We think it may be well worth the consideration of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, whether it might not be expedient to permit the Hyde Park Corner Artist to extend his decorative skill a little further than his father's patch of garden, and perhaps achieve a result that would be worthy of the entrance to the great metropolis.

TO SPIRITED YOUNG NOBLEMEN.—Any "Younger Member of the Aristocracy" who is panting for Glory, or handsome Pay, has a glorious opportunity of serving himself and his Country, by enlisting in that fine Railway Corps, which is now actively engaged in the East Lancashire War, lately carried on with such imperishable renown by those dauntless young fellows, whose pride it is to be called "HER MAJESTY'S NAVVIES" of Clifton.

Those dashing young sprigs of the Nobility, whose Relations cannot find them an opening in the Admiralty or the Horse Guards, will be delighted with this Service, in which the promotion promises to be very rapid, and the danger, comparatively, nothing. A most fashionable and stylish uniform, quite equal to Prince Albert's Own, is being designed by a noble Colonel who has had long practice in the Shears-and-Goose line. The title of this elegant new *Corps* will be

"The First Lancashire Buffers."

For further particulars apply to BRIGADIER STOKER JONES, at the sign of the *Railway Smasher*, near the scene of action. N.B. No GREYS or ELLIOTTS need apply.

MR. DISRAELI'S MODEL MONARCH.

IN referring to the *Times'* Report of the Debate on the occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia by Russia, we read that MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI concluded an encomium on the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, by describing that Potentate as one—

"Who, of all Sovereigns now occupying thrones, might fairly put in his claim to be ranked among those most entitled to the respect of mankind."

We should like to have a Statistical Return of the number of persons who have stared, pulled off their spectacles, rubbed their eyes, and called the correctness of their vision in question, on reading this passage. We should be glad to know how many interjections and ejaculations, pious and profane, its perusal has elicited. Who flogged the Nuns of Minsk? Who had Polish children carted off to Siberia? MR. DISRAELI might at least have answered these common questions before pronouncing so extravagant a panegyric on NICHOLAS. Surely the honourable Member for Buckinghamshire must have been labouring under some strange moral delusion. We cannot help inquiring what vegetables he had been taking at dinner, for it seems probable that among them was that "insane root, which takes the reason prisoner." There are two celebrated personages of the name of NICHOLAS, and we shall not be surprised to hear the honourable gentleman, one of these days, praising the elder one himself. But as MR. DISRAELI often does not know what, so, it would appear, he sometimes does not know whom, he is talking of. To say that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA was one of those most entitled to the respect of mankind, *of all Sovereigns now occupying thrones!* It does not redound to the credit of the House of Commons, that to this there was no Member of it loyal enough to cry "Oh, oh!"

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.—M. PROUDHON goes in Paris by the name of the Serpent. He is now becoming something more and less than a serpent—to wit, a bit of a Boa.

OTHELLOS IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE New Orleans people are delighted with MACREADY in c.
but especially in *Othello*, upon which the critics shower roses.
very ingenuous, but surely no less impolitic. The good souls d.
perceive the dangerous tendency of great acting lavished upon a bla
Nevertheless, with its columns filled with advertisements of runaw
slaves, and of slaves to be knocked down by the hammer, the *Dai.*
Picayune (Feb. 15), says of MACREADY'S *Othello*, "We have never yet
seen anything so brilliant: such acting would redeem the vices of the
stage, were they tenfold what they are." This may be very true; but,
we repeat it, to tell such truth is very foolish.

The *Daily Picayune* is, we believe, a very important print. It has
Art as an accessory to its political and social literature. The title is
adorned with the figure of a female—very white, of course—seated upon
something invisible, and holding in her lap a nest of young pelicans,
poetically fed by the hen pelican. The right hand of the lady—the
finger and thumb holding a branch of something, African nightshade it
may be—reposes on a sugar-tub; whilst a ship—a slave-clipper, we
presume—looms in the distance. There is, no doubt, deep and delicate
meaning in all this. The lady is Liberty—American Liberty—and the
pelicans, young citizens of the South, reared upon black blood purchased
by Liberty to nourish them. The sugar-tub is blood again, turned into
pleasantness and flavour.

This is all as it should be; but, *Picayune*, be consistent. Wherefore
praise *Othello* on the stage, and advertise the black for sale? For
instance, here we have two separate sales of slaves, one in sixty-seven
lots, the other in sixty-two—of slaves of both sexes and of all ages to
suit all buyers. Lot 18 is, "ROSALINE *at the breast;*" and lot 64 is,
"Old BETSY, *aged 80 years!*" This may be all very proper in a Model
Republic; but we hold, that to praise the black on the stage, may, in
the end, awaken sympathy for him in the market. Again, who shall say
that the many escapes of slaves, advertised in this *Picayune*, may not be
attributed to the admiration vouchsafed to MR. MACREADY? Hear
the enthusiastic and foolish critic:—"What could we say of MACREADY,
but that he carried into his personation of the Moor, the same elaborate
study, matchless elocution, and consummate art, which we have admired
before?"

And then, "the house was full and radiant with beautiful women. A
dolt could not play very ill to such an audience!" All this is, we fear,
so much incitement to the black blood of New Orleans to decamp or
rebel. And we have the result in some ten advertisements for ten
runaway slaves; all of them, we doubt not, stimulated by the praise
and sympathy lavished upon the actor, to take it into their heads to
think themselves human beings! Here is—"JOHN, aged about 25
years, 5 feet 4, fine-looking and neatly-dressed." "WILLIAM or BILLY,
about 16 or 17 years old, *dark complexion*, slender built, with fore-finger
off right hand;" and "MARY, a bright mulatto, and rather handsome—
has a very impertinent air and bearing;" and lastly, "BRAZILE, speaks
French and English, is about 21 years old, a dark mulatto or copper-
colour, has a Roman nose, rather slender, genteel person!" Here are
these and others advertised, as a London lady would advertise a run-
away spaniel or a flown parrot—advertised with small effigies of the
fugitives, the more readily to catch the eye of the reader. And this is in
the same sheet, with glowing commendation of the black of the actor;
when there can be little doubt that the like eulogy personally bestowed
on the same dangerous individual, originally instigated the negro
desertion. We think every Slave State should consider this, and forbid
the personation of *Othello* by MR. MACREADY; unless, indeed, he
should choose to "reverse the character," playing the Moor as a white
man. Or, to satisfy both parties, why should not *Othello* be made a
sort of piebald hero; divided after the fashion of the old coloured
print of *Death and the Lady*—that is, half black and half white?

THE BATTLE OF THE RAILWAYS.

THE history of Railway Polemics has already been enriched by the
dreary details of the Battle of the Gauges, but the consequences of this
were comparatively nothing to what might have been the awful result
of the Battle of the Lines. The contending parties were the East
Lancashire and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Companies, who, after a
series of small squabbles, had come at last into such a state of hostility,
that on one side arose all the horrors of a blockade, on the other, all the
recklessness and terror of a siege.

The Lancashire and Yorkshire plan of the campaign consisted of throw-
ing a large mass of timber across the Line, for the purpose of checking
the advance of the foe, and as a still more effective barricade, had drawn
up a long string of empty carriages, which were intended to receive the
fire, water, coals, coke, engine-drivers, stokers, guards, policemen, and
passengers belonging to the enemy. This manœuvre, though very

AMID all the fluctuations, vibrations, and agitations, that have over-
taken, shaken, and left forsaken the European Monarchies within the
last year, there is nothing to equal the vicissitudes that have lately
occurred to the popularity and power of the Railway Sovereign. One
day he has been at the pinnacle of power, and at the next he has been
down at as great a discount as a share in one of his own Lines.

This alternation in the position of the Railway Sovereign has been
felt most painfully at the establishment of MADAME TUSSAUD, who
admits to her Waxen Court what may now be termed (with the single
exception of our own beloved Sovereign) almost the only firmly
established Crowned heads of Europe. The ups and downs that have
affected the name of the great Iron Potentate since the Railway
Meetings have commenced, were at one time so convulsive in their con-
sequences on the Waxen Exhibition of MADAME TUSSAUD, that at
one moment the great Steam Sovereign was doomed to the melting-
pot; and the next day, perhaps, a rumour favourable to his reputa-
tion, would cause his immediate restoration to the throne of red
baize which he has so long occupied. No sooner is he reinstated, than
some hostile whispering affects his *locus standi* in the eyes of MADAME
TUSSAUD, and the Imperial edict of that lady goes forth, dooming him
"To the Pot, to the Pot;" and away he goes with the same precipitancy
as the once notorious *Caspar* used to be hurried off "To the Marl! to
the Marl!! to the bur-r-rening Marl!!!" in the arms, or rather under
the crimson table-cover, of the red-ochre-stained *Zamiel*.

We shall be very glad indeed to hear of the power and popularity of
the Railway Sovereign being cemented by a thoroughly favourable
Report from the various Committees of Inquiry that are now sitting,
for we have had quite enough of Royal downfals to last the world for at
least another century.

SHE · IN · 1849 · No 3.

Ye FASHONABLE · WORLDE · TAKYNGE · ITS · EXERCYSE IN HYDE · PARKE ·

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Tuesday, Mareh 27th, 1849. THIS Day to the Ring in Hyde Park for a Walk to get me an Appetite, and look at the fine Folks and People of Fashion riding in their Carriages, which it do much delight me to behold. But, good lack! what a strange Notion of the Pleasure of a Drive; with the Carriages in a close Line jammed all together, and sometimes coming to a dead stop like the Omnibuses in Fleet Street of an Afternoon, and seldom moving on faster than Mourning Coaches at a Funeral. Did see many mighty pretty young Ladies; and one sitting in a Landau with a Coronet on the Panel, upon whom I did smile, but perceiving that she did turn up her Nose at me, I did look glum; howbeit, another comely Damsel that I smiled at did blush and simper, which gave me Joy. It was as good as a Play to watch the young Guardsmen, with their Tufts and Mustaches, riding straight-legged, and them and the other Bucks taking off their Hats and kissing their Hands to the charming Belles as they passed them by. But it was rarer still to behold a Snob that strove to do the same sort of Thing, and was much laughed at for his Pains. Then what sport to observe the fat Coachmen, in their Wigs, something like Bishops', sitting on their Boxes, and the Footmen behind with their parti-coloured Liveries of drab and green, and red and yellow Plush, and gold-laced Hats, Shoulderknots and Cockades, bearing their Canes, and their Noses to the Sky, holding their heads as high as Peacocks for Pride in their Frippery and plump Calves. These Fellows are as fine as Court Cards, and full as Ridiculous, and they do divert me in the Extreme: only their bepowdered Pates do offend me, for I think the Fashion an uncleanly one; and after all, I wonder how their Masters and Mistresses can delight in dressing them out so much like Mountebanks. Did note divers Noble Lords and Gentlemen of the House of Commons whom I did know either by Sight or from the Caricatures in the Shop-Windows. From four to five o'Clock around the Ring and up and down by the Serpentine to make my Observations. Methought how jolly these fine People must be, and how happy they looked compared to a Beggar-Boy whom I did spy squatting on the Grass: yet no doubt many of them have Troubles enough, and some may be even short of Cash to pay for their Vanities. After that, to the Corner, by the Powder Magazine, nigh to Kensington Gardens, to see the Company alight from their Carriages, and take an Inventory of the Ladies' Dresses, whereof to furnish an Account to my Wife. Then away Home at half-past five, and so to Dinner off a Shoulder of Mutton and Onion-sauce, which my Wife doth make exceeding Well, and my Dinner did content me much; and thereupon I did promise my Wife a new Bonnet, the Like whereof I had seen on a Countess in the Park, and so both in great Good Humour, and very loving all the Evening.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras; and Frederick Mullett Evans of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 83, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, MARCH 31st, 1849.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

THE INFLUENCE OF LOVELY WOMAN UPON SOCIETY.

CONSTANTLY, my dear BOB, I have told you how refining is the influence of women upon society, and how profound our respect ought to be for them. Living in chambers as you do, my dear Nephew, and not of course liable to be amused by the constant society of an old Uncle, who moreover might be deucedly bored with your own conversation—I beseech and implore you to make a point of being intimate with one or two families where you can see kind and well-bred English ladies. I have seen women of all nations in the world, but I never saw the equals of English women (meaning of course to include our cousins the MAC WHIRTERS of Glasgow, and the O'TOOLES of Cork): and I pray sincerely, my boy, that you may always have a woman for a friend.

Try, then, and make yourself the *bienvenu* in some house where accomplished and amiable ladies are. Pass as much of your time as you can with them. Lose no opportunity of making yourself agreeable to them; run their errands; send them flowers and elegant little tokens; show a willingness to be pleased by their attentions, and to aid their little charming schemes of shopping, or dancing, or this, or that. I say to you, make yourself a lady's man as much as ever you can.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is rather slow and you know the girls' songs by heart, than in a club, tavern, or smoking-room, or pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth, to which virtuous women are not admitted, are, rely on it, deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society, have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure. Your Club-swaggerers who are sucking the butts of billiard-queues all night call female society insipid. Sir, poetry is insipid to a yokel: beauty has no charms for a blind man: music does not please an unfortunate brute who does not know one tune from another—and, as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water-souchy and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated kindly woman about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment.

One of the great benefits a young man may derive from women's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend on it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves: we cut the best slices out of the joint at club-dinners for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves and light our pipes, and say we won't go out: we prefer ourselves and our ease—and the greatest good that comes to a man from woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself—somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful. Certainly I don't want my dear BOB to associate with those of the other sex whom he doesn't and can't respect: that is worse than billiards: worse than tavern brandy-and-water: worse than smoking selfishness at home. But I vow I would rather see you turning over the leaves of MISS FIDDLECOMBE's music-book all night than at billiards, or smoking, or brandy-and-water, or all three.

Remember, if a house is pleasant, and you like to remain in it, that to be well with the women of the house is the great, the vital point. If it is a good house, don't turn up your nose because you are only asked to come in the evening while others are invited to dine. Recollect the debts of dinners which an hospitable family has to pay; who are you that you should always be expecting to nestle under the mahogany? Agreeable acquaintances are made just as well in the drawing-room as in the dining-room. Go to tea brisk and good-humoured. Be determined to be pleased. Talk to a dowager. Take a hand at whist. If you are musical, and know a song, sing it like a man. Never sulk about dancing, but off with you. You will find your acquaintance enlarge. Mothers, pleased with your good humour, will probably ask you to Pocklington Square, to a little party. You will get on—you will form yourself a circle. You may marry a rich girl, or, at any rate, get the chance of seeing a number of the kind, and the pretty.

Many young men, who are more remarkable for their impudence and selfishness than their good sense, are fond of boastfully announcing that they decline going to evening parties at all, unless, indeed, such entertainments commence with a good dinner, and a quantity of claret.

I never saw my beautiful-minded friend, MRS. Y. Z., many times out of temper, but can quite pardon her indignation, when young FRED. NOODLE, to whom the Y. Z.'s have been very kind, and who has appeared scores of times at their elegant table in Up-r B-k-r Street, announced, in an unlucky moment of flippancy, that he did not intend to go to evening parties any more.

What induced FRED. NOODLE to utter this bravado I know not; whether it was that he has been puffed up by attentions from several Aldermen's families, with whom he has of late become acquainted, and among whom he gives himself the airs of a prodigious "swell;" but having made this speech one Sunday after Church, when he condescended to call in B-k-r Street, and show off his new gloves and waistcoat, and talked in a sufficiently dandified air about the opera (the wretched creature fancies that an eight-and-sixpenny pit ticket gives him the privileges of a man of fashion)—NOODLE made his bow to the ladies, and strutted off to show his new yellow kids elsewhere.

"MATILDA, my love, bring the Address Book," MRS. Y. Z. said to her lovely eldest daughter, as soon as NOODLE was gone, and the banging hall-door had closed upon the absurd youth. That graceful and obedient girl rose; went to the back drawing-room, on a table in which apartment the volume lay, and brought the book to her mamma.

MRS. Y. Z. turned to the letter N; and under that initial discovered the name of the young fellow who had just gone out. NOODLE, F., 250, Jermyn Street, St. James's. She took a pen from the table before her, and with it deliberately crossed the name of MR. NOODLE out of her book. MATILDA looked at ELIZA, who stood by in silent awe. The sweet eldest girl, who has a kind feeling towards every soul alive, then looked towards her mother with expostulating eyes, and said, "O mamma!" Dear, dear ELIZA! I love all pitiful hearts like thine.

But MRS. Y. Z. was in no mood to be merciful, and gave way to a natural indignation and feeling of outraged justice.

"What business has that young man to tell me," she exclaimed, "that he declines going to evening parties, when he knows that after Easter we have one or two? Has he not met with constant hospitality here since MR. Y. Z. brought him home from the Club? Has he such *beaux yeux*? or, has he so much wit? or, is he a man of so much note, that his company at a dinner-table becomes indispensable. He is nobody; he is not handsome; he is not clever; he never opens his mouth, except to drink your Papa's claret; and he declines evening parties forsooth!—Mind, children, he is never invited into this house again."

When Y. Z. now meets young NOODLE at the Club, that kind, but feeble-minded old gentleman covers up his face with the newspaper, so as not to be seen by NOODLE; or sidles away with his face to the book-cases, and lurks off by the door. The other day, they met on the steps, when the wretched NOODLE, driven *aux abois*, actually had the meanness to ask how MRS. Y. Z. was? The Colonel (for such he is, and of the Bombay service, too,) said—"My wife? O!—hum—I 'm sorry to say MRS. Y. Z. has been very poorly indeed, lately, very poorly; and confined to her room. God bless my soul! I 've an appointment at the India House, and it 's past two o'clock"—and he fled.

I had the malicious satisfaction of describing to NOODLE the most sumptuous dinner which Y. Z. had given the day before, at which there was a Lord present, a Foreign Minister, with his Orders, two Generals with stars; and every luxury of the season; but at the end of our conversation, seeing the effect it had upon the poor youth, and how miserably he was cast down, I told him the truth, viz., that the above story was a hoax, and that if he wanted to get into MRS. Y. Z.'s good graces again, his best plan was to go to LADY FLACK's party, where I knew the MISS Y. Z.'s would be, and dance with them all night.

Yes, my dear BOB, you boys must pay with your persons, however lazy you may be—however much inclined to smoke at the Club, or to lie there and read the last delicious new novel; or averse to going home to a dreadful black set of chambers, where there is no fire; and at ten o'clock at night creeping shuddering into your ball suit, in order to go forth to an evening party.

The dressing, the clean gloves, and cab-hire, are nuisances, I grant you. The idea of the party itself is a bore, but you must go. When you are at the party, it is not so stupid; there is always something pleasant for the eye and attention of an observant man. There is a bustling Dowager wheedling and manœuvring to get proper partners for her girls; there is a pretty girl enjoying herself with all her heart, and in all the pride of her beauty, than which I know no more charming object;—there is poor MISS MEGGOT, lonely up against the wall, whom nobody asks to dance, and with whom it is your bounden duty to waltz. There is always something to see or do, when you are there: and to evening parties, I say, you must go.

Perhaps I speak with the ease of an old fellow who is out of the business, and beholds you from afar off. My dear boy, they don't want *us* at evening parties. A stout, bald-headed man dancing, is a melancholy object to himself in the looking-glass opposite, and there are duties and pleasures of all ages. Once, Heaven help us, and only once.

upon my honour, and I say so as a gentleman, some boys seized upon me and carried me to the Casino, where, forthwith, they found acquaintances and partners, and went whirling away in the double-timed waltz (it is an abominable dance to me—I am an old fogy) along with hundreds more. I caught sight of a face in the crowd—the most blank, melancholy, and dreary old visage it was—my own face in the glass—there was no use in my being there. *Canities adest morosa*—no, not *morosa*—but, in fine, I had no business in the place, and so came away.

I saw enough of that Casino, however, to show to me that—but my paper is full, and on the subject of women I have more things to say, which might fill many hundred more pages.

THE REAL COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Without wishing to dispute the merits of General Sir Charles Napier, or to deny the sound judgment of the nation in looking to him as the man for the situation in India, we cannot help perceiving that the country invariably looks to *Punch* in the event of any difficulty at home, with the confident assurance that *Punch* is sure to make himself the master of the emergency.

Whenever the Parliamentary campaign seems to threaten disastrous results, or to wear an unpromising aspect, his Super-Excellency the General (Favourite) *Punch*, of the Public's Own Regulars, is immediately despatched to the scene of action—or rather, the scene of inaction—for the purpose of setting matters to rights. His Super-Excellency is always ready at a moment's notice; for he requires nothing but his *bâton* in hand, the possession of which fits him at once to grapple with and overcome every kind of difficulty that may occur. No sooner does he make his appearance in the field, than the Heavy Protectionist leaden batteries are silenced, and the old files of the 2nd Infantry—so called from their having got into their second childhood—retire at once or lay down their arms.

It is a great misfortune that General *Punch*, like General Sir Charles Napier, is not applied to in an early stage of the campaign; but is only called upon when his services are actually indispensable to prevent further calamity. Having been now invested by universal consent with the Chief-Command, his earliest care will be to prevent the repetition of such disasters as the evacuation of the House by the counting out process, contingent on a speech from Mr. Anstey; and he will also use his utmost exertion to prevent the terrible loss of life that is occasioned to the various Bills which are often brought, by cruel mutilation and other barbarous practices, to an untimely end.

CONNAUGHT UNDER THE HAMMER.

Mr. Punch has received instructions from Sir Robert Peel to sell by Auction, to the best Bidder, at his Rooms in Fleet Street, all that remarkably Desirable and highly Eligible Province called Connaught, situate in that portion of Her Majesty's dominions called Ireland, and comprising an immense tract of Unreclaimed Acres, which will abundantly repay cultivation.

The proprietorship of this land has hitherto been vested in the hands of gentlemen who have unfortunately been unable to manage their own affairs, and have, in consequence, allowed them to get into confusion and Chancery; under the auspices of which Court the resources of the soil have reached, and never got beyond, their present state of development. The property, previously to conveyance, will be cleared of mortgages, jointures, and all other encumbrances, including a considerable number of the biped live-stock, which will be disposed of by emigration.

The territory abounds in a starving, ignorant, and lazy population; starving, because ignorant and lazy: and hence affording a large scope for the educational operations of the philanthropist. The purchase will form an excellent investment to any gentleman possessed of moderate capital and common prudence; of neither of which advantages the land has hitherto had the benefit. To the enterprising patriot, (if such a person can be found,) who would desire to make several blades of corn grow where nothing but a bad potato grew before, the opportunity of buying an estate in Connaught is a golden one, which ought not to be missed. For particulars apply to Sir Robert Peel, at his residence in Town, or at Tamworth, or to *Mr. Punch*, at his office, 85, Fleet Street.

TEA AND TURN OUT.

The Papers inform us that the Commissioners of Customs are about to throw upwards of 20,000 lbs. of Tea into the Thames. We hope the public will be apprised of the exact day and hour, for all London may then indulge in a gratuitous cup of Tea, inasmuch as if a spoonful will make a fair average "dish" for one individual, the 20,000 lbs. of Tea will furnish a strong breakfast cup at least of the delicious beverage to every inhabitant of the Metropolis. We think the Londoners might each have the privilege of inviting one friend from the country to a cup of Tea, which is about to be made in such liberal quantities by the Custom House Authorities.

We have not heard what is the quality of the Tea—whether it is our old friend the roughish-flavoured Black, or the delicate Assam, or the strong Family Pekoe; but we certainly advise everybody to take his muffin to the banks of the river on the tea-making day, and dipping his cup into the Thamesian tide, form one at the great Metropolitan Tea-Party which is about to be given.

We have heard that the Ordnance Office has been applied to for a few chests of Gunpowder, to mix with the ordinary Tea, and some "genuine new milk" is already in the course of manufacture at the chalk-pits on this side of Gravesend, for the purpose of giving the usual London lacteal flavour to the compound.

THE MONSTER PICTURES.

The walls of the Metropolis are at present adorned by some seven or eight miles of Bill-sticking, with reference to the three and four miles of American Painting of the Mississippi. We have received a letter from Mr., or, rather, Professor Risley, whose Professorship, by the way, has been assumed by virtue of his power of twisting himself and his sons into all sorts of knots—an odd method of exemplifying the ties of relationship,—we have, we say, received a letter from Professor Risley, denying that his Panorama is "a copy of Banvard's."

We never styled it a copy, though we characterised the idea of measuring a Painting by miles, and laying the utmost stress upon its length, as a plagiarism from the individual who has preceded the *soi-disant* Professor in the American River Exhibition line. We do not think the public favour is to be obtained very legitimately when the mileage of a picture is its most prominent feature, and where rivalry is conducted on the principle of seeing which of the two competitors can go—literally—to the greatest lengths.

We are disposed to allow the proprietors of Exhibitions in these days a good deal of latitude, but we think the American rivals are claiming a little too much longitude in estimating the size of their Paintings.

PRESERVED HONOUR.

The Piedmontese soldiers ran away; whereupon a bulletin declares that "the army has been beaten, but has preserved its honour." Thus, honour may be like gherkins; best preserved when in a precious pickle.

THE CALIFORNIAN OUTFIT.

Now Natur's comin' out, I guess,
And puttin' on her vernal dress;
The blooms on shrub and tree as blows
Looks like their go-to-meetin' clothes.
And lawful heart! when I behold
The sun tinge them young leaves with gold,
My thoughts to Californy turns,
The land where every crittur earns
Off his own hook, the least to say,
A hundred dollars in a day.
But he as to the Diggins goes
In course must have a suit of clothes;
Well, at our store we sell the best—
Hat, jacket, trousers, boots, and vest:
But this ain't all you 'll want—oh no!
If you to Californy go.
You'll want

A RIFLE,

Just to keep
Your Diggins clear. We sell 'em cheap.
At good five hundred yards they kill,
In hands as "draws the bead" with skill.

A PAIR OF GOOD REVOLVERS

Too,

Is indispensable to you,
To give your fellow-labourers plums,
To rob your pillow when they comes.
We do 'em at the lowest figure,
Jist only try one on a nigger.

A BOWIE KNIFE

You 'll also need.
Ours are the best—they are, indeed.

A DIRK,

Besides, you 'll useful find,
To pink a feller in the wind.
The best and cheapest we affords,
And likewise recommends our

SWORDS,

Which, if you comes for to our shop,
I estimate you 'll find first chop.
This is the Outfit for the Diggins
You gets at HEZEKIAH HIGGINS'.

TO GOVERNESSES AND COMPANIONS.

X. Y. Z. (in the *Times*) thus calls for various instruction and cheerful companionship, at the rate of £30 per annum:—

GOVERNESS and COMPANION WANTED, by a lady, residing in a retired part of the country. She *must not* be under 25 years of age, but may be either Catholic or of the Established Church. *Must be* of a cheerful temperament, able to give a sound English education, teach Latin, speak French fluently, and give the first lessons in drawing. *It is indispensable* that she be a good pianiste, and able to sing well. Any lady wishing a quiet home, with *most kind and considerate treatment, rather* than mere emolument, will find this situation desirable. £30 per annum will be given. Address, with real name, and as much explicitness as possible, to X. Y. Z., Isle of Wight.

Punch has been favoured with the subjoined application, in reply to the above—an application that, it is to be hoped, will meet with the serious attention of X. Y. Z.

"MADAM,—In answer to your advertisement, throbbing as it does with the most benevolent emotions, permit me as explicitly as possible to lay before you the claims, I fondly hope, I possess, to the goodness and bounty of your patronage. Fortunately, I am not under twenty-five, this being my twenty-fifth birth-day. I hold this circumstance to be a most happy omen; as last week, or even yesterday, I could scarcely have dared to solicit the felicity of your attention.

"I can also avail myself of your liberality, feeling that I *may* continue to be a Catholic, and nevertheless hope for the benevolence of your regards. My temperament is, I am told, cheerful; but if not found sufficiently so, it shall be my study to elevate it even to a point of hilarity, such exertion on my part being liberally considered in the £30 per annum wages.

"With respect to a sound English education, may I ask, do you require a perfect knowledge of the whole range of English Literature,—or may a tolerable acquaintance with some two or three thousand Authors suffice?

"With regard to Latin,—am I required to have even PERSIUS at my fingers' ends, or will a pretty fair knowledge of the body of the Fathers be enough? Are the little boys I am to instruct to be brought up to the Church,—or the little girls to be educated in the lively hope of becoming the wives of Bishops?

"As to French, must my accent be only a little less pure than RACHEL'S, and my drawing not quite so beautiful as the MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD'S?

"For Piano and Singing, must I conquer THALBERG at sight, and give *The Bright Seraphim* with *all* the voice and purity of JENNY LIND?

"I feel that a 'quiet home,' and more than all, 'kind and considerate treatment, RATHER than *mere* emolument,' is reward sufficient for any or all the graces and accomplishments you require. Thirty pounds per annum you will concede is not an extravagant salary—(possibly you give your footman £40)—but then, if the wages be low,—no doubt the benevolence of your emotions will be at the highest pitch. And, after all, how beautiful is the soul of kindness (as manifested in your offer) to the 'mere emolument' that comes with money! Mere wages may be reckoned and counted; now, benevolence such as yours, is evidently beyond all calculation.

"Herewith, gracious Madam, I send my address. For further particulars apply to *Mr. Punch*, a gentleman who has on all occasions shown himself anxious to watch over the interests and assert the rights of those unhappy 'Governesses and Companions,' who too frequently receive at the hands of their own sex the worst bitterness that mingles in their cup of life. Try, good Madam, and hereafter make the draught a little more palatable."

A New Proverb.

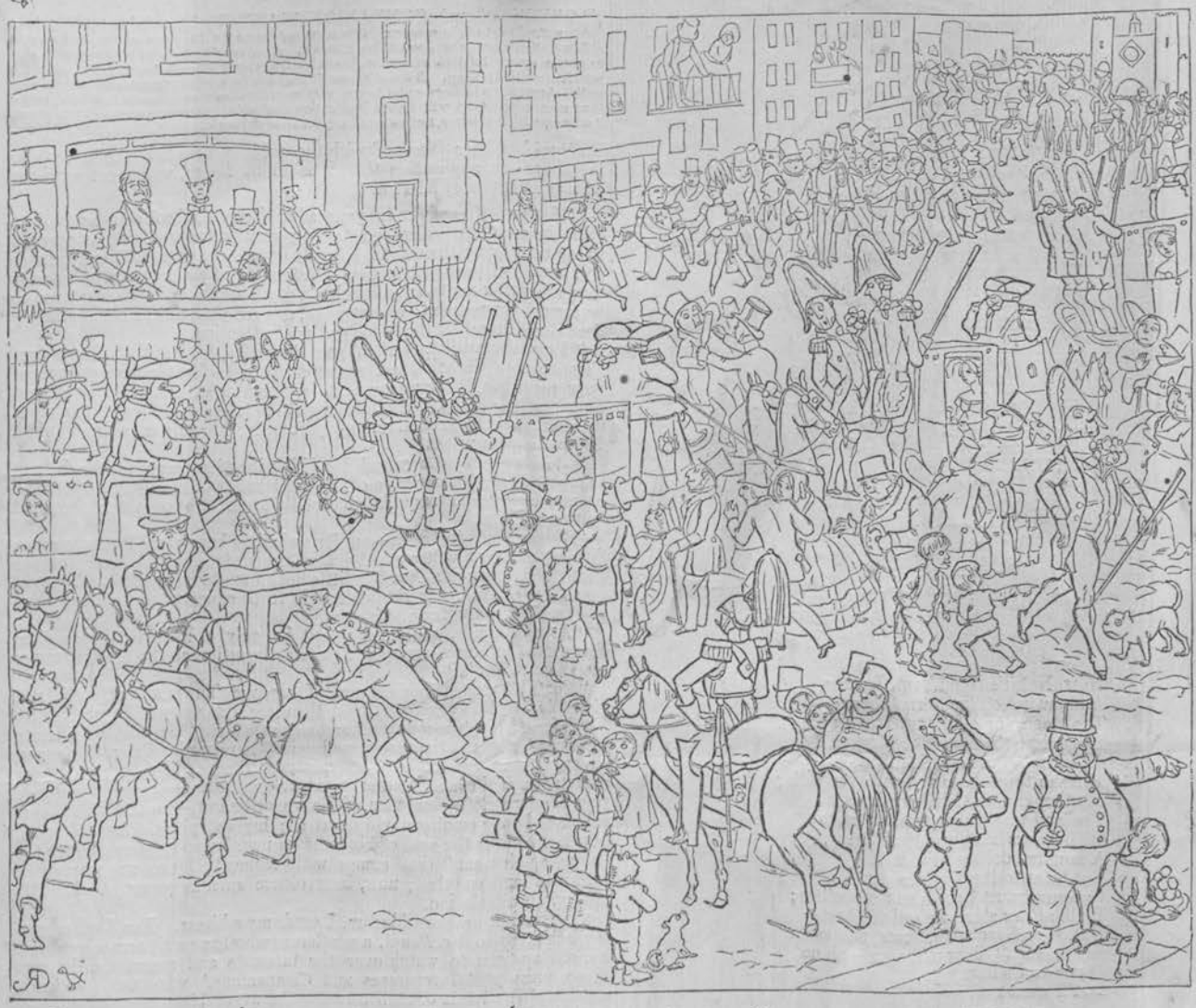
THE papers state that a further clearance is to take place at Stowe, where a quantity of timber is about to be cut, so that Stowe may fairly furnish us with a proverb corresponding to the *lucus a non lucendo*, for it seems to be *Sto(we) a non stando*, since nothing is allowed to stand. This cutting down of timber is suggestive of one of those "wise saws" of which the "modern instances" are rare.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LONDON.

WORKMEN have, it is said, commenced lowering the brow of Holborn Hill. We should be very glad to see some of these awkward high-brows of the metropolis completely shaved off. This arrangement will prevent the necessity for vehicles going down the incline much faster than they were inclined to go.

AN IRON CROWN.—To be disposed of (a Bargain), almost as good as new, bating that it is a little tarnished, an IRON CROWN that has been worn for a very few years, and is now disposed of, no longer fitting its late owner. Any Ex-King, disappointed of a diadem of the aforesaid metal, will find the Iron Crown in question a good, stout, serviceable article.—Apply at the Railway Station, York. On the receipt of a sufficient number of postage stamps to pay carriage, the Iron Crown will be forwarded for inspection, either to MIVART'S, or the Star and Garter, Richmond.

MANNERS · AND · CVSTOMS · OF Ye ENGLYSHE · IN · 1849 No. 4



A DRAWYNGE ROOM · DAY. SAYNTE · IAMES · hys · STREETE.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Thursday, March 29th, 1849. To see the Nobility and Gentry, and other great Company, go to the QUEEN's Drawing-Room, with a Friend to St. James's Street, where did stand in Front of BOODLE's Club-House in the Rain, which was heavy, and spoiled my Paris Hat, cost me Twelve Shillings. But the Sight of the Show was almost worth the Damage; for the red and blue Uniforms of the Army and Navy Officers with their Orders on their Breasts, and their Cocked Hats and Plumes in their Laps, and the Ladies of Quality in their Silks and Satins of all manner of Colours, and their Hair crowned with Ostrich Feathers, and sparkling with Pearls and Diamonds, did much delight me to behold. I do not remember that when I was a Boy, I was ever more taken with a Pageant at Bartholomew Fair. Though I wish I could have had as good a View of the Gentlefolks within the Carriages as I had of the Lackeys outside, who, with their supercilious Airs, and their Jackanapes Garb, did divert me more than ever. I do continually marvel at the enormous Calves of those Varlets, for which one might almost think they were reared, like a sort of Cattle. Indeed, I should have believed that their Stockings were padded, if I had not seen one of them wince when a Horse chanced to lay hold of his Leg. It did more and more amaze me to observe how high they carried their Noses, especially as most of them had Posies in their Bosoms; whereas they looked as though, instead, there were some unsavoury Odour beneath their Nostrils. But much as the Servants resembled Zanies and Harlequins, yet did some of their Masters look not much better; being dressed in a Court Suit, which methinks do make a Gentleman seem a sort of embroidered Quaker —I do greatly wonder why the ugliest Apparel of any Period in English History should be pitched upon for the Court Dress. But the splendid Carriages painted with Coats of Arms, and the stately caparisoned Horses, did make a rare Show; and among them what Sport to mark the Hack Cabs, that were not suffered to enter at the Palace Gate; so the Fares had to alight and walk on Foot the rest of the Way to the Drawing Room: and so into the Presence of HER MAJESTY in dirty Boots: which, now I bethink me, was not seemly; the rather as many of them are Half Pay Officers, and other poor but loyal Subjects, who could afford no better than a Cab. But good lack! it did most tickle me to view the Sheriff's Coach, which for magnificence did exceed the Fairy's Chariot in the Opera-Play of *Cinderella*; and great Sport it was to hear and

THE CHURCH MOUSE.

After Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Muscipula."

'Oh! hear a reverend captive's prayer,
In durance vile that lies,
Nor let a Bishop's heart be shut
Against a Debtor's cries.

For here, my Lord, immured I sit,
Behind this prison grate,
Cast at thy suit in costs, whose sum
Exceeds my small estate.

If e'er thy breast has horror felt
Of bigot's stake or chain,
Let not thy persecuting ire
Seceding Shore detain.

See p. 142.

see the little rascal Boys shout and clap their Hands as it went by. Also it did give me extreme Amusement to notice the gimcrack Equipages and bearded Visages, and Playhouse Attire of the different Foreign Ambassadors; of whom I think the Turkish was the most grand. It did make me laugh not a little to see the Police with their Truncheons, keeping order among the Vagabonds, till one did tell me to move on, which did vex me. Then there were the Guards, in full Uniform on Horseback, with their Helmets on their Heads and their Swords drawn, about one under each Lamp Post, mounting Guard, very warlike to look upon, and I believe this is the heaviest Part of their Duty. What with the blazing Uniforms and glittering Jewels, and illuminated Coaches, and the Laughter I was moved to by the motley Footmen and Foreigners, my Eyes were dazzled and my Head did somewhat ache; moreover, some pretty Faces I did gaze upon did put my Heart in a Flutter, which did not think fit to mention to my Wife. Methinks how fine it would be to ride in State to Court, if it were not so chargeable, and I should much delight in the Honour and Glory of the Thing, but should not at all like the Expense. A Drawing-Room doth altogether eclipse the LORD MAYOR'S Show; although it do seem but a Toy and gilt Gingerbread Affair, and an empty, childish Display, like the Babies' Game of King and Queen; but then it hath certainly this Advantage, that it do much good to Trade.

WE WANT YOUR MONEY, NOT YOUR ADVICE.

FROM some cause or the other, it seems that civilians are not qualified to give any opinion upon military matters. If this be true, let all but military men be excluded from the House whenever a military question is brought before it; or else make your Commons all soldiers, so that they shall all be qualified; or, better still, let all military debates be transferred to Chelsea Hospital, where, as every man has been a soldier, the Army Estimates will naturally be discussed by the best qualified set of men in England. It strikes us, however, that when you pay for a thing, you have a perfect right to complain if you think you are being overcharged; but, according to the military argument, the tailor would answer, "Really, sir, you must give me what I ask for this coat; it is only £20, and it is very clear you can know nothing about the matter, for you, sir, are not a tailor."

The above canon would cause a revolution in our legislature. We should require a differently composed House for every measure that touched upon a separate interest. Thus, we should want a House of Farmers for Agricultural questions, a House of Sailors for Navy questions, a House of Tea-dealers, Drysalters, Bakers, Butchers, Silk Mercers, Furriers, Calico Printers, Guano Merchants, for every one of those distinct branches of trade. We should be having as many Houses as there were businesses in the *Directory*; whereas we perfectly know that one House of Commons is quite as much as the nation can patiently put up with.

One thing is very clear, that if a man is only competent to give advice upon matters connected with his own calling, then military men should never speak or vote excepting upon military subjects; so after the Army and Navy Estimates are disposed of, all Majors, Colonels (SIBTHORPE included), Admirals, &c., had better retire, and make room for men who are better qualified, from larger experience, to judge upon general subjects.

Gross Libel.

MESSRS. WIGRAM AND GREEN, the eminent shipbuilders, have been shamefully accused of taking the lines of a Government ship as a model for all their ships. Now this accusation, like many of the Dockyard vessels, would not hold water for a minute, and a contradiction was publicly given to it immediately by MR. S. HERBERT. But it is really too bad to libel a respectable firm in this scandalous way; and we candidly think if MESSRS. WIGRAM AND GREEN were to bring an action for defamation of character against Ministers, they would recover the largest damages; for it is very evident that no passenger would think of trusting his life or his baggage in one of their ships, if he thought it was no better than a Government vessel. We hope the report has done them no injury in the commercial world, or been the cause of LLOYD'S striking their ships off the list of A 1, and refusing to insure them at any rate.

THE GRETNA GREEN BLACKSMITH DEFYETH LORD CAMPBELL.

I CANNA eat my meal o' meat,
Nor drink my whisky dram:
Still in my eye the drap ye 'll spy,
Howe'er my tears I dam.
Wi' his Marriage Bill my trade to kill,
Could-blooded CAMPBELL plans;
For better and worse he has my curse,
And wha 'll forbid the bans?

Nae mair to my door the yellows and four
Must dash as they used to do;
Wi' lads whose first order, on crossing the Border,
Was "Supper and parson for two!"
Nae heiress may fling hersel i' the ring
To cross her freens o'er-cautious,
Wi' a lad, worth nae plack, past the claes on his back,
And, aiblins, a wheen mustachios.

When I wad sleep my flesh gaes creep,
Such awfu' dreams I see,
Ghaists o' post-chays, whom railway days
Lang syne hae doomed to dee:
Whence lang lad ghaists lift by their waists,
Sweet lass ghaists to the groun';
And gimp ghaist maids ghaist flunkey blades
Haud frae the rumble doon.

For me they send, the parson kenned
By a' in Gretna Green;
Their hands to join as sin' lang syne,
The gude auld custom 's been.
But as I clasp their ghaistly grasp,
Doon, wi' an eldritch laugh,
Skelps on its fires alang the wires,
That gruesome Telegraph!
And gies a shock that gars me knock
The buik from oot my han'—
The ghaists are gane—I wake my lane,
A meeserable man!

But my bellows I 'll blaw, spite o' ghaist or law,
And, like a kindly Scot,
Whether weddings to do, or horse's shoe,
Strike while the iron 's hot.
And come what will o' CAMPBELL'S Bill,
My wark I 'll never rue;
The links I 've made, in Hymen's trade,
Were heart and hand-cuffs too!

There 's ABERDEEN, a trusty freen,
Will stand by me and mine,
And a vote I 'll owe to each penniless JOE,
That 's in the heiress line.
So I 'll ne'er be fleyed from my fourfold trade,
Host, parson, blacksmith, barber;
Still ye 'll find, if ye drop intil my shop,
A Bridal Tidal Harbour.

A PARLIAMENTARY NOSEGAY,

Made of Mr. Drummond's Choice Flowers of Speech.

THE following little Nosegay is composed of choice Flowers of Speech and Samples, which we have gathered from MR. DRUMMOND'S Speech on the Army Estimates:—

"HER MAJESTY'S Ministers were doubtlessly discussing the measure over a cool bottle;—Country boobies;—Just in proportion as the merchants and manufacturers were cowards the one minute, they were bullies the other;—A set of meddling fools;—They were all equally stupid;—The Manchester gentlemen had given proof of their utter incompetence;—Not a man in the country stood convicted of being so utterly unable to give an accurate opinion of the state of Europe as the Honourable Member for the West Riding;—Talk of our friendly neighbours, go to the Zoological Gardens, see the tigers quiet in their lairs, watch the antics of the monkeys, all very peaceable and harmless animals, but only let them be set loose, and you will soon find what altered tigers and monkeys they will become," &c &c.

Tie these Choice Flowers up with a running string of Protectionist "cheers," trim the loose ends with a good cutting "laugh," and you have a nice little *bouquet de Drummond*, full of the most exquisite Parliamentary sense.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.—It has been proposed that the Insolvent Members should be distinguished from their brother legislators, by having the letters I.O.U. instead of M.P. placed at the end of their names.

Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, M', WAS YOU A LOOKING FOR A LITTLE DOG?"
Young Ladies. "YES! OH, YES!"
Boy. "WAS IT A SPANNELL, MUM?"
Young Ladies. "OH, YES! A MOST BEAUTIFUL LITTLE SPANIEL, WITH VERY LONG EARS."
Boy. "AH, THEN, MUM, IT'S THE SAME AS FLEW AT MASTER'S BIG DOG HERE, WOT'S BIN AND SWALLERED OF IT."

DRURY LANE TO LET.—CRUEL TEMPTATION.

WE have always felt kindly disposed towards M. JULLIEN. His beaming face and white waistcoat have somehow impressed us with a strong sense of the humanity and purity of his motives. Sorry, indeed, are we to find such good opinions oozing from us; but what—we ask it—what are we to think of the philanthropy of a man who, by public advertisement for the letting of Drury Lane Theatre, says, he "will give the preference to a tenant taking the Theatre for the representation of the Legitimate Drama?" The Theatre, says the wily JULLIEN, lessee, "may be had for the months of April, May, June, July, and August, viz., during the *height* of the London season, a period most advantageous for theatrical speculation." As if plays and players were like plums and peaches, and flourished all the better in a blazing summer. But on reconsideration, we suspect that herein M. JULLIEN only indulges an irrepressible raillery; although it is a little too bad in a Frenchman, and therefore a natural born enemy, to fleer and flout at the condition of the English Legitimate Drama. With his soul full of the glories of his Concerts and his Masked Balls—with his heart bounding to MDLLE. MATHILDE'S bounding horse, and jumping to the vaulters—M. JULLIEN knows that the Legitimate Drama has no longer a chance in Drury Lane. Therefore it would have been more ingenuous of M. JULLIEN—more in accordance with his reputed courtesy and benevolence—to have offered Drury Lane for the exhibition of the Sea Serpent, when caught, or for the distribution of the funds in liquidation of Spanish Bonds, when paid. Nevertheless M. JULLIEN, in the full enjoyment of his sarcasm, offers to accept from "any gentleman engaging in such an undertaking," namely, in "the representation of the Legitimate Drama," a rental "at the rate of £1500 per annum less than that now paid by the present tenant." There is cruel irony in all this. M. JULLIEN should rather offer the Theatre rent-free, with an added premium to "any gentleman engaging to exhibit a team of unicorns, with half-a-dozen specimens, in feather and in ash, of the bird phœnix."

Symptoms of University Reform.

THE intelligence from Cambridge informs us that the JACKSONIAN Professor intends commencing a Course of Lectures on the 24th of April next. We are not aware of the object of the JACKSONIAN Professorship, but as the name of JACKSON is connected in the public mind with the science of pugilism, we presume the Professor contemplates a Course of Lectures on the noble Art of Self-Defence.

The next article of the University Intelligence is that "the Plumian Professor will commence a Course of Lectures on the 23rd of the same month." It has been suggested to us that the Plumian is short for the Plumby one, or *Plum'y u'n*, and that the Professor contemplates a Course of Lectures on British Slang, which we all know is more closely allied to classical learning than might at first sight be considered probable.

THE CHURCH MOUSE'S PETITION.

OH! hear a reverend captive's prayer,
In durance vile that lies,
Nor let a Bishop's heart be shut
Against a Debtor's cries.

For here, my Lord, immured I sit,
Behind this prison grate,
Cast at thy suit in costs, whose sum
Exceeds my small estate.

If e'er thy breast has horror felt
Of bigot's stake or chain,
Let not thy persecuting ire
Seceding SHORE detain.

Oh! do not yet more deeply stain
Thy somewhat dingy lawn,
Nor triumph that so poor a prize
Within thy toils is drawn.

The free donations of my flock
My scanty means supply,
And why should thine intolerant heart
My pulpit's use deny?

The cushioned desk and sounding-board
Were made for all and each;
Let every clergyman enjoy
The common right to preach.

The well-taught theologian's mind
Man's conscience will respect;
Regard all creeds with liberal eye,
And hope for every sect.

Should e'er the times, as some forebode,
Of faggot and of flame
Return, and Smithfield, as of yore,
Its mitred victims claim;

Beware, my Bishop, lest, in turn,
Thou feel the zealot's rage;
And, being roasted, call to mind
SHORE in his dungeon-cage!

Or, though thou too the martyr's fate
May'st not be doom'd to share,
For once let Pity bid thy heart
A prostrate victim spare.

So, in thine ever stormy See,
May peace at length be found;
And harmony and concord dwell
Where strife and wrath abound.

So may'st thou never go to law,
Thyself the cost to bear;
Thus in thine own hot water boiled,
And caught in thine own snare.

A SECOND WATERLOO.

"F.M. the Duke has determined to institute a test of education for Officers, previous to their obtaining Commissions in the Army."—F. MAULE, *in the House of Commons.*

THIS is a most ungracious reflection upon the present race of Officers. If those already admitted do not instantly go up and pass their examinations, they will be continually exposed to the sneer that their younger comrades are more educated than they. This implied superiority will be very unpleasant. The junior branch of our Army will be above the senior—the Ensigns will be jumping over the Colonels. In fact, there will be two distinct Services at every mess-table. There will be the EDUCATED SERVICE, composed of young Officers, admitted since the above regulation, and the UNEDUCATED SERVICE, consisting of old Officers, admitted before it. No gentleman will sit easy under this comparison. We are sure not a single officer, even in our Household Regiments, will be afraid to face these examinations. It is F. M. the Duke who gives the cry, "UP, GUARDS, AND AT 'EM."

AN INAUDIBLE DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

"In point of fact, the House of Lords, notwithstanding its great architectural beauties, is, of all the public buildings which we ever entered, the most destitute of all facilities for hearing."—*Times.*

PETITIONS in great numbers were presented, but what they were about we could not possibly hear. Judging from their size, they seemed to contain a great deal.

The EARL OF HARROWBY presented a Petition, we were told, from an old woman, but what she wanted, we could not possibly make out.

LORD BROUGHAM rose, and remained on his legs precisely three hours and sixteen seconds; after which

LORD CAMPBELL shook his head for five minutes, but what there was in it, we cannot possibly take upon ourselves the great responsibility of saying.

LORD BROUGHAM explained in dumb show. He was apparently speaking with his fingers, and used both his hands with the greatest effect, seemingly in beating down the statements of the hon. Lord; but at the end of his Speech, which we can only regret was not spoken, he became so pointed in his remarks, that, upon raising his dexter thumb significantly, it brought

LORD CAMPBELL on his legs again. He swept away the insinuations of the hon. Lord, who had just spoken with his fingers, most completely with his left hand, and then ran his right cursorily through his hair. This evidently made the ex-Chancellor very uneasy, but, strange to say, elicited no reply from him. Upon this, LORD CAMPBELL cruelly resumed the shake of his head, and shook it with such effect, that LORD BROUGHAM lost all self-possession, and began shaking his also. This continued for several minutes, during which the House (and business also) was in a state of the utmost suspense, when, at last,

LORD BROUGHAM jumped up with great excitement, and said—but what he said still remains a mystery. We are charitably inclined to believe that the hon. Lord was at a loss to find words to express his indignation, for not a single one did *we* hear fall from his Lordship's lips. On this occasion he spoke, not only with his fingers, but with his feet, for he stamped upon the ground, and, if we are allowed to consider the dust which his Lordship raised on all sides of him as any evidence of his powerful speech, we are perfectly justified in affirming that he made a very great impression upon the House generally, and the floor especially.

LORD STANLEY replied, but his eloquence, generally so loud, so impassioned, found for once no echo in the House. Finding he had nothing to say worth hearing, he sat down after an hour's most painful silence, and resumed his seat, evidently much upset, and without a single cheer.

Several Lords rose, and beckoned to one another across the House, but nothing resulting from the motion, they all sat down again.

A Deputation from the Commons appeared at the Bar of the House, and brought with them several large bundles of paper.

The Chancellor rose.

The Commons bowed.

The Chancellor bowed, and arranged his wig.

The Commons and the Chancellor stared at one another most leisurely for half an hour, when MR. HUME handed to the Chancellor some papers, which he received with the greatest good humour, and returned with a smile and a courteous nod, which seemed to give the liveliest satisfaction to the Members of the Deputation, for some waved their handkerchiefs, and others flourished their hats with such enthusiasm that

LORD BROUGHAM rose, when the Deputation immediately withdrew. His Lordship continued several minutes, turning from one side of the House to the other, when, recollecting all of a sudden he had nothing to say, and that, under those circumstances, it was useless saying another word about it, he very properly sat down.

The House adjourned at five o'clock, as quietly as it assembled.

(We have since been informed that the interesting Debate in question was the *Omnibus Horse Protection Bill*, and that the measure brought up by the Commons, was the much-debated *Thames Navy Navigation Laws*, which now only await HER MAJESTY'S approval to become the Law of the river, and the realm.)

MISS ADDISON IN PERIL.

THERE is an old gentleman carrying on a war by himself in the *Post*. One day he writes an article with his left hand, calling himself "Philodramatis:" the next, he answers himself with his right, putting himself down as "A Shakspeare Worshipper." And all this ambidexterous scribbling is upon MISS ADDISON, a very charming young lady, and one who, when she will consent to part with her words without spasms to follow, will be an excellent actress. In the meantime, it is wicked that the lady should be left to the mercies of the double-handed critic, who in his exaltation of MISS ADDISON aims to lower a rival *Desdemona*. The right-hand, that is the Shakspeare Worshipper, takes a third of a column to tell us what MISS ADDISON is *not*. Here is some of it:—

"MISS ADDISON does not hold herself in leash, in *unnatural under-action*, [what action can this be?] till she spies an opening from which to rush out upon and *overwhelm* the unguarded spectator. MISS ADDISON is not a statue animated by a fallen angel—or, if you will, a Pythoness by the god—or a WILLOW swept by an occasional gust."

MISS ADDISON is certainly not a willow. The figure of the willow-pattern, if it apply at all, can only apply to MRS. CHARLES KEAN, and only then as "late MISS TREE!"

URQUHART'S NIGHTMARE.

MR. URQUHART seems to be labouring under a perpetual Nightmare, in which the Russian Autocrat is the principal figure. MR. URQUHART appears to labour under the fearful fancy that NICHOLAS is about to invade this country mounted on the Great Bear, a constellation which our unfortunate dreamer was probably born under. The Russo-phobia of MR. URQUHART must be exceedingly painful to the honourable sufferer himself, but he must excuse the nation at large if it declines being frightened into fits, or out of its wits, by the nocturnal phantom with which MR. U. himself is continually visited.

A FAST MAN.

THERE is a man at Oxford who lives so fast that he is now absolutely older than his father; and it is thought he will soon overtake his grandfather. His mother, a quiet elderly lady, he has left behind long ago, as well as two *old* maiden aunts.

CHURCH CANONS.—THE horses in the "apostolic stables" of Rome have been seized for the use of the national artillery. The horses so employed are expected to be more than a match for the Pope's bulls.

PERFECT SINCERITY, OR THINKINGS ALOUD. No. 2.

Mamma. "YOU ARE A DISAGREEABLE OLD BACHELOR, AND GENERALLY HATE CHILDREN, I KNOW —BUT ISN'T DEAR LITTLE WORMWOOD A FINE, NOBLE, LITTLE FELLOW?"

Old Gent. "WELL, IF YOU WANT MY CANDID OPINION, I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU AT ONCE—THAT I THINK HIM THE MOST DETESTABLE LITTLE BEAST I EVER SAW—AND IF YOU IMAGINE I AM GOING TO LEAVE HIM ANYTHING BECAUSE YOU HAVE NAMED HIM AFTER ME, YOU ARE MIGHTILY MISTAKEN."

"NO DOOR-MAT TO-NIGHT."

SPHINX has found an interpreter! The Gordian knot has been cut; or, in other words, the Great DOOR-MAT riddle inserted in the second column of the *Times*, and noticed in our last number, has received a solution. Though we at first stumbled over the DOOR-MAT, which appeared to meet us in the very threshold of inquiry, and impede us at the very door, we have found the key, or rather, the key has been forwarded to us by a Correspondent whom we can rely upon. It appears that some old College friends founded some years ago a Club among themselves under the denomination of the DOOR-MAT, and on a recent occasion something having occurred to prevent the customary weekly meeting, the advertisement in the Second Column of the *Times* was inserted as the readiest method of apprising the members of the fact. This intimation as to the solution of the mystery will prevent many ingenious persons from puzzling their heads as to the meaning of the mystery; and many imaginative individuals will be spared the trouble of concocting incorrect explanations of an affair upon which they are as ignorant as the public in general. As we have been instrumental in bringing the DOOR-MAT on the carpet, we think we ought to give the world the benefit of the information we have received.

VERY HARD, AND VERY HARD UP.

THE insolvent members complain very bitterly, and not without some show of reason, that they who devote themselves to the business of Legislation, should be prohibited themselves from taking the benefit of an Act.

LET HIM TURN AND FLEE.

WE beg to call attention to an involuntary contribution which has just been made to the British Museum by those concerned in the improper ventilation of the Reading Room, as will be at once seen by the following extract from the evidence before the Commission of Inquiry that has lately been holding its sittings. While T. H. TURNER, ESQ., was under examination, he made the following reply to a question (No. 6208), which was addressed to him by SIR R. I. MURCHISON:—

"6208. (*Sir R. I. Murchison.*) Have you found any inconvenience from the want of ventilation?—Yes; and I would observe that nothing can equal the dirt of the Reading Room. There is a flea generated in that room that is larger than any to be found elsewhere, except in the receiving rooms of workhouses."

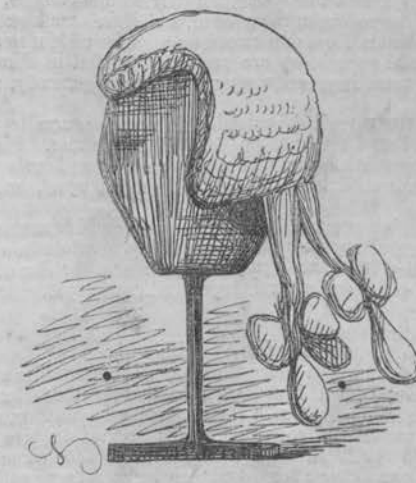
It is evident that an acquisition has been made by the British Museum, which the Authorities do not properly appreciate, for here is a "Monster Flea" which has a right to rank among the Megatheria of insect life, and to take its place by the side of the Mammoth Moths and other wonders of animated Nature, which are contained in the great National collection. We insist, in the name of the Public, that a detainer should instantly be lodged against this extraordinary Flea, or that it should be brought up by *Habeas* before the Zoological Society, or removed by *Certiorari* from the Reading Room to some other apartment in the Museum. If the race of this Monster Flea could be preserved, it would be of the utmost service in supplying the next demand occasioned by those whom it is positively necessary to send away with a Flea in the ear, on sundry occasions.

The Beautiful Privilege of Insolvency.

Creditor. "Sir, will you or will you not pay me this little bill?"
Debtor. "No, I cannot."
Creditor. "I understand, Sir, you will not?"
Debtor. "Precisely, I will not."
Creditor. "Then, Sir, I shall arrest you."
Debtor. "You will do no such thing."
Creditor. "I will."
Debtor. "You won't (*pointing to the door*). Leave me."
Creditor (*in a great passion*). "Sir, I took you for a Gentleman."
Debtor. "You had better not, then, for I 'm a Member of Parliament, and if you take me for a Gentleman, you 'll find it false imprisonment."

A PERUKE FOR A PRELATE.

IT is proposed, in acknowledgment of the reputation in the Courts of Law, which has been acquired by the BISHOP OF EXETER, to present the Right Reverend Prelate with an appropriate Testimonial in the shape of a new Wig. The wig is to be got up by an eminent *perruquier*



in the Forensic style, which is obviously more suitable than the Episcopal to DR. PHILPOTTS. Discharging the functions of a prosecutor more frequently than the ATTORNEY-GENERAL himself, it is quite right that the BISHOP should be properly wigged; and he ought also to have a long robe to wear, which, to say the least, would become him full as well as his lawn sleeves do.

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MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

Mamma. "GEORGINA! GEORGINA!"

Georgina. "WELL, MA. HOW YOU DO FIDGET ONE."

Mamma. "SHOULDERS, MY LOVE; SHOULDERS. PRAY, HOLD YOURSELF UP. YOU'RE STOOPING AGAIN DREADFULLY!"

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

SOME MORE WORDS ABOUT THE LADIES.

SUFFER me to speak, my dear BOB, and in somewhat a grave tone, about women, and their influence over you young fellows—an influence so vast, for good or for evil.

I have, as you pretty well know, an immense sum of money in the Three per Cents., the possession of which, does not, I think, decrease your respect for my character, and of which, at my demise, you will possibly have your share. But if ever I hear of you as a Casino haunter, as a frequenter of Races and Greenwich Fairs, and such amusements, in questionable company, I give you my honour you shall benefit by no legacy of mine, and I will divide the portion that was, and is I hope, to be yours, amongst your sisters.

Think, Sir, of what they are, and of your mother at home, spotless and pious, loving and pure, and shape your own course so as to be worthy of them. Would you do anything to give them pain? Would you say anything that should bring a blush to their fair cheeks, or shock their gentle natures? At the Royal Academy Exhibition last year, when that great stupid, dandified donkey, CAPTAIN GRIGG, in company with the other vulgar oaf, MR. GOWKER, ventured to stare in rather an insolent manner, at your pretty little sister FANNY, who had come blushing like a May-rose from MISS PINKERTON'S Academy, I saw how your honest face flushed up with indignation, as you caught a sight of the hideous grins and ogles of those two ruffians in varnished boots; and your eyes flashed out at them glances of defiance and warning so savage and terrible, that the discomfited wretches turned wisely upon their heels, and did not care to face such a resolute young champion as BOB BROWN. What is it that makes all your blood tingle, and fills your heart with a vague and fierce desire to thrash somebody, when the idea of the possibility of an insult to that fair creature enters your mind? You can't bear to think that injury should be done to a being so sacred, so innocent, and so defenceless. You would do battle with a GOLIATH in her cause. Your sword would leap from its scabbard (that is, if you gentlemen from Pump Court wore swords and scabbards at the present period of time,) to avenge or defend her.

Respect all beauty, all innocence, my dear BOB; defend all defencelessness in your sister, as in the sisters of other men. We have all heard the story of the Gentleman of the last century, who, when a crowd of young bucks and bloods in the Crush-room of the Opera were laughing and elbowing an old lady there—an old lady, lonely, ugly, and unprotected—went up to her respectfully and offered her his arm, took her down to his own carriage which was in waiting, and walked home himself in the rain,—and twenty years afterwards had ten thousand a year left him by this very old lady, as a reward for that one act of politeness. We have all heard that story; nor do I think it is probable that you will have ten thousand a-year left to you, for being polite to a woman: but I say, be polite, at any rate. Be respectful to every woman. A manly and generous heart can be no otherwise; as a man would be gentle with a child, or take off his hat in a church.

I would have you apply this principle universally towards women—from the finest lady of your acquaintance down to the laundress who sets your Chambers in order. It may safely be asserted that the persons who joke with barmaids or servants at lodgings, are not men of a high intellectual or moral capacity. To chuck a still-room maid under the chin, or to send off MOLLY the cook grinning, are not, to say the least of them, dignified acts in any gentleman. The butcher-boy who brings the leg of mutton to MOLLY may converse with her over the area-railings; or the youthful grocer may exchange a few jocular remarks with BETTY at the door as he hands in to her the tea and sugar: but not you. We must live according to our degree. I hint this to you, Sir, by the way, and because the other night as I was standing on the drawing-room landing-place, taking leave of our friends MR. and MRS. FAIRFAX, after a very agreeable dinner, I heard a giggling in the hall, where you were putting on your coat, and where that uncommonly good-looking parlour-maid was opening the door. And here, whilst on this subject, and whilst MRS. BETTY is helping you on with your coat, I would say, respecting your commerce with your friends' servants and your own; be thankful to them, and they will be grateful to you in return, depend upon it. Let the young fellow who lives in lodgings respect the poor little maid who does the wondrous work of the house, and not send her on too many errands, or ply his bell needlessly: if you visit any of your comrades in such circumstances, be you too respectful and kindly in your tone to the poor little Abigail. If you frequent houses, as I hope you will, where are many good fellows and amiable ladies who cannot afford to have their doors opened or their tables attended by men, pray be particularly courteous (though by no means so marked in your attentions as on the occasion of the dinner at MR. FAIRFAX'S to which I have just alluded) to the women-servants. Thank them when they serve you. Give them a half-crown now and then, nay, as often as your means will permit. Those small gratuities make but a small sum in your year's expenses, and it may be said that the practice of giving them never impoverished a man yet: and on the other hand, they give a deal of innocent happiness to a very worthy, active, kind set of folks.

But let us hasten from the hall-door to the drawing-room, where Fortune has cast your lot in life: I want to explain to you why I am so anxious that you should devote yourself to that amiable lady who sits in it. Sir, I do not mean to tell you that there are no women in the world, vulgar and ill-humoured, rancorous and narrow-minded, mean schemers, son-in-law hunters, slaves of fashion, hypocrites; but I do respect, admire, and almost worship good women; and I think there is a very fair number of such to be found in this world, and I have no doubt in every educated Englishman's circle of society, whether he finds that circle in palaces in Belgravia and May Fair, in snug little suburban villas, in ancient comfortable old Bloomsbury, or in back parlours behind the shop. It has been my fortune to meet with excellent English ladies in every one of these places—wives graceful and affectionate, matrons tender and good, daughters happy and pure-minded, and I urge the society of such to you, because I defy you to think evil in their company. Walk into the drawing-room of Lady Z., that great lady: look at her charming face, and hear her voice. You know that she can't but be good, with such a face and such a voice. She is one of those fortunate beings on whom it

has pleased heaven to bestow all sorts of its most precious gifts and richest worldly favours. With what a grace she receives you: with what a frank kindness and natural sweetness and dignity! Her looks, her motions, her words, her thoughts, all seem to be beautiful and harmonious quite. See her with her children, what woman can be more simple and loving? After you have talked to her for a while, you very likely find that she is ten times as well read as you are: she has a hundred accomplishments which she is not the least anxious to show off, and makes no more account of them than of her diamonds, or of the splendour round about her—to all of which she is born, and has a happy, admirable claim of nature and possession—admirable and happy for her and for us too; for is it not a happiness for us to admire her? Does anybody grudge her excellence to that paragon? Sir, we may be thankful to be admitted to contemplate such consummate goodness and beauty: and as in looking at a fine landscape or a fine work of Art, every generous heart must be delighted and improved, and ought to feel grateful afterwards, so one may feel charmed and thankful for having the opportunity of knowing an almost perfect woman. Madam, if the gout and the custom of the world permitted, I would kneel down and kiss the hem of your Ladyship's robe. To see your gracious face is a comfort—to see you walk to your carriage is a holiday. Drive her faithfully, O thou silver-wigged coachman! drive her to all sorts of splendours and honours and Royal festivals. And for us, let us be glad that we should have the privilege to admire her.

Now, transport yourself in spirit, my good BOB, into another drawing-room. There sits an old lady of more than four-score years, serene and kind, and as beautiful in her age now, as in her youth, when History toasted her. What has she not seen, and is she not ready to tell? All the fame and wit, all the rank and beauty, of more than half a century have passed through those rooms where you have the honour of making your best bow. She is as simple now as if she had never had any flattery to dazzle her: she is never tired of being pleased and being kind. Can that have been anything but a good life which after more than eighty years of it are spent, is so calm? Could she look to the end of it so cheerfully, if its long course had not been pure? Respect her, I say, for being so happy, now that she is old. We do not know what goodness and charity, what affections, what trials, may have gone to make that charming sweetness of temper, and complete that perfect manner. But if we do not admire and reverence such an old age as that, and get good from contemplating it, what are we to respect and admire?

Or shall we walk through the shop (while N. is recommending a tall copy to an amateur, or folding up twopenny worth of letter-paper, and bowing to a poor customer in a jacket and apron, with just as much respectful gravity as he would show while waiting upon a Duke,) and see MRS. N. playing with the child in the back parlour until N. shall come into tea? They drink tea at five o'clock; and are actually as well-bred as those gentle folks who dine three hours later. Or will you please to step in to MRS. J.'s lodgings, who is waiting, and at work, until her husband comes home from Chambers? She blushes and puts the work away on hearing the knock, but when she sees who the visitor is, she takes it with a smile from behind the sofa cushion, and behold, it is one of J.'s waistcoats on which she is sewing buttons. She might have been a Countess blazing in diamonds, had Fate so willed it, and the higher her station, the more she would have adorned it. But she looks as charming while plying her needle, as the great lady in her palace whose equal she is,—in beauty, in goodness, in highbred grace and simplicity:—at least, I can't fancy her better, or any Peeress being more than her peer.

And it is with this sort of people, my dear BOB, that I recommend you to consort, if you can be so lucky as to meet with their society—nor do I think you are very likely to find many such at the Casino; or in the dancing-booths of Greenwich Fair on this present Easter Monday.

BROWN THE ELDER.

A MISCHIEVOUS GAME.

As we are not at present overburdened with nautical heroes, there can be no objection to the Lords of the Admiralty playing DRAKES as much as they please; but we must protest, in the very strongest language, against their playing Ducks as well as DRAKES with the British Navy.

CHURCH INSURANCE.

OUR contemporary, the *Builder*, recommends the insurance of Churches. To invest the surplus incomes of fat sees and livings in the augmentation of the salaries of needy curates, would be one of the best means of insuring the Church of England.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—If JENNY LIND will return to the disconsolate Subscribers, her late absence will be forgiven; and any number of Bouquets bestowed. She was last heard of at Exeter Hall. This is further to give notice that any Bishop harbouring the said JENNY LIND from her affectionate friends, MEYERBEER, WEBER, and MOZART, will be punished with all the rigour of BALFE's bow-string.

OUR AMERICAN DISPATCHES.

PUNCH picks the following tit-bits from the large bundle of Yankee papers, which have been forwarded to him from his regular, slick, go-a-head Correspondent at New York.

"There is a man in Connecticut, who began reading the President's last speech two months ago, and has not got through it yet. His health still remains good."

"The *Spangled Banner* has the impudence to say of the British Navy:—'It is like the Lords of the Admiralty, nothing better than a bundle of sticks. The English ships may stand fire, but it is very clear they cannot stand water. They are only fit for lucifer matches. Turned upside down, they would make capital diving-bells, they go so steadily to the bottom. We are inclined to believe that the great Government Dockyards of England, are the Goodwin Sands, for it is a positive fact that more English vessels have been wrecked there than anywhere else.'"

"The *Philadelphia Sponge* gives the account of a grand new Insolvent Debtors' Court being erected at Philadelphia. It has been called, '*Repudiation Hall.*'"

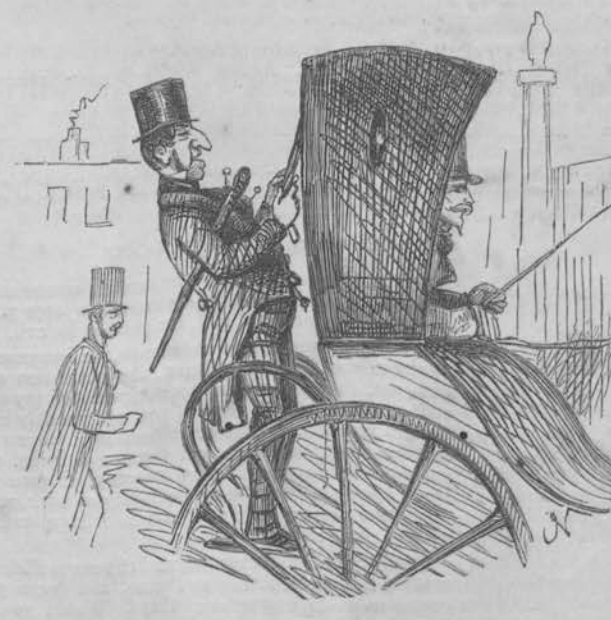
"The *New York Revolver* inquires, 'What has America done that all the Irish should fly there?'"

"The *Trumpet of Truth* gives a long account of a Windmill, the sails of which revolve by electricity, and of an omnibus horse that runs with a cork leg; and the New York papers are full of a Laundress, who has agreed with the principal Railways for permission to wash her linen in their engines, and hang it out to dry afterwards on the wires of their Electric Telegraphs."

Hungerford Suspension Bridge.

As so many robberies with considerable violence have been committed on this bridge during the past two or three months, and as policemen are not yet stationed to protect wayfarers, we suggest that every passenger resolving to cross the Suspension should first put on a cork-jacket. Thus, if attacked, he may have a chance of saving his watch, by leaping into the river.

"FOLLOWERS ALLOWED."



THE insolvent M.Ps., in contemplation of the passing of a Bill to render them liable for their debts, are taxing their ingenuity as to some convenient method of meeting the new circumstances in which they will be placed, and it is expected that they will take a hint from SHERIDAN, who used to put the bailiffs into livery and pass them off as flunkies of his own. We may expect that several of the cabs passing down Parliament Street, will shortly be distinguished by a member of the tribe of Israel on the foot-board, so that those Legislators who are not worth a dump, may be under a Jew's eye, in conformity with the proposal to render them amenable to their creditors.

LORD BROUGHAM'S LAST FRIEND.

MARSHAL RADETZKY, because he has beaten the Piedmontese, is turned into a friend by LORD BROUGHAM. Nothing like success in this world: what dirty bread it *will* butter. Nothing so miserable as failure,—what heroism it *will* blacken! The *Edinburgh Review*—a little late, certainly, but better late than never—well exposes the strange, morbid regard for tyrants and tyranny that has for the last year possessed the "respectability" of Englishmen, as though their own liberties had grown, like their own oaks, whilst they, the men, were asleep. MONCKTON MILNES, in his noble *Letter to Lord Lansdowne*, has been one of the few men to say a fearless, eloquent word in favour of political liberty, that, however excellent for ourselves, has been considered an abstraction, and not to be understood or sought for by other nations. In fact there are to be no "livers out of Britain." As MR. MILNES has said, we sneer at the foreigner for his political servility, and then abuse him when he seeks to stand before the world a free man.—There have, to be sure, been atrocities committed abroad in the name of freedom; but, we take it, that English liberty—our beloved and well-toasted Constitution—did not come to us without a few rough doings. It was not the prize of a popular holiday. Something richer than the blood of JOHN BARLEYCORN was shed—something harder than plum-puddings was fired. But then this is long ago. What for Englishmen was a solemn strife—a noble duty, two centuries since—is atrocity for the Frenchmen of 1848—for the Italian of 1849.

Both in Lords and Commons has incense been offered to foreign despotism. In both places tyranny has been called pretty names; and the loser—no matter how noble his cause—been taunted with his loss. Poor Liberty has been ridden over rough-shod, and English noblemen have cheered, and waved their coronets at the sport. In the last debate on Italian affairs, EARL FITZWILLIAM "was of opinion that all through, their Lordships had been bearing too hardly upon the fallen." For this reason, no doubt—they *were* fallen. A sleek fat bear upon the top of a pole is a much nobler animal to contemplate than a sick lion withering in a cage. CHARLES ALBERT loses the stakes, and he is, perfidious: FREDERICK is a successful despoiler, and lo! he is, on such prosperity, FREDERICK THE GREAT!

And LORD BROUGHAM would still smear honey on RADETZKY, the sword of Austria.—Yes: he

"Hoped that it would go forth to the public that there *never had been a victory* gained by a foreign power which had satisfied so much the feelings and principles of *all parties* in this country as the victory recently gained by MARSHAL RADETZKY."

Is there no way by which the Emperor of Austria can do honour to the Slaverer-General of all success? As BROUGHAM has not another chance of the Woolsack, it would no doubt be pleasing to him could he have a small bit of honour, in the shape of the Order of the Fleece. He merits some distinction of the kind for his enthusiasm in the cause of Austrian despotism; for it is not known (though most true) that LORD BROUGHAM, on returning home from the Lords, had throughout his house a general illumination of several pounds of candles in honour of the victory, and in admiration of the glory, of MARSHAL RADETZKY!

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

IT is with one of those profound feelings that we always have in store for great occasions, that we chronicle an accident that might have proved very fatal to the EARL OF ABERDEEN. His Lordship went down to his place in the House of Lords last week in excellent health, and in average spirits. His Lordship with that buoyancy of manner, and with that radiance of expression that have ever distinguished him in his seat—"making a sunshine in a shady place"—in a moment of inadventure attempted a joke. His Lordship, slipping in the attempt, was precipitated an immense depth below the comprehension of the House, and for some time the most serious consequences were apprehended.

As the accident will make a part of Parliamentary History, it is our duty to relate it in all its bearings. The noble—and, on this occasion at least, must be added, gallant—Earl said, "we ought to leave France alone in her mediation for the integrity of the Sardinian territory." The EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH, as in duty bound, was much surprised at this sentiment; whereupon—

"The EARL OF ABERDEEN observed, that he was a Scotchman, and, if he had not known to the contrary, he should have imagined that his noble friend (LORD ELLENBOROUGH) was a Scotchman too—for he had often heard it said that never yet was Scotchman who understood a joke. What he had said about the sole mediation of France *was a joke*, or rather *an unhappy attempt at a joke*; and his noble friend seemed to think that he was in earnest."

Upon this, we are proud to record it, the majority of the Peers present gathered about the Noble Earl, and betrayed the most pleasing solicitude as to his condition after the daring attempt at a joke—an attempt that had failed so fearfully. LORD BROUGHAM, we regret to say, showed but little sympathy for the sufferer; indeed, it is our dismal duty to state, that his Lordship seemed to enjoy an inward chuckle at the mournful misadventure of his brother Scot. We could dwell upon this circumstance; but let us draw a veil before the melancholy picture of human malignity. There is, however, one delightful point,—delightful and redeeming—incidental to the event. Reader, (in confidence) it is this.

The uninstructed fashionable world believe that the EARL OF ABERDEEN is, at the present moment in the Highlands, having departed for the land of cakes and thistles, on the adjournment of the House. No such thing. The Noble Earl—on the rising of the Lords—immediately made his way, in "a humble but faithful" cab, to the house of *Punch*, 85, Fleet Street. *Punch* in a moment divined the cause of the Noble Earl's visit; and after a very brief and no less cordial statement of matters, it was arranged between ABERDEEN and *Punch* that the Noble Earl should lodge at *Punch's* office during the Easter Holidays, in order that, on the re-opening of the House, his Lordship might appear in his place, primed for his natural life with a fine sense of a joke, and with a ready power of its infliction.

Of course, *Punch* began with the Elements of Wit; and he must avow that after very few lessons the Noble Earl cleverly mastered jokes in one, two, and three syllables. Furthermore, *Punch* took the Noble Earl with him to Greenwich Fair, on Easter Monday; and could, if he would, print the Noble Earl's conundrum, made—almost at a blow—upon the wooden leg of a Greenwich Pensioner. As, however, it is the EARL OF ABERDEEN'S wish to reserve the conundrum for his next Speech on Foreign Affairs, *Punch* scorns to anticipate it. *Punch* will, however, venture to say this much. Henceforth, ABERDEEN'S Scotch jokes will not be synonymous with Scotch *Mulls*.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

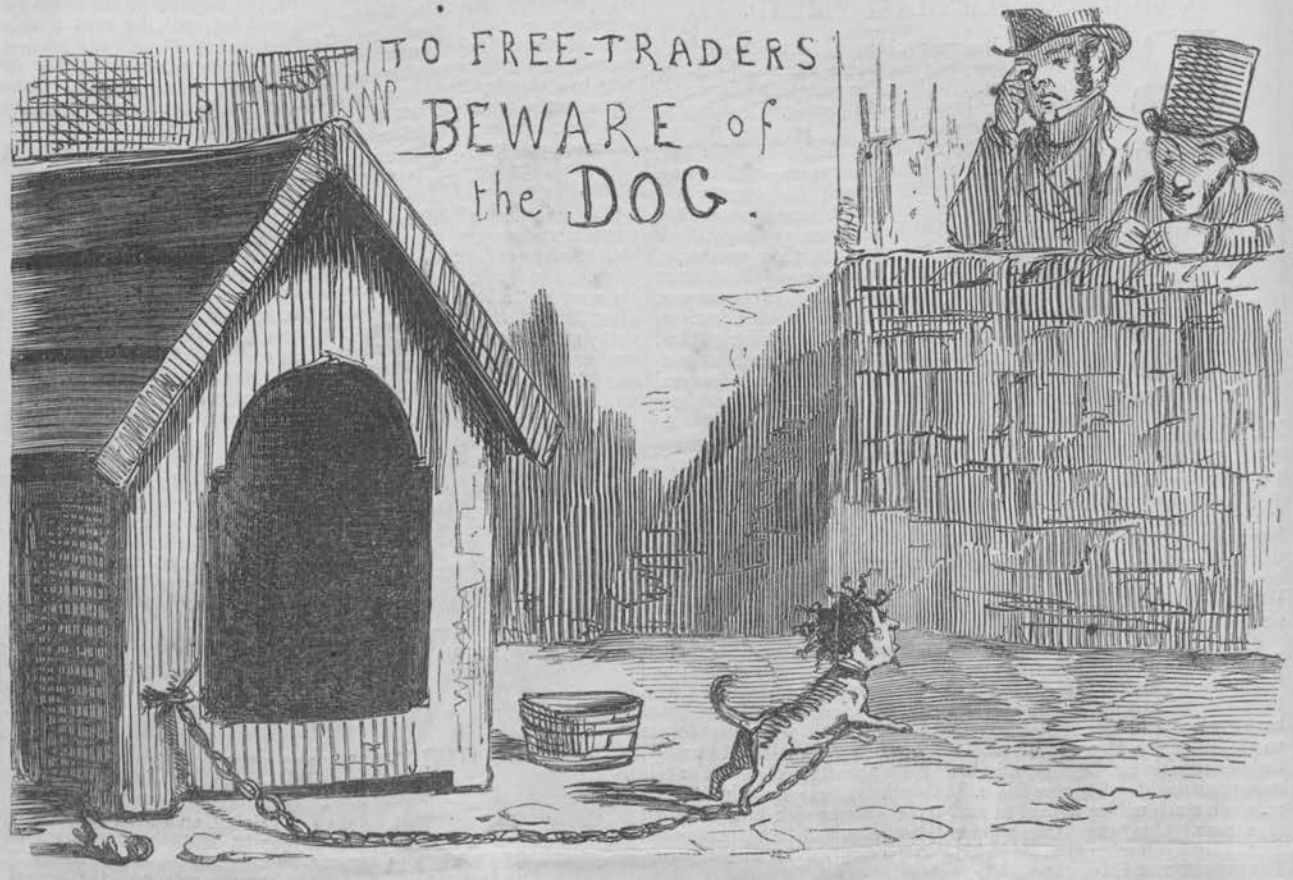
THE Government having stated, on its own high authority, that the adulteration of coffee by chicory is a great improvement on the genuine article, MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY has proposed to place the British Tea Leaf under the protection of Parliament. We all recollect the old story of the real pig and the imitation, when the palm was carried off by the latter: and it seems that we are to apply the same principle of preference to a variety of other subjects. The superiority of chicory to coffee having been allowed, we have no doubt that the priority of the sloe will very soon be acknowledged, and that the genuine tea plant will have to take its leave of our tea-tables. The great domestic cigar interests will no doubt soon assert their claims, and the cabbage-root will assert its equality with the che-root, which, by the way, is already claimed for it in some of our commercial Havannah marts.

GOLD AND CORN.

IT is said that "one hundred thousand bushels of corn had rotted in California for want of persons to gather it." Which was longest in the ear? The "corn" or the "persons?"

LAYING DOWN PICTURES.

THERE is an analogy between wine and paintings; both, to a certain extent, are improved by keeping. Hence, probably, it is, that the authorities of the National Gallery have stowed away the pictures so generously presented to the public by MR. VERNON, in the cellars of that Institution.



ENGLAND'S RETURN VISIT TO FRANCE.

[*From* Lord Brougham, *Punch's Own Reporter.*]

Boulogne-sur-Mer, *April* 5.—Having vehemently abused the crass French Republic, it was only consistent that I should desire to spend the Easter Holidays under the auspices of its Government. I left Folkstone this morning in two steamers (carrying 350 generous Englishmen), and stood into Boulogne port at half-past eleven. As soon as my travelling-cap was discernible from the shore, the artillery of the National Guards saluted it. When I came alongside the quay in both the steamers, the Colonel of the National Guards ordered the band to strike up the Chancery anthem of *God save Henry Brougham!* After this, about thirty *matelots* (that is, sailors) surrounded me, offering nosegays about the circumference of warming-pans. These I received, assuring the *matelots* that on my return to England, I would—with an appropriate speech—distribute the flowers among the several button-holes of the several members of the House of Lords. Then I made a speech to myself from the Sous-préfet and the Mayor, and answered it to our mutual satisfaction. After my speeches, I was conducted under a triumphal arch (from which I was delighted to see, suspended by blue ribbons, copies of all my books,) to the waiting-room, where I drank *vin d'honneur* in a dozen of Champagne to the eternal enmity of both people, that is, of France and myself. At half-past twelve, I was off in the train with the 350 ragamuffin visitors (this between ourselves) behind me. On my return to Boulogne, it is, I understand, the intention of the authorities to invite me to a fancy-dress ball, with a request, that in the course of the evening, I will appear in all the celebrated characters sustained by me in the pages of *Punch*. Will you therefore request Messrs. Leech and Doyle to superintend the selection of some coloured copies, and have them forwarded to me either at Meurice's, or the English Ambassador's?

During the stay of our countrymen, I shall head them in their walks throughout Paris, in appropriate costume.

Autographs—a Noble Example.—Lately, an enthusiastic hunter of autographs, resolving to have the signature of a distinguished poet, took up his bill for £20, held in despair by his tailor!

CLIMBING BOYS IN THE NAVY.

We had imagined that the whole race of Climbing Boys had been swept away by the *Ramoneur* of civilisation, but it seems that the Navy is not looked upon as coming within those Civil Departments to which the rules of civilisation are applied. It is, we are told, the custom in Her Majesty's steamers to teach the Midshipmen the mysteries of Engineering, by sending them occasionally up the Flues, which makes them adepts in the art of rising in their profession, in which they cannot obtain ultimate elevation until they have learned how to go in at the bottom of a Flue and come out at the top of it. If Engineering were one of the black arts, and if it were true, as of the old Ox-driver, that he—

"Who learns black science should himself be black,"

we might approve of this habit of sending the Middy into the midst of the soot of a chimney; but we do not exactly see what can be acquired by this arrangement, beyond very black looks indeed.

If this Squeers-like mode of proceeding were generally adopted, it would be advisable to teach a knowledge of steam by boiling the Student down in the copper, and inculcating an acquaintance with ball practice, by thrusting him into the cannon, and thus with the aid of a ramrod, ramming his profession literally down his throat. We recommend the Midshipmen to petition the Admiralty at once, to place them on the same footing as the chimney-sweepers of the Metropolis, and allow each of them a *Ramoneur* as their deputy, in the ascent of the Flues.

Charges of Legal Ordnance.

Grievous complaints are often made of the shameful waste of ammunition which takes place in the Navy. A similar extravagance, however, prevails to a yet greater extent in the legal department of public business. The Dublin correspondent of the *Times* says, that some friends of Mr. Monahan, the Irish Attorney-General, go about boasting, that the learned gentleman has made £24,000 already out of Mr. Duffy's trial. Surely Mr. Duffy cannot be worth the powder and shot which has been thus recklessly thrown away upon him. The experiments in the Marshes at Woolwich must have cost far less in many years than the trial of Duffy.

PEEL'S PANACEA FOR IRELAND.

Russell. "Oh! this dreadful Irish Toothache!"

Peel. "Well, here is Something that will Cure you in an instant."

THE SOCK-AND-BUSKIN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Capital £———.

DIRECTORS.

The Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Bishops, Deans, and other distinguished Patrons of the Drama, at the Theatre Royal, Rubens Room, Windsor Castle.

TRUSTEES.—*The Lord Chamberlain and Master of the Buckhounds.*

STANDING COUNSEL.—*The Attorney-General.*

IT is the object of this infant Company (when so far grown into capital, that it has cut its figures), to effect Insurances upon all and every Dramatic Stock, alive and dead.

The Projectors, feeling that a great impetus has been given to the Drama by the high Patronage of HER MAJESTY—an impetus begun at the Castle, Windsor, and to be felt some day at Sadler's Wells, Islington—are convinced that the number of Actors, and consequently the number of Plays to employ such operatives will, in the course of next winter at farthest, be increased to an astounding extent. Therefore, with an Assured Capital (to be afterwards obtained), it is the purpose of the Projectors to offer most eligible rates of Insurance to London Managers, Actors, and Authors, of every house and every denomination.

To the Manager, the Sock-and-Buskin Company offer peculiar advantages. As thus. A spirited and enlightened London Manager contemplates an engagement with an impulsive young tragedian, or a ripening low comedian, acting at the time at Herne Bay, Stoke Pogis, or Billericay. Yes; MANAGER STRUTT is willing to give a trial to MR. DAGGERWOOD; but, with a feeling common to our nature, is very desirous to make a certain sum by him. And MR. DAGGERWOOD has for some years had an eye directed towards the London boards; yet, knowing that it is in the power of a Manager to "crush" an actor—(and it is a painful truth to consider, that there *are* Managers who have "crushed" as many actors as, in their luxurious hours of dessert, they have "crushed" nuts)—MR. DAGGERWOOD is anxious to secure a certain number of Metropolitan appearances without the risk of loss. To these two interesting individuals—to STRUTT and DAGGERWOOD—the Sock-and-Buskin offer the best facilities. For instance: MR. STRUTT may, for a certain sum—(and the Sock-and-Buskin have calculated upon the very best Greenroom Tables)—insure the success of the juvenile DAGGERWOOD; paying a certain rate of premium for ten, twenty, or a hundred appearances, according to the height of his enthusiasm, or the depth of his pocket. Thus, let it be imagined that MR. DAGGERWOOD is hooted from the boards, it may be amidst a shower of penny-pieces—(and it is not to be despaired of that the apathetic public will again warm up to such wonted fervour)—the Manager is secured against a terrific loss—is sheltered from a ruinous outlay. On the other hand, MR. DAGGERWOOD makes his appearance, and albeit, such an appearance, for shrieking success, has not been known since the days of ———; or, to speak more correctly, has never, never been known—yet, the Manager for some demoniacal purpose best known to himself, resolves to "crush" the artist—determines to take him from the bills, and having "crushed" him like lump sugar, to put him, like lump sugar, on the shelf—why, DAGGERWOOD insured for a certain sum by the Sock-and-Buskin, smiles serenely on the petty tyrant, and if he so elects, may pull the nose of the Treasurer.

It is not too much to hope that the advantages hereby offered to Manager and Actor will, whilst it affords safety to the individuals themselves, tend to increase the supply of acting to the Metropolitan boards in the raw material.

To Dramatists, the Sock-and-Buskin appeals with confidence. An author writes a play; he is—it should be assumed—an unknown author. Nevertheless, he has written *The Sanguinary Saw-Pit; or the Course of True Love never did run Smooth.* The dramatist knows that there is more in that play than any play produced before the days of ELIZABETH; but he cannot get it acted. There is a conspiracy among Managers to have nothing really good. And then every Theatre is a close borough. Half-a-dozen translators stand in the way, with presented quills, like porcupines from the *Jardin des Plantes*—barring and pricking out the Original Man. Again; there would be some expense in the production of the *Saw-Pit*, and the Manager will not come down with the dust. Well, the Author desires to insure the life of his Play for a run of Five Hundred Nights. He brings his Play for examination to the Office of the Sock-and-Buskin; and the life of the Play for Five Hundred Nights is received as a Good Life; or, it is—not.

Again, should the Manager desire to secure himself against all the risks of outlay—outlay of time in rehearsals and Dutch metal in decoration—he can at a certain Premium insure for any Number of Nights, not exceeding Nine Hundred and Ninety Nine, and not less than One.

The Sock-and-Buskin will be open to the insurance of every kind of Stage Entertainment, from the High Drama to the Low Pantomime. Foreigners, however, will not be insured, it being found impossible to frame any set of Tables to meet all the casualties of rickets and watery head.

Actors desirous to insure, will be required to rehearse before the officer of the Company, RICHARD JONES, ESQ., late of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

Examiner of Plays—the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Tables of Rates, and all further particulars, may be had at the Office, when the Building is taken.

Secretary, JOHN COOPER.

SYMBOLS FOR THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Athenæum*, speaking of the decorations in the House of Lords, suggests that there are too many Lions, Unicorns, and Irish Harps among them, and that symbols derived from the colonies, as Tigers, Elephants, Zebras, and Kangaroos, might be introduced with advantage. But this would be imparting a character too zoological, an appearance too much like a child's Noah's Ark, to the interior of that august edifice. We have a set of Symbols to propose, of a much higher order, æsthetically, than the wild beasts; and if somewhat inferior to them as ornaments, surpassing them vastly in utility.

The House of Peers, according to our notion, should be adorned with the effigies of young London Pickpockets and Lucifer Match-Boys, Spitalfields and Paisley Weavers, Agricultural Labourers living on nine shillings a week, Sempstresses, and Workhouse Paupers; also of some Convicts, a JACK KETCH, and a Gallows, in order to illustrate the social developments of the day. A little to soften the effect of objects which by themselves, perhaps, look somewhat too melancholy, they might be diversified by the figures of Footmen and Coachmen in liveries, and Parish-Beadles in full uniform, which would afford fine opportunities for painting and gilding; besides serving as records of existing taste. In short, our decorations would serve Noble Lords as political and social remembrancers; and, when future legislation shall have remedied all our grievances, as monuments to remind their Lordships of the condition of England at the time when their House was built.

A Voice from Bedlam.

THE subjoined advertisement appeared in the *Post*:—

THE EMPRESS.—The first Petition for the passing of Peace Act for creating the QUEEN an Empress, and the PRINCE OF WALES a King, with benefits for all, was presented to the House of Commons by SIR WM. CLAY, Bart., M.P., on Thursday, March 22, 1849. The Imperial Petition was respectably but not numerously signed.—PEACE ACT, by W. R. COOKE, to be had at ——.

If SIR WILLIAM CLAY did present such a Petition, we would anxiously desire of his friends to take particular care of him.

A BEGGARLY SHAME.

THE cry is "What can be done with Ireland?" England is fairly tired of her bargain; France has quite enough to take care of herself; and America will not even mention a price. The whole world apparently turns its back upon Ireland. What a thousand pities it is to see so fine a country "go a begging!"

Call the Police.

WE hope if any of our readers come across the vile perpetrator of the subjoined that he will immediately give him into custody, as it is dangerous to leave at large one who can have no other object than provoking persons to break the public peace:—

Why is it encouraging robbery to pay a penny-a-liner?
Because it is clear that all his payments must be per lined (*purloined.*)

PERFECT SINCERITY, OR THINKINGS ALOUD. No. 3.

Genius. "BY THE WAY, DID YOU GLANCE OVER THAT ARTICLE OF MINE ON 'THE INTELLECT OF WOMAN, AND HER SOCIAL POSITION?' I DON'T CARE TWOPENCE ABOUT YOUR OPINION; ONLY, IF YOU CAN SAY SOMETHING FAVOURABLE, OF COURSE I SHALL BE PLEASED."

Common Sense. "WHY, I TRIED TO GET THROUGH IT, BUT UPON MY LIFE, I FOUND IT SUCH CONTEMPTIBLE RUBBISH, THAT I COULDN'T GET ON; AND, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I THINK THAT A SNUG LITTLE THING IN THE CHEESEMONGERING LINE WOULD BE MORE IN YOUR WAY THAN LITERATURE."

Genius. "AH, YOU MUST BE A FOOL!"

DEFINITION OF A "BRICK."

THE meaning of this word, which has been lately introduced into our "fast" Literature, has often puzzled us. If we judged of the structure of our present Society from the specimen of one of its "Bricks," we should say it was of a very composite order, in which the Gent figured as the foundation and everything that was base. A "regular Brick" implies, we believe, the possession of all the Gentish, that is to say, vulgar accomplishments. Young men emulate one another in being Bricks. They smoke, dance, and sing, and run up bills, —and it is all done "like Bricks." The attributes of a Brick, in fact, are universal. Like a pawnbroker, he takes in everything. He is versed in every possible and impossible grace and knowledge. Put down the Admirable CRICHTON, multiply by BARON NATHAN *plus* LORD BROUGHAM, and you have a perfect "Brick"—a "Brick" of the very finest clay, fit to adorn any palatial residence, or otherwise. We feel a library might be filled with the characteristics of the "Brick." Until this extraordinary genus,—or, rather, if the reader will pardon the expression, genius, is thoroughly Buffoned, we are glad to clear away a little of the obscurity that at present reigns around the word by the following definition, which we take from the Indian letter of a Subaltern, published in the *Times*. It is only such little straws, picked out one by one, that will ultimately show what the "Brick" is really composed of:—

"SHERE SINGH treats him *like 'a Brick.'* He has twenty men to guard him all day and night, and has a bottle of brandy placed on his breakfast-table every morning."

Ergo, to have twenty men continually hanging about your arm-chair, or round your pillow, and to have a bottle of Cognac every morning for breakfast, is to be treated "like a Brick." Gracious goodness! with temptations like these, who wouldn't be a "Brick?"

SIR ROBERT AND HIS TUTOR.—A FABLE.

SIR ROBERT, lately, on a day,
From all the cares of office free,
To pass a leisure hour away,
Betook himself a School to see—
A Model School, his own device;
A sort of philanthropic toy,
Whose management gives him a nice
Pleasant employ.

The pupils all, the blue frock-coat
And spacious primrose waistcoat knew,
And seemed his presence not to note;
But whatsoe'er they had to do
Continued doing,—wrote or read,
Nor ceased their various tasks to con;
From form to form with stately tread,
Whilst he walked on.

At length his steps he did arrest
Behind a pair of little youths,
Whose deep attention was address'd
To COCKER'S interesting truths.
The double eye-glass, brought to bear
By the ex-pilot of the State
Upon them, show'd this youthful pair
Bent o'er a slate.

"Bother this long-division sum!"
Impatiently cried one young wight,
"Somehow I cannot make it come,
Although I try my hardest, right."
The slate the other urchin took,
And answer'd, "Can't you? Let me see;
Over your sum I 'll have a look,—
Leave it to me."

He cast his eye the figures o'er,
And saw the sum was all amiss;
"'Tis no use fagging any more,"
Said he, "at such a mess as this;
That jumble to correct, I call
Any attempt completely vain;
Let 's rub it out, and do it all
Over again."

"Thanks, infant sage!" SIR ROBERT cried,
"A fine idea—I 'll note it down;
Oh! lesson for a Stateman's pride:
Here, my good boy, is half-a-crown—
That little lad has taught me what
I had not learned in many a year:
How, when affairs confused have got,
To make all clear."

The next time in ST. STEPHEN'S Hall
SIR ROBERT'S radiant face did beam,
He admiration won from all,
By putting forth his Irish scheme,
As also his straightforward plan,
The pest of Chancery to destroy;
All which was taught to this great Man
By a Small Boy.

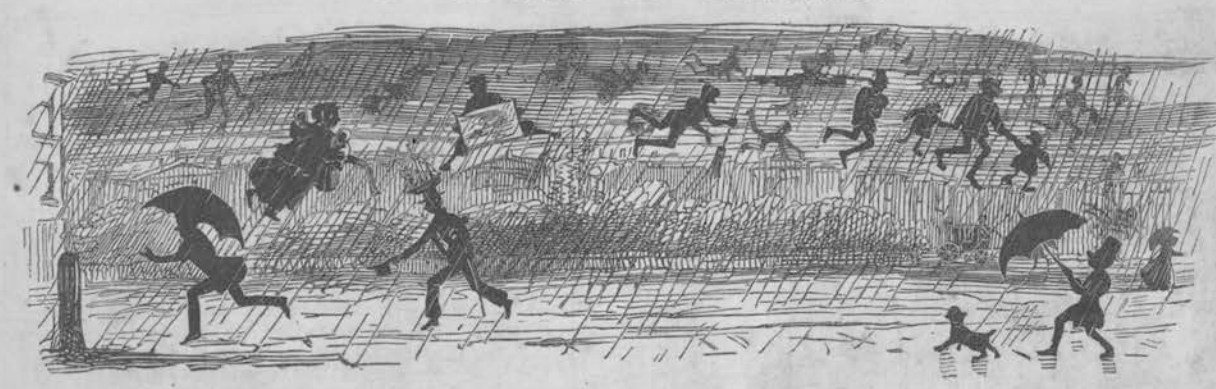
LEGISLATIVE WEIGHT IN AMERICA.

THE *New York Commercial Inquirer* publishes some curious statistics relative to the Assembly of New York, including among other things the weight of the members: on which interesting point it states the following particulars:—

"Thirteen of the Members weigh each 200 pounds and upwards. The heaviest is LEWIS AVERILL, of Olsego County, 272 pounds; and the highest are MERWIN R. BREWER, of New York; ROSCIUS R. KENNEDY, of Saratoga; and WESSEL J. SMITH, of Queen's County, weighing each 130 pounds. The average weight of each Member is a little less than 165½ pounds."

If the weight of the Members of a deliberative body is to be estimated by the pound, the warmth of their discussions may as well be ascertained by the thermometer. It would be also desirable to determine the specific gravity as well as the simple heaviness of each; for which purpose *Punch* might be submitted to their perusal, in order to see who could longest resist us. But the American statistician evidently means the actual physical weight of the gentlemen in question; a matter no doubt of some consequence in a body where a stand-up fight on party questions is something more than a metaphor.

A SHOWER OF BEGGARS.



We are familiar—through the paragraphists of the press—with showers of frogs, showers of lady-birds, showers of applause, showers of hisses, and showers of various other objects; but we have lately observed that in London a shower of rain is always accompanied by a tremendous shower of mendicants. No sooner does it begin to pour in torrents than the streets are inundated with a perfect cataract of beggars, who seem to imagine that the public bounty will flow in sympathy with the watery element. There must be something quite amphibious in the habits of the mendicant race; for they are eager at all times to avail themselves of a thorough drenching.

They know, moreover, that there is a vast amount of that mistaken benevolence, which was exemplified in the conduct of the old gentleman, who held an umbrella over the duck in the shower of rain, and which will also be at hand to provide the means of shelter for those who voluntarily rush from under it when the pelting of the storm happens to be particularly pitiless.

It is strange that those whose appearance testifies their horror of water from the pump, should be so eager to accept it direct from the clouds; and we could have no great objection to the arrangement, were it not that it leads to the placing of so many helpless infants in soak, for the purpose of exciting the benevolence of the public, whose injudicious readiness to give, where a baby is in the case, leads to an immense demand in the Begging Trade for children that are washable, and are "warranted not to run," but will stand any quantity of water that may be poured down upon them. If the public would show tenderness towards the beggar babyhood of modern Babylon, not a halfpenny would be bestowed on those professional mendicants who expose children as part of their stock in trade; and we may affirm with truth, that of all the helpless infants brought out to excite compassion in a shower of rain, not one in twenty would be exposed to the washing, if the indiscriminate alms-giver did not encourage the washing by providing the coppers.

CHATELAINES FOR GENTLEMEN.

A French fashion is now busy investing the large body of French gentlemen with Chatelaines. These do not hang, as with English ladies, from the waist, but from the waistcoat pocket. They are generally attached to the watch—or, supposing the gentleman has no such useful appendage for killing time, then they are fastened to the waistcoat-button, and allowed to dangle gracefully therefrom.

The different ornaments that are on the Hanging Committee vary, of course, with the taste of the decorator. *Sportsmen* (we use the word in its French sense), carry foxes heads, silver horse-shoes, little riding-whips, daggers, pistols, and guns, gold race-horses with steel jockeys, big bull dogs, and ferocious wild boars. Tigers and elephants are not excluded, whilst we have seen a *petit maître*, who, like a Boulogne oyster, was all beard, carry nearest to his heart a huge bunch of eagles and owls, with large carbuncles for eyes. To see these numerous sporting Chatelaines, you would conclude that Frenchmen were of a most ferocious nature, and spent half their lives in revolutions, and the other half either in a battue, or a jungle. But there are also some of a sentimental, tender nature, to please the extensive race of Parisian Adonises. This class of Chatelaines comprises two hearts tied together like the paniers over a donkey's back, hands passionately clasped together, tiny Cupids with bows and arrows, scent-boxes, Abelards and Heloises in profusion, with a large sprinkling of Psyches, Richelieus, Venuses, and Mousquetaires.

This fashion will, of course, be finding its way over the Channel. It will soon make a noise in Fops' Alley, and be heard in the Crush-rooms of both Operas. Should Chatelaines be introduced? We see no objection to the latch-key being worn; a corkscrew might also be thrown in, and a wire-nipper for champagne and soda-water could likewise be added, if the collection was not important enough. These, with a small pencil and a card-case, and perhaps a miniature betting-book to pick up the stray odds, would be sufficient, and would, all of them, combine utility with ornament; but where is the use of carrying about with you a silver boot-jack, the size of your thumb-nail, which you could not use if your boots pinched you ever so much?

The articles above enumerated are to be found in the pockets of almost every gentleman (about town), and they may as well be worn all together, in an easy, conspicuous place, where you can find them the moment you want them, instead of having, as at present, to empty your pockets of letters, keys, loose silver, secrets, and odd gloves, before you can ever find the precise article you are in search of. If English gentlemen ever lend themselves to Chatelaines, let the absurdity be applied to an useful end.

WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MARBLE ARCH?

Our active contemporary the *Builder*, shows a weekly anxiety relative to the future whereabouts of the Marble Arch "removed from the front of Buckingham Palace." The last place suggested, is the front of the British Museum. We by no means accord with the opinion of our friend; though we share in an intense degree in his concern for the fate of King George the Fourth's marbles. For the Arch is a thing of history; pregnant with meaning in every stone, as bricks of Babylon. We recognise the magnificent mind of George the Fourth—his patriotic contempt of £. *s. d.*—his taste for the absurd and fantastic, if only costly. The mind of the First Gentleman of Europe was the region of gimcrack, and we would have the Marble Arch preserved in a fitting place, as an enduring monument of the splendour and expensiveness of the royal intellect. However, with every respect for the opinions of the *Builder*, we object with all our strength, to the front of the British Museum.

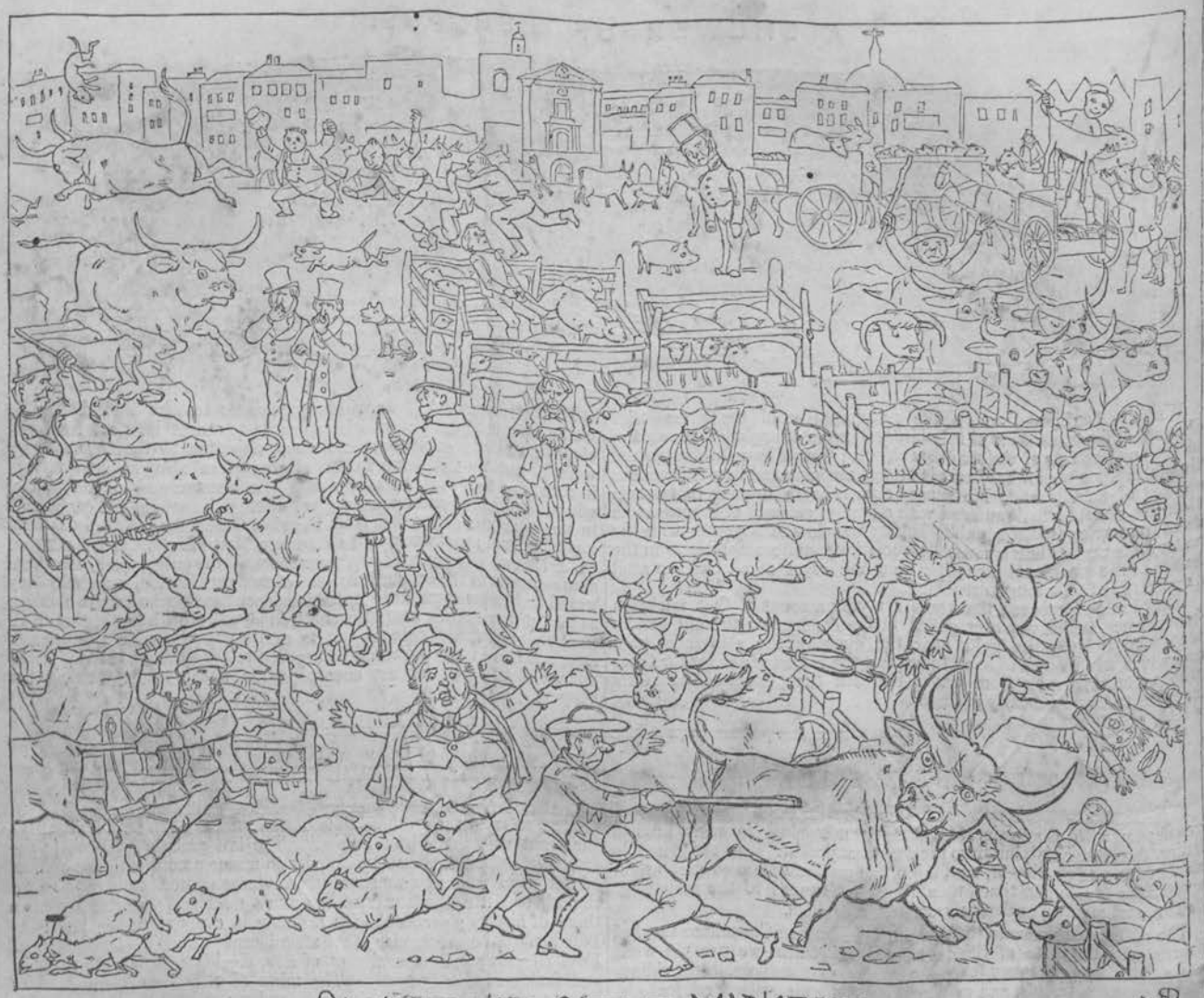
We have, on the contrary, several places to choose from in preference to the Parish of Bloomsbury. We think the Western approach to Holywell Street by no means a bad site for the Arch, inasmuch as it would harmonise with the second-hand frippery that is the staple commerce of that locality. Court-suits of frayed embroidery and tarnished metal associate very pertinently with the present reputation of George the Fourth. Think of his past bravery, his departed finery—and what is George in history but a Royal Old Clothesman? Verily, his reputation deals in nothing better than the past glory of the tailor and the laceman—a glory departed.

Piracy Beyond the Atlantic.

In its American Intelligence, the *Times* lately mentioned that "*Mr. Macau*-ly's *History*," in type, arrangement, and even punctuation, precisely similar to the English edition, had been published at the price of 1*s.* ½*d.* per volume. In all probability England has lost a genius. There can be little doubt as to the inventor of the title of "*Mr. Macau*-ly's *History*." We strongly suspect it must have been the original "Bos," the celebrated Author of *Oliver Twiss*. If so, there is somebody who has "left his country for his country's good," though to the detriment of the publisher whose property has been impudently pirated.

Burns' Justice.—Lighting an Editor's fire with rejected contributions.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF YE ENGLYSHE IN 1849. NO. 5.



SMYTHFIELD CATTLE MARKETE.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Monday, April 9, 1849. Up betimes, it being scarcely Light, to Smithfield, to see the Cattle Market, which I do think a great Disgrace to the City, being so nasty, filthy, and dangerous a Place in the very Heart of London. I did observe the Manner of driving the Beasts together, used by the Drovers, which did disgust me. To force the Oxen into their Places, they have stout Cudgels, pointed with iron Goads or Prods, wherewith they thrust the Creatures in the Flesh of their Hind Quarters, or with the Cudgel belabour them on the Hock. These Means failing, they do seize the Animal's Tail and give it a sudden Wrench with a Turn of the Wrist, whereby they snap the Tail-Bone, and so twist and wring the spinal Cord till he pushes forward as far as they would have him. Some, not getting room for the Beasts in the Pens, do drive them into circles called Ring Droves, with their hind Parts outwards, and their Heads forced as close as may be together: this done by beating them with all their Might about the Head and Eyes, and between the Horns, which they do call pething them. Then to see how they crowd the Sheep into the Pens by dogging them as their word is, which means baiting them with Dogs that do tear the Sheeps' Eyes, Ears and Cheeks, until they worry such Numbers in, that not one can budge an Inch. All this Cruelty is caused by the Market not being big enough: for which Reason they are obliged to force the unlucky Brutes into the smallest possible Space. What with the Oaths and Curses of the Drovers and Butchers and the Barking of their Dogs and the Cries of the Animals in Torture, I do think I never heard a more horrid Din in my Life. The Hearing was as bad as the Seeing, and both as bad as could be, except the Smell, which was worse than either. But to be sure it was good Sport to see here and there a Fat Grazier overthrown by a Pig running between his Legs, and so upsetting him in the Mire. It were well if it were never worse; but with mad Oxen driven from the Market through Streets full of People, it continually happens that some Person is tossed and gored, and one of these Days it will be an Alderman, and then Smithfield will be put an End to. No Doubt it would have been done away with long ago, but for the Tolls and Dues which the Corporation do derive from the Market. This is why they do keep up a Nuisance which did well nigh poison me; though one of them at a Meeting did declare that he thought Smithfield salubrious, and did send his Children to walk there for Change of Air, which if it were for the better, methinks that Gentleman's Dwelling-House should be a sweet Abode. All but the Citizens do say that Parliament ought to abolish this Nuisance; but it is thought that my Lord John dare not stir in the matter, because he is Member for the City. To Breakfast to an Early Coffee House, having lost my Pocket Handkerchief, cost me 5*s*., doubtless by the Pickpockets, of whom Smithfield, besides its other Recommendations, is a great Resort. But content, not having had an Ox's Horn in my Stomach, and having seen all I wanted, and do not wish to see any more.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras; and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 88, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, April 14th, 1849.

HOMICIDE FAIR.

"The Fair is held immediately contiguous to the Castle, the prison in which the murderer, RUSH, is confined. Drums, trumpets, and other instruments have been in full play all day, whilst the most boisterous sounds of revelry proceed from the degraded people who are its principal supporters."—*Observer.*

THE Tradesman of the *Observer*—a Royal print, as declared by the owner, with lively sympathies (price 6*d.* with a Supplement) in any case of horrid murder—the Sunday Tradesman is affectingly touched by the revelries of Norwich Fair, a Fair "held immediately contiguous to the Castle, the prison in which the murderer, RUSH, is confined." As small members of the most enlightened Press of the world, we felt a pleasurable thrill communicated by the emotion of our high-minded and large-hearted contemporary. For *he* disdains to turn a penny upon homicide; *he* will not seek for sixpences in the murderer's cell; *he* will not grope for profit among the nasty doings of Potash. No; he washes his hands of all such abomination; and then, specially cleansed for the occasion, raises them towards heaven, with a delicate mixture of pity and disgust of "the degraded people," who beat drums and blow trumpets at Murder Fair.

The philanthropist of the *Observer*, with all his sublimated goodness, is, nevertheless, a little weak; it may be, a little arrogant. We fear he shares somewhat of the pride too apt to swell the London tradesman, making the metropolitan merchant regard with contemptuous, exacting looks, the country dealer. Surely, this should not be. Because the *Observer* has a brick shop in the Strand, for the sale of the portrait of a murderer, with the very latest gossip of the condemned cell,—should the "itinerant showman," with his hired representative of RUSH, and drum and trumpet for prefatory flourish,—should he, the humble vendor of excitement, be sternly rebuked by the tradesman householder? "Drums, trumpets, and other instruments," says the *Observer*, with one tear rolling down his nose, "have been in full play all day, whilst the most boisterous sounds of revelry proceed from the degraded people who are its principal supporters." Very bad; and very saddening this, for Christian men; that atrocity should be turned into profit; that the curse of blood should be made to coin blood-money. In such sense drums and trumpets are noisy abominations; rumbling blatant devils, proclaiming a filthy market. Now, it is otherwise with the booth in the Strand. *Observer* beats no drum—blows no trumpet: no; with a truer sense of the dignity of his calling, he sends forth some half dozen vans to mingle, all day long, in the stream of daily pleasure and daily commerce, to tell the lounger and the man of business that the "Murderer RUSH"—"The Fullest Account"—"The Latest Particulars"—with "Portrait of the Assassin"—that all this, and very much more, will be given by *Observer* (price 6*d.*) on the Sunday!

Observer, lamenting the atrocities of Murder Fair, says "the exhibition was of the most disgraceful character." Moreover, "an application was made to the magistrates to put down the disgraceful exhibition, and, after some consideration, they declined to interfere." In the like manner that SIR PETER LAURIE would stop *Observer's* van, though, as in the case of *Observer's* humble rivals, the authorities have hitherto declined to interfere. "In the next show," says *Observer*, "is a pantomime, in which MR. J. B. RUSH figures as *Pantaloon*." This is, certainly, an unwarrantable liberty even with such a devil as RUSH. Now *Observer* respects the courtesies of refined life, and when he sells the portrait of a murderer, sells the homicide in plain clothes—even in the habit that he wore. "The exhibition," says *Observer*, "is one of the most revolting character, but at the same time the most remunerative in the fair." Even as thrifty, but no less philosophic *Observer*, with hands in his breeches' pockets, standing at *his* booth in the Strand, and gazing at the vans as one by one they departed on their advertising way—even as *Observer*, with his eye upon that monstrous type—"PORTRAIT OF RUSH"—might, if he would, muse confidentially to himself, "This placard is of a most revolting character, but will be the most remunerative for this many a Sabbath."

Thus considered, *Observer* ought to be more charitable towards his fellow-tradesmen, the mummers of the Fair. Granted, that "throughout the Fair the name of the unfortunate man is turned to all sorts of purposes, many of them no less revolting than those just described,"—nevertheless *Observer* enjoys a wider latitude—has, by the power of the press, many more opportunities—(and moreover, has the commercial vigour to employ them)—than the miserable people who dine upon "RUSH as *Pantaloon*." *Observer* can turn not only RUSH himself to profit, but can trade upon the innocent creatures, whose undeserved curse it is to be related to him. "A rumour was circulated to-day," says *Observer*, "that RUSH's eldest daughter was dying of the shock." The rumour was false; but *Observer* has here the advantage of the Showman; for rumour, as well as truth, helps to fill a supplement. Indeed, nothing of RUSH, but what doth suffer profitable change in the till of *Observer*. "At times"—says the proprietor of the booth in the Strand—"at times he whistles!"

And in these days to think that letters should flourish in a murderer's dungeon! For *Observer* speaks of a bookseller who proposes to "offer RUSH that he will give £500 to *each* of his children, if he will write a history of his life, in order to its publication in the form of a volume." For the proper dignity of literature, it would of course be necessary to respite RUSH; unless the bookseller, complimenting the genius of the assassin, believes a fortnight time sufficient for the composition of a volume. Surely this is a shocking Curiosity of Literature, that a murderer on his road to the gallows should be waylaid by a publisher. What *are* the prison regulations at Norwich?

But in every way the reputation of RUSH is to be made a familiar household matter. MADAME TUSSAUD, as the allowed old clotheswoman of the exalted and the infamous, has made—says *Observer*—an offer "for the purchase of RUSH's disguises on the night of the murder." Very right.

"There 's shillings in the web of 'em."

A profitable investment in the loathsome, for the laudable curiosity of an enlightened people! RUSH—having been duly canonised by *Observer*—has earned his rightful niche in the Chamber of Horrors. The Sunday print having traded upon the portrait of the incarnate devil, the murderer's clothes become a proper pennyworth for the Showwoman. They, too, are tangible things, and will keep alive the memory of RUSH when, possibly, even the columns of *Observer* shall be forgotten, though still fraught and fragrant with the wisdom and religion developed by a contemplation of the Norfolk horror.

Observer, having employed his own reporters—("On Good Friday our reporters visited the scene of the late atrocious assassinations,")—having, with the best industry of thrift, made the most of every circumstance, even of the times when RUSH "whistles."—*Observer*, having accepted the wood-cut of the murderer, as an excellent likeness, and a beautiful, suggestive piece of art, for Sabbath circles,—*Observer*, dismissing every thought of van and poster, sits down to moralise upon the profitable atrocity. "When better days shall dawn upon society, humanity will recoil with horror from the details of the act." We think so too. Better days *will* come. Days, when the *Observer* of the time will not be permitted to drive his van, and advertise *his* account of the murder, and the murderer's doings, with the murderer's portrait, for the Sunday contemplation of Christian families. In the "better day" the newspaper trader upon assassination, the newspaper artist to the condemned cell—will, if he exist at all, take rank with the poor creature who represents RUSH as *Pantaloon;* with the Showman, who, amid the din of drum and trumpet, calls upon a crowd of clowns—the prim *Observer's* "degraded people"—"to walk up and see the Murder!" In the present time, we see only this difference between "Itinerant Showman" and *Observer;* the one exhibits in a country booth; the other bills from a London house. In the booth, you have RUSH as *Pantaloon;* in the newspaper office, RUSH in plain clothes. The *Pantaloon* is a disgusting object; but the wood-cut is fine art for families.

And BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON—excellent people!—would shudder at the thought of disbursing a penny to behold RUSH as *Pantaloon;* but they will give sixpence to possess him as *Observer*. And so it will be, until the press be all teachers, and none panders; in the "better day" all innocently yearned for by *Observer*.

THE FLOWER OF THE ENGLISH IN FRANCE.

A ROSE, as all readers of SHAKSPEARE well know, would be equally odoriferous under any other appellation; but still, it would be a pity if a disagreeable or unpleasant name were applied to a pretty flower. Such a flower had, the other day, a very narrow escape of such a name. Under the heading of "The English in Paris," it is related in the *Times* that—

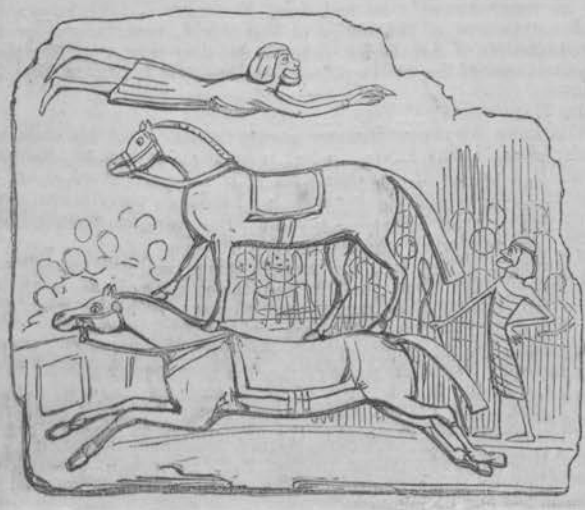
"Previous to the visit of the English to the *Opera Comique* on Wednesday evening, it was proposed by one of the body that each person should take with him to the theatre a large bouquet of camellias, to throw on the stage, as a tribute to the Actresses. The proposition was, however, abandoned on the advice of MR. JOHN WARTON, of Stratton Street, Piccadilly, that 500 bouquets thrown upon the stage would totally prevent the continuation of the performance."

The idea of shooting a cart-load of Camellias on a stage is as fine a notion of a compliment as that of emptying a whole tureen of Turtle Soup over a plate would be of an act of hospitality. The poor Camellia was within a hair's breadth of being stamped with an ill name for ever. Had this clownish deed of pantomimic extravagance been perpetrated, as sure as the Dividends, thenceforward, the Camellia would have been called the Flower of English Fools.

ANTIQUITY OF EQUESTRIAN ANTICS.

THERE are a few things that have puzzled the world to this very hour, and perhaps the three greatest of these puzzles are—Perpetual Motion, the Philosopher's Stone, and the exact age of WIDDICOMB. The last of these interesting mysteries, though not actually brought into a state of solution, has some important light thrown upon it by some Marbles in the British Museum, which relate to the inhabitants of Nineveh, who, though remarkable for their shrewdness, and the darkness of their colour, go by the inappropriate name of the Ninnevites. The Marbles in question introduce us to many of the wonders of Astley's, which we had believed to be of modern date, but which turn out to be in reality as old as the hills.

We have, in these ancient remains, the representation of a figure taking a flying leap over a pair of horses, and we cannot doubt for a



moment that the leaping figure is that of the then youthful WIDDICOMB, who no doubt always looked before he leaped, and must therefore have lived anterior to the act, in the execution of which some early sculptor has chiselled him. Time, we know, moves in a circle; and it is now obvious that the scenes in this circle have been, from very remote ages, much the same as those which in the Astleyan circle are to this day exhibited.

Another portion of the remains now in the British Museum introduces us to a piece of pristine VAN AMBURGH-ism, which proves that WIDDICOMB was not "alone in his glory" as an athlete of antiquity.

The Nimroud marbles leave no room for question that, in the age they illustrate, there were brute-tamers who could play at any game (except scratch-cradle) with the tiger, or poke their heads down lions' mouths, with a comfortable conviction that the thing would bear looking into. We were already pretty well convinced of the fact of there being nothing new under the sun, but we were hardly prepared to allow that there is nothing new among the stars that shine in the dramatic hemisphere.

PUNCH, PLUTUS, AND KING HUDSON.

(*A Dialogue after the manner of* LUCIAN.)

Punch. Who is it runs this way, followed by a pack of Curs that bark about his heels, while that short figure in glistening dress of gold foil strives to frighten them away by shaking money-bags?

Enter the KING *and* PLUTUS, *out of breath.*

What! the Iron King—hail, O Monarch! But what means this dismay, these tattered garments, those dints on thy crown of iron?

Plutus. Cheer up, O friend—see, already the pack slink backwards, cowed, as it seems, by the *bâton* of this stranger.

King H. This, O PLUTUS, is a stranger, indeed, to thee alone of all the Gods: the Muses know him, and PHŒBUS, nor is the son of MAIA himself averse from him. This, O PLUTUS, is *Punch*, the son of MOMUS and EUMOUSIA.

Plutus. Hail, O *Punch*. I am the God of Wealth, and I consort ever among men. And now I protect my friend here, who has sacrificed much on my altar, from those Dogs yonder, who yesterday licked his hand, and fawned upon him for scraps, but now would tear him.

Punch. I have seen many dethroned Kings, O PLUTUS—amongst them, LOUIS, the aged King of the Gauls.

Plutus. Him I knew well—a constant worshipper of mine, but I cannot prop up thrones. I can only break the fall from them on my money-bags.

Punch. And hast thou also fallen, O Iron King?

King H. I learn it only by these barkings. But why they bark I know not—for I am the same as I was when they raised Golden Images to me, and called me great, and ate much dirt at my hands, and took cuffs and spurns with patience. I have done nothing that I did not then do, and they were still welcome to the crumbs from my table.

Punch. But, O King, do the crumbs still fall as abundantly as before? Dogs must be fed or they will bark, and thy worshippers were but those Dogs, that would now tear thee.

King H. Give me gold, O PLUTUS, that I may throw it to them.

Plutus. O my friend, I cannot. What I had for thee, thou hadst, and hast turned it into iron.

Punch. Hear, O King, and I will tell thee a fable. Two gold diggers sat by the Sacramento. And they digged, and the one got much more gold than the other, for he plunged deeper in the mud of the stream. And the other worshipped him, but it was the gold that he reverenced, and not the digger. But at last the strongest digger got out all the gold in that place, and then he sat and rested his hands; and the other then, seeing his hands, called out, "O! how dirty are thine hands, thou vile digger of gold," and reviled him. But his friend said to him, "Look at thine own hands. Thou hast not gathered so much gold as I, but no less dirt hath stuck to thy fingers." Thus it is, O King, with thee, and thy worshippers of yesterday. Hadst thou gone on grubbing for gold, and giving them of it, they would not have noticed the foulness of thy hands, but rather kissed them for the odour of gold that hung about them.

King H. But they worshipped *me*.

Punch. Nay—not thee, but the gold that came from thee. But now art thou like the King of Brass, that sits at the Cross of Charing, in the City of London. He was taken down, and buried, and one sold knives and forks, which the seller said were cast from the brass of him. So thou shalt be taken down, and out of thee shall men make iron rails, and thou shalt be railed upon in many ways.

Plutus. Thou shouldst have known, O King, when thou didst become my worshipper, that the crowns I can bestow are not lasting crowns, and that the iron in thine did not make it more durable. Nevertheless, I pity thee.

Punch. And I, that never bowed down to thee, while thou worest thy crown,—I will keep off the Dogs that now snap at the tattered hem of thy royal robe.

King H. O friend, I thank thee.

An Old Saw adapted to a Modern Instance.

THE Border hunters, as SIR WALTER SCOTT tells us in one of his notes to the *Border Minstrelsy*, had an old rhyme on woodcraft, which we recommend to the study of LORD JOHN RUSSELL—

> "If thou be hurt by ROEBUCK's horn it brings thee to thy bier,
> But LEECH's hand can *boar's* hurt heal, therefore thou need'st not fear."

LORD JOHN has often been indebted to LEECH for taking off the sting of the hurts inflicted by the bores of the House of Commons—witness CHISHOLM ANSTEY. But we cannot promise to do anything to save him from the digs of a ROEBUCK.

WHAT *IS* IN A NAME?

To Mr. Punch.

IR,—Some months have elapsed since I wrote to you for information how to pronounce the names Jellachich, Windischgraetz, and some others with which the newspaper readers of that date were familiar by sight. You then gave me reason to believe that Lord Brougham would furnish the required information. But I see from a recent Lords' debate, that learned Lord confessed himself unable to pronounce the name Chzrzanowski, and I am therefore led to believe him an impostor.

"I now wish to know, Sir, how long we are to continue receiving through the *Times* Austrian bulletins full of names, which it is idle to suppose any one *can* pronounce? I do not know if the editors of the *Fonetic Nuz* have anything to do with this department of the leading journal. I am sure that, except in their pages, nothing is to be found like this distressing list, which was laid before me by my eldest child, yesterday, from a recent Austrian despatch, with a request that I would read it for him:—

"1. Elsbkhatsa!
"2. Czhegled!!
"3. Szolznok!!!
"4. Gyongyos!!!!
"5. Tschzernowitsch!!!!!
"6. Keschzskjemet!!!!!!

"It is humiliating for the father of a family to have to confess to his child his inability to do anything. I therefore did pronounce a sound in each case; but except in that of No. 4, which I think must resemble 'gone goose,' I acknowledge that I was merely imposing upon my offspring.

"The smallest information on this perplexing subject will be thankfully received by all, and by none more thankfully than by

"Your obedient Servant,
"Thomas Twaddle."

(Our Correspondent's various readings of the name Jellachich, in his former letter, led to the expulsion of *Punch* from Vienna by the special order of Marshal Welden. We must, therefore, for our own interests, decline furnishing our Correspondent with the information he requires, but we shall be happy to give him a note to Lord Brougham.)

ILLUSTRIOUS VISITORS.

There seems to be a very considerable amount of curiosity in the public mind as to the names of the individuals who frequent our places of public amusement; and the newspapers, with a good-natured desire to gratify this curiosity, devote frequent paragraphs to the record of the fact, that at such and such a theatre Count So-and-So, Baron What-d'ye-call-him, and Messrs. or Mesdames This, That, and T'other, were "observed" among the audience.

We do not see why this spirit of observation should be limited to the West End theatres; and we have, therefore, some thoughts of sending that unhappy myrmidon "our own reporter" to the unlicensed theatres in the New Cut, for the purpose of "observing" or "taking a sight" at the patrons and frequenters of those establishments. We are quite sure that these parties are well worthy of observation, in one sense at least, for there are some among them whom it would be well for the police to have their eye upon. We should suggest a column or two in the *Police Gazette* every week, announcing that at the Penny Gaff, for example, certain suspected characters—who should be mentioned by name—were "observed" among the audience.

Some good might at any rate be effected by letting them know that they are "observed;" and we recommend one of the fashionable prints to blend utility with its flunkeyism, by adopting the plan we have suggested.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Mr. Punch presents his compliments to Mr. Hindley, M.P., and understanding that he is about to introduce a Bill into Parliament for the Prevention of Sunday Trading, begs to know whether the traffic in pews is to be included under the head of Trading on Sunday?

JENNY LIND IN TROUBLE.

Marlborough Street.—Mr. Hardwicke, the respected Magistrate, on taking his seat on Friday morning last, was applied to for a warrant to require the attendance of Miss Jenny Lind, to answer a charge of assault and ill-treatment. Mr. Hardwicke (evidently much moved) at once granted the warrant, and at two o' clock, Jenny Lind appeared to answer the complaint. The lady was attended to the office by the Swedish Ambassador, and half-a-dozen Bishops. Many pattern people from Exeter Hall were observed in the crowd. Mr. Lumley, and several of the most distinguished members of Her Majesty's Theatre, were in attendance.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, a German gentleman of very shadowy aspect, appeared as complainant. He said he was the parent of *Zauberflöte*. It was—saving a certain Requiem—his last child. He had no vanity himself; he had, from December 5, 1791, known the utter nothingness of the things of this world; nevertheless, for the sacred interests of Art, he felt it to be his duty once more to appear to protest against the contemptuous and neglectful treatment that his child—

Mr. Hardwicke.—"Your immortal offspring."

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart meekly bowed.—That his child had received from Jenny Lind. It had been given to her to guard the wreath that circled the musician's head; it had been given to her to treasure his lute-strings as her own heart-strings; nevertheless, she—(Here the witness faltered, and touched by his emotion, trembled into tears). However, he would call his witnesses.

Mr. Morning Post sworn—Was present at the Classical Concert, picked out of *Zauberflöte*. Understood that Miss Jenny Lind had scruples to appear in costume upon the stage. Much that was "interesting in the Opera fell lifelessly and inoperatively on the ear." Was of opinion that Miss Lind, if she persisted in her present course, "would lend her power and reputation to deface the monumental works of art."

Mr. Morning Herald deposed that "the effect of the delicious music was much enfeebled." "The Audience was anything but enthusiastic."—"A chilling indifference reigned throughout the evening."

Mr. Morning Chronicle declared that Jenny Lind was perfect as ever in voice and style, but "in the nature of the performance, her talisman had lost its influence."

Mr. Times was of opinion that "the performance altogether was creditable to the establishment."

This being the case for the Complainant, Jenny Lind was asked for her defence. She was about to reply, when the B—h—p of N—r—ich (as we understood) advised the Defendant not to speak, but to sing.

Whereupon Jenny poured forth *Non paventar amabil figlio.* The worthy Magistrate sank back in his chair—the police-officers embraced one another—the whole Court were entranced and dissolved,—and taking advantage of the moment, the aforesaid B—h—p led Jenny to his carriage, and drove from the office in triumph.

It is plain that Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart has no remedy; but he complains bitterly of the Bench of Bishops, and of the small people who are very great at Exeter Hall, and who, it appears, by constantly preaching to simple Jenny the sin of playhouse rouge and playhouse dress, have converted an exquisite actress into a cold formalist. That cant should kill a Nightingale!

Gallant Rescue of a Dwarf.

We perceive that our little friend, Admiral Van Tromp, is advertised as "*surpassing* any dwarf yet seen in stature, activity, and manner." Since surpassing in stature any dwarf yet seen might have been predicated of Polyphemus, whereas, we believe, the truth is that the Admiral is at least a barleycorn shorter than Tom Thumb, it must be supposed that the advertisers mean just the reverse of their statement respecting the size of Van Tromp the Little. We feel called upon to protect the poor dwarf from the rampant bull which has been let loose upon him by his careless friends.

RATHER NEAT, EH?

Why does the business of the country get on so slowly?
Because it travels by a Parliamentary train.

USE OF THE KNIFE.

Mr. Roebuck long rejoiced in our title of "The Bath Brick." We hereby give him our royal leave to assume a new addition, "The Sheffield Whittle." We have no doubt he will prove pointed and cutting enough, and we would merely caution him against a want of polish, which we have sometimes observed in his style of cut and thrust, and which is injurious to even the keenest blades.

ALL THE FUN (!) OF THE FAIR.

PUNCH AT GREENWICH FAIR.

DETERMINED on giving the Fair fair play, we attended RICHARDSON'S Theatre in a spirit of impartiality, resolved to dignify the performances with the same criticism we should bestow on a play acted at any other establishment. We are unable to state the name of the drama—for as we saw no bill, the title of the piece, like its plot, its purpose, and its language, is enveloped in much mystery. The most staunch stickler for the unities would, however, have been satisfied by some of the characteristics of the drama, for the play had one act, one hero, one ghost, and one heroine. We found in the first scene a *Brigand Chief* in love with a fair *Captive* in a sarcenet body and muslin mittens. The *Captive* has a *Husband* in a crimson surtout braided with gold door-leather, and in his agony of despair he tears off some of the braiding down his coat while upbraiding the "spiler of his appiness." He insists that his "art is seriously sered," and he apostrophises the *Brigand Chief* as a "r-r-r-recreant r-r-r-ruffian," upon whom "r-r-r-revenge" shall be "wr-r-r-reaked" for having made him (the *Husband*) "a wr-r-r-retch, a wr-r-r-reck, and a r-r-r-ruin."

The subsequent scene introduces us to the brigand's cave, which resembles a detached arch of the Thames Tunnel. The *Brigand Chieftain* tries a sentence or two of entreaty, in which the words "Lovely tyrant, won't yer consent?" were the most seductive that we happened to catch; and as this gets nothing but a look of what the fair one called "unutterable scorn," with the usual number of surplus *r-r-r-rs* in the syllables where that effective liquid occurs, the *Brigand*, dispirited at such clear "contempt of Court," tries a threat, and rushes off to the wing (where he was met by a woman with a pint mug and a slice of bread-and-butter) to give time for the "naughty fair one" to think it over. The process of cogitation can hardly have commenced, when the *Brigand's Wife* makes her appearance, sees her husband's *Captive*, whom in a fit of jealousy she is about to despatch with a blue wooden dagger, when, looking at the *Captive's* arm, a mark—possibly that of a strawberry, or a port wine stain—induces the *Brigandess* to "old er infanticidal 'and," with an exclamation of "My long lost child;" when with a tremendous bound she makes off, dragging the fair *Captive* after her. Anxious to release the maiden in the sarcenet body from a "villain's fangs," which would assuredly have torn her muslin mittens, the *Brigand's Wife* plunges her wooden poignard into the shirt-front of the *Brigand*, and a gong sounding without, brings up the usual quantity of sheeting in the shape of a ghost, who has one peculiarity of a pleasing nature, for as nobody has been killed but the *Brigand*, the *Ghost* can be nobody's ghost, and nobody's feelings can be lacerated by the shade coming to throw a shade over anybody's future existence.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of the usual *intermezzo* in the shape of a comic song. We forbear to speak of the Pantomime—though we recognised the brigand's cave in that of Despair; and we recollect our old friend the "abode of bliss," as last year's "realms of light and loveliness."

Seriously speaking, we are afraid that the Fair has lost all its humour while retaining nearly all of its objectionable qualities. The "Fun of the Fair" has degenerated into a child's scratcher and tin trumpet; while dancing and drinking, interspersed with pocket-picking, gambling, and quarrelling, are as much in the ascendant as ever. We are averse to anything like a curtailment of the amusements of the people properly so called, but Greenwich Fair has ceased to be much more than the opportunity to the viciously disposed, the temptation to the waverer on the threshold of crime, and the harvest to the pickpocket.

THE NEW MANIA.

THE Railway Madness has happily disappeared, and the country is enjoying perhaps a lucid interval, but we already see symptoms of the late delusion being followed by a Mining Insanity. The public seldom remains in the position of the *Ghost* in *Hamlet*, who, we all know, had "no Speculation" in his eye: but when Speculation gets into the public eye, the profit is too often just about as much as will go into its eye, which, though causing blindness for the time, ends in the Patient seeing none the worse for it. Mining is now the rage, and we are expecting every day to see the announcement of the formation of a Company for "Developing the Mining Resources of the Minories."

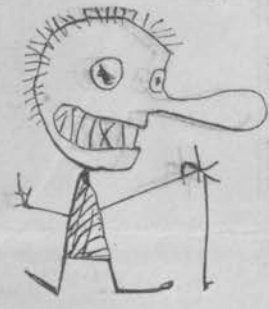
LANDING OF LORD BROUGHAM AND THE ENGLISH AT BOULOGNE.

ARTIST LIFE IN LONDON.

It used to be considered that no position was so easily gained, no commercial station so readily attained, no trade so speedily learnt, as that of a coal merchant. Any man with brass enough to put a plate on a door, and leave a little over for his individual use in the way of business, was at once qualified to deal in all the products of the Coal Mining districts, from "LAMBTON'S best Screened" to "HETTON'S Wallsend."

Like everything else that is too easy of acquisition, the coal trade has been so fearfully overdone, that the merchants have given themselves the sack by retirement from the business, and the profession of an Artist, or rather of a Portrait Painter, seems to be the *pis aller* of gentlemen with nothing to do, and no means of doing it. The capital required is scarcely more than that which was necessary for starting in the coal line, and any one who has got a sheet of white cardboard, with a lump of lamp-black, may elect himself at once into the office of one of the "people's representatives" charged with the artistical duty of representing them. We regret, for the sake of the Fine Arts, to hear that the price of a Portrait, showing humanity in its blackest colours, and familiarly known as "this style," has fallen from One Shilling to One Penny, which says little for the prosperity of the numerous LELYS, SIR JOSHUAS, and LAWRENCES, who abound in the large and small thoroughfares of the Metropolis.

We are rather surprised at the apparent satisfaction of the public with a style of art which bears out the old saying, that nobody—not even a certain person himself—is so black as he is painted. There is, however, an artist in Farringdon Street who draws upon you for only a penny, and if, after he has drawn, you do not accept, you are at liberty to have your penny back again.



If even this small consideration should, on consideration, be regarded as exorbitant, there are several ingenious youths who will take the portrait of any one who does not care much about drawing it very fine—in this style—for nothing.

SAILING DIRECTIONS FOR H.M.S. (HER MAJESTY'S SENATOR) *ROEBUCK.*

(*From Mr. Punch, First Lord, &c.*)

You will proceed to Sheffield, when you will ship the Suffrages of the Electors, and take on board as large a cargo of Popularity as you can conveniently carry. You will then steer straight for St. Stephen's, and, on arriving in the Parliamentary Latitudes, you will open, read, and act upon the subjoined instructions:—

1. You will cruise in the Neutral Waters, between Whiggery Gulf and Opposition Point, taking care not to allow yourself to be drawn into the former by the promises of the natives, and to keep a clear offing from the latter, though you may avail yourself, in any situation of difficulty, of whatever assistance its inhabitants may offer.

2. You are particularly ordered not to sail in the wake of, or to act on any occasion as tender to, H.M.S. the *John Russell*, as one object of your present employment is to keep an eye upon the movements of this ship, and the accompanying Squadron. You may fire a shot into her, or any of the Squadron now and then, if you see them going out of their course, or dropping anchor, unless it be absolutely unsafe to proceed on their voyage to the Cape of Good Hope. You will also see that they waste no powder in salutes and sham fights, as they have shown too much disposition to do of late.

3. You will signal the *Peel*, and co-operate with that ship, if her Commander find it necessary to take the *John Russell* in tow, as the latter is crippled, and does not work so handily as was anticipated when she was last put into commission.

4. You will look out for any vessels which you are led to suspect by their rigs, and may board, search, and condemn any found with forbidden or dangerous cargoes, taking care to fling overboard any humbug found on board of them, especially Irish clap-traps, blowing up the vessels themselves.

5. You will seize and grapple with all vessels in the Protective service. It is probable most of these vessels will be found sailing under the false colours of Native Industry; you are, notwithstanding, justified in taking possession of such vessels if you can, and bringing them into the haven of Common Sense. They are of very light draught, and may be looked for, chiefly, in shallow water.

6. You will, on all occasions, before firing, show the private signals with which you are furnished, viz., No. 1, (Reason), above No. 2, (Prejudice), and No. 3, (Humbug), at the peak; and No. 4, (Honesty), at your main.

If these signals are not answered, you may fire into the ship signalled, whatever her build, rig, or colours.

Your ship has been selected for the above duties from her quick sailing, combined with the sharpness, precision, truth of aim, and telling effect of her fire, as shown in previous partial actions and cuttings out, and the First Lord fully anticipates that your conduct in the ensuing cruise will justify his choice of H.M.S. *Roebuck* for this arduous service.

ST. PAUL'S TWOPENCE.

From SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, *St. Paul's, to* QUEEN ANNE, *at* MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

"MADAM,—Having, in my lifetime, enjoyed the distinguished patronage of GEORGE THE THIRD, GEORGE THE FOURTH, and the rest of the Royal Family, together with the patronage of foreign potentates and ministers, I take the liberty of addressing your Majesty on a subject that, as one of the objects shown for a shilling, I incline to hope must interest your benevolence—seeing that it affects the interests of very distinguished soldiers, sailors, bishops, and authors, exhibited for twopence. I allude, Madam, to the illustrious persons honoured with a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, and heretofore shown to an enlightened British public for coppers.

"I, Madam, have no monument. All that is left of me is upon canvas; therefore, it cannot be imagined that I have any personal vanity to gratify in this letter. Still, I have very acute feelings for the lonely condition of my companions. The Easter holidays are now over, and nobody has been to see us. DOCTOR JOHNSON declares that he sees in such neglect a growing disrespect for the Established Church, and consequently, the certain destruction of all our honoured Institutions. How has business been with you? If bad, why then it is plain we all suffer alike from the poverty of the times; if otherwise, it is clear that our Church masters must secure additional attraction (besides that of the Monuments) to bring in the twopences.

"I remain your obedient Servant,
"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

QUEEN ANNE *to* SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"SIR,—We have been tolerably busy in Baker Street. SIR CHARLES NAPIER has been a card, and LOUIS NAPOLEON has more than made up for the diminished attraction of GEORGE HUDSON. Altogether, we have nothing to complain of. But then MADAME TUSSAUD marches with the times. She always has an eye upon an adventurous President, a popular assassin, or whatever may come up. (She is only waiting for another authenticated appearance of the Sea-Serpent to produce him in several volumes.) Now, your people really know nothing of the wants of the age. They think they can go on with their old stock of monuments—wholly forgetful of the growing attractions about them. Thousands rush past St. Paul's to the Chinese Junk—thousands cross the bridge to the Zoological Gardens—and thousands again visit Paris at MR. BRADWELL'S Colosseum.

"Who will give twopence to look upon so many stones, when for a shilling they may come to us? For my own part, I should advise your people to hire a band of music, or to give up the concern altogether. If music will not do, perhaps a few fireworks let off from NELSON'S monument, with MR. BRAHAM to sing *Trafalgar's Bay*, might move the twopences. If neither of these, I take it that, as prudent tradesmen, your people must, sooner or later, close their exhibition.

"Always having been a staunch supporter of the Church, I shall be sorry to see St. Paul's in the *Gazette*,—but in these days people will have their twopennyworths for twopence, and there's no saying more upon the matter. Notwithstanding, I am

"Your Well-Wisher,
"ANNE, R."

A National Blessing.

A WRITER in the *Nation* newspaper invokes a blessing on the Sikhs in the following extraordinary terms:—

"God prosper them, un-christian as they are, for they are brothers of ours in detestation of Britain!"

Detestation of Britain is certainly an unchristian feeling, and the writer in the *Nation* and his party, no doubt, are brothers with all who entertain it. We take the liberty of varying the Irish benediction, and say, "Heaven mend them—unchristian as they are!"

PERFECT SINCERITY, OR THINKINGS ALOUD. No. 4.

Artist, No. 1. "THERE, MASTER OKER, I FLATTER MYSELF THAT WILL TAKE THE SHINE OUT OF YOUR PRECIOUS PRODUCTION, ALTHOUGH YOU DO THINK NOBODY CAN PAINT BUT YOURSELF."

Artist, No. 2. "HEY! DEAR, DEAR, DEAR! THAT'S VERY BAD. BY JOVE, MY BOY, IT'S A DREADFUL FALLING OFF FROM LAST YEAR. IF I WERE YOU, I SHOULD THINK TWICE BEFORE I SENT IT IN."

Artist, No. 1. "MERE ENVY.—ILLIBERAL HUMBUG."

LIFE IS SHORT, BUT AMERICAN ART IS VERY LONG.

WHEN the two monster Mississippi rival exhibitions are finished, we propose that they be bought up by some wealthy railway company (if there is such a thing now), and exhibited one on each side of the line. Of course, this does not apply to the Blackwall Railway, not so much because it is not wealthy, as because the darkness of its ways will prevent either of the pictures being seen. The Greenwich, however, might do it, with an issue of fresh shares or doubling the fares, and the dreary scenery of that railway would be considerably improved by the importation of an American river on each side of it; or, better still, suppose they bring in part of the New Farringdon Street, which it seems the Corporation have sworn never to complete till it has removed Smithfield Market,—that is to say, not before it is compelled to do it. These pictures will mask the naked walls of the unfinished street, and the water on both sides might have the effect of driving away the rats, and perhaps drowning them, for they are at present the only inhabitants that lodge in that incomplete thoroughfare. It will be a great pity if the pictures are lost for want of space or use, and, sooner than they should be condemned to the flames or the dry rot, we hope MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY will purchase them, for they would be invaluable to him to write his little amendments upon; and MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR may find them useful for his next Chartist three-million-signature petition; and even MR. WAKLEY can turn them to a glorious purpose the first time he tries his hand at writing poetry like WORDSWORTH'S "by the mile."

A NEW DIVISION OF HORSE.

AN Indian paper, speaking of the late war, says, "Part of SHARPE'S horse has just arrived." Which part? It is a complete toss-up whether it is head or tails? or was SHARPE'S horse like MUNCHAUSEN'S, that ran ever so far without its hind-quarters, which we always looked upon as a story too good to be believed "by half." However, on the principle that half a loaf is better than none, we suppose that half a horse is better than no horse. But we hope SHARPE will soon find the missing part of his horse, and that he will take better measures to keep it together for the future, or else part with it altogether; for a horse that is liable to fall off, or to be cut off, in the rear, in the manner above suggested, is only fit for Astley's, to appear "in several pieces." Perhaps, however, it was found our cavalry did not compete in numbers with the enemy's, and so this new division was hit upon in order to make every British horse equal to Sikhs.

ONLY A SYLLABLE.—There is a strong impression in Ireland, at this moment, that more is to be *hoped from* PEEL than from Repeal.

THE PROTECTIONIST CATECHISM.

(*To be Sung or Said in all Places where they talk Nonsense.*)

WHAT is it makes Provisions cheap,
Turns last year's Corn too soft to keep,
And breeds the rot in Cows and Sheep?
Free Trade!

What caused last summer's heavy rains?
What makes stiff clays insist on drains?
What *will* have Farmers use their brains?
Free Trade!

What brought about Potato blight?
What is the cause of Ireland's plight?
What won't let anything go right?
Free Trade!

What caused two years' short Cotton crop?
What made the Funds to ninety drop?
What soon will make the world shut shop?
Free Trade!

What drains our Gold and Silver out,
Makes Quassia to be used in Stout,
Puts foreign Monarchs up the spout?
Free Trade!

What makes poor Tenants quite content
To pay whatever 's asked for rent,
Though Corn go down fifteen per cent.?
Free Trade!

What soon will raise the Labourer's hire
To something past mere food and fire,
And make him saucy to the Squire?
Free Trade!

What works the Constitution woe,
At Church and State doth strike a blow,
And brings up everything that 's low?
Free Trade!

What is the thing to save our bacon,
Restore our Constitution shaken,
And give us back what PEEL has taken?
Protection!

What will vote draining Tiles a bore,
What Coprolites and Guano floor,
And good old rule of thumb restore?
Protection!

What will make sunshine, rain and snow,
As Farmers want them, come and go,
Keeping all things in *statu quo?*
Protection!

What, for a shield 'gainst Foreign Grain
Will give us Law to trust again,
Instead of British Brawn or Brain!
Protection!

What will leave Landlords as of yore,
And Tenants as they did before,
On the old paths to snooze and snore?
Protection!

Then raise on high a general call,
For that which works the good of all,
By robbing PETER to pay PAUL—
Protection!

Agricultural Intelligence.

WE are happy to announce that the state of the Mustard and Cress crops is highly promising, and though we cannot exactly say how much to the acre they are likely to give, we may safely conjecture that an average mignonette box will yield a harvest of at least two salad bowls. The Metropolitan Farmers who cultivate the Radish in the ordinary flower-pot, are calling out for more protection against the cats, and we were present a few days ago at a Protectionist Meeting, convened for the purpose of throwing cold water on the operations of those feline Free-Traders, who strike at the very root of whatever is invested in the soil.

SHAMEFUL HOAX!!!

THE "INTERNATIONAL VISIT" TURNS OUT TO BE A MEETING OF CREDITORS!!!

THE "International Visit" came off on Thursday, the 5th instant. As we have the strongest ocular proof that there was no more internationality in it than MR. LEVI attending at Guildhall to prove a debt against a Theatrical Manager, or MR. SOLOMAN passing his morning in Portugal Street to examine some unfortunate insolvent, we shall describe it as a MEETING OF CREDITORS, for such we are positive it was, and nothing better.

The Meeting was held on the quay opposite the Custom House at Boulogne. Some 300 persons were present. The names of the persons against whom they wished to prove debts did not transpire. Nothing is known of them further than that they are residents of Boulogne, and have lodged from time to time at the Hôtel D'Angleterre.

The Meeting was advertised for nine o'clock, but owing to a stormy passage, the packet did not arrive till past ten. This want of punctuality was loudly censured, but upon a distinguished Tailor of the metropolis assuring the Maire, as he landed, that "it was the most miserable passage of his life," not another murmur was uttered upon the subject.

ENGLISH RESIDENTS CATCHING SIGHT OF THE VISITORS.

The Creditors were received with the loudest hurrahs from the French inhabitants, which they returned very faintly, but this was not their fault, for in truth, their looks, as they emerged from the cabins, were anything but cheering. They all parted from the Steward with looks of grateful affection, and glanced at their return-tickets with that sort of "hope deferred" which maketh the heart sick.

The Meeting was opened by a number of umbrellas, for a shower, which was called "smart," though it did not seem to have that effect on any of the travellers, no sooner came down than it was the signal of every *parapluie* rising. This somewhat obscured the effect of the scene, and blinded the eyes of several of the Creditors, who were prevented from taking those observations which might forward the object, or perhaps more than one object, of the Meeting, off to England.

It was at this critical pause, that several persons in the crowd were observed to steal away. Perhaps the pang of facing old friends, to whom they felt they owed so much, and to whom they had made such a poor return, was more than they could endure; doubtlessly they were fearful of being carried away by their feelings, and thought it better to go where they would be in safety: but it was very clear that no sooner had the creditors landed, than the Meeting was considerably thinner.

The moment the principal heads of the Deputation were under cover, the Sous-Prefect advanced to the Triumphal Arch which had been prepared for the Chairman, and hoped, as he pointed to the quantity of green about it, that they would always keep that in their eyes as a memento of their glorious visit. He trusted they would turn their visit to good account; but he would not detain them any longer in the rain, for he could plainly see they had been upset by their voyage, and so he would conclude with the fond hope that their debts might be better collected than their looks.

The Maire next addressed the Meeting, and begged to remind the persons present, that it was he who gave his name to the town of Boulogne-sur-Mer. He had not anything further to say.

The Chairman, or rather the Standing Counsel, for there were no chairs, of the English Deputation, pulled out a large ledger, and said he would read over a few names, with the amounts for which they were respectively indebted, of their largest debtors. He was beginning to go through this stupendous task, beginning with the letter A, when, upon looking round, it was discovered that the Meeting had quietly dispersed. None but the National Guard had had the courage to remain.

As the rain and the disappointment had considerably damped the spirits of the Meeting, the Sous-Prefect proposed to drown all recollection of the day in a bumper of Champagne. This proposition was instantly carried; and the *Groseille d'honneur* was offered to every one who was lucky enough to find a glass. The sympathetic sponge-cake, also, was freely distributed, and greedily devoured. In a voice gushing with emotion rather than with Champagne, the Maire then called upon every one to do honour "To OUR VISITORS—To THOSE REAL PATRIOTS WHO HAVE BLED SO FREQUENTLY FOR THEIR COUNTRY!" Sadness spread over the Meeting at this touching appeal, and the Creditors quietly dispersed, having previously taken the caution to button up their breeches' pockets. Some returned immediately, and the remainder flew on to Paris, to see what business they could do there.

GROSEILLE D'HONNEUR.

Beyond the above disappointments, everything went off as well as could be expected. The French behaved very liberally—much more so than there was any necessity to do—and the English neither broke the peace nor a single window, and even separated without quarrelling. But one opinion was passed by the French on their visitors, but it is a complete shorthand of the day's proceedings. "*Ces bons Anglais!*" was the universal exclamation. "*Oh, ces braves Anglais! ils sont vraiment impayables!*" and really it was the case, for not a *sou* did they get.

We are not sorry that this Meeting of Creditors has not repaid the expectations, much less the debts, of those who embarked in it. It had been pompously announced as an "*International*" visit between England and France. Now this Internationality was completely "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." The "mockery" has fallen, luckily, only upon those who originated it; the "delusion" has been practised upon the French; and we are rejoiced that the poor English residents have escaped the "snare" that was laid for them. The next time a body of Creditors come in the name of England to visit France, we hope they will be received, not by the National Guard, but by a body of bailiffs.

The best way of looking at this "*International*" visit is certainly to call it a Shameful Hoax of a double-barrelled nature, for it fires two ways, and has injured two parties. It has been a Shameful Hoax upon those who lent themselves to it, for in their greatest vanity they never could have imagined they were the representatives of England; and it has been a still more Shameful Hoax upon the French, who put themselves to the expense of entertaining them with all the honours and compliments which one nation feels a pleasure in paying to another.

We really think some apology is due to the French authorities for the cruel way in which they have been taken in, and we call upon LORD BROUGHAM, who came in the first boat, and witnessed the arrival of the second, to make it.

THAT'S THE TIME OF DAY.

WE understand that the author of *Who's Who?* is preparing a new work in one large volume, under the astounding title of *What's What?* Considering how often promises have been held out by some parties, to let other parties know What's What? the publication alluded to must be looked for with considerable interest.

MANNERS AND CVSTOMS OF Ye ENGLYSHE IN 1849. No. 6.

A FEW FRIENDS TO TEA AND A LYTTLE MVSYCK.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Tuesday, April 17, 1849. To MR. JIGGINS's, where my Wife and I were invited to Tea and a little Musique, but we had much Musique and little Tea, though the Musique was like the Tea in quality, and I do prefer a stronger Kind of Musique as well as Liquor. Yet it was pleasing enough to the Ear to hear the fashionable Ballads, and the Airs from all the new Italian Operas sung by the young Ladies; which, though they expressed nothing but common-place Love and Sentiment, yet were a pretty Sing-Song. But to see the young Fellows whilst a Beauty was singing crowd round her, and bend over her shoulders, and almost scramble to turn over the Leaves of her Musique Book! Besides the Singing, there was Playing of the Piano Forte, with the Accompaniment of a Fiddle and Bass Violl, the Piano being played by a stout fat Lady with a Dumpling Face; but for all her being so fat it did amaze me to see how nimbly she did fillip the Keys. They did call this Piece a Concerto, and I was told it was very brilliant; but when I asked what Fancy, Passion, or Description there was in it, no one could tell; and I verily thought the Brilliancy like that of a Paste Buckle. It had not even an Air to carry away and whistle, and would have pleased me just as well if I had stopped my Ears, for I could discern Nothing in it but Musical Sleight of Hand. But good lack! to think how, in these Days, Execution is Everything in Musique, and Composition little or Nothing: for almost no Account is made of the Master, and a preposterous Value put upon the Player, or Artiste, as the Frenchified Phrase now is! After the Concerto, some Polkas and Waltzes, which did better please me; for they were a lively Jingle certainly, and not quite unmeaning. Strange, to find how rare a Thing good Musique is in Company; and by good Musique I mean such as do stir up the Soul, like the Flowers and Sunshine in Spring, or Storms and Tempests, or ghostly Imaginations, or the Thought of great Deeds, or tender or terrible Passages in Poetry. My Wife do Play some brave Pieces in this Kind, by MYNHEER VAN BEETHOVEN, and I would rather hear her perform one of them, than all I did hear to-night put together; and so I did tell her when we got Home, which did content her well. But every one to his Taste; and they who delight in the trivial Style of Musique to theirs, as I to mine, not doubting that the English that have but just begun to be sensible to Musique at all, will be awake to the nobler Sort of it by and by. And, at any Rate, an Evening of insipid Musique and weak Tea is better than sitting toping and guzzling after Dinner.

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MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

CHOICE of friends, my dear ROBERT, is a point upon which every man about town should be instructed, as he should be careful. And as example, they say, is sometimes better than precept, and at the risk even of appearing somewhat ludicrous in your eyes, I will narrate to you an adventure which happened to myself, which is at once ridiculous and melancholy (at least to me), and which will show you how a man, not imprudent or incautious of his own nature, may be made to suffer by the imprudent selection of a friend. Attend then, my dear BOB, to "the History of RASSELAS, Prince of Abyssinia."

Sir,—In the year 1810, I was a jolly young Bachelor as you are now (indeed, it was three years before I married your poor dear Aunt); I had a place in the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office; I had Chambers in Pump Court, *au troisième*, and led a not uncomfortable life there. I was a free and gay young fellow in those days, (however much, Sir, you may doubt the assertion, and think that I am changed,) and not so particular in my choice of friends as subsequent experience has led me to be.

There lived in the set of Chambers opposite to mine, a Suffolk gentleman, of good family, whom I shall call MR. BLUDYER. Our boys or clerks first made acquaintance, and did each other mutual kind offices: borrowing for their respective masters' benefit, neither of whom were too richly provided with the world's goods, coals, blacking-brushes, crockery-ware, and the like; and our forks and spoons, if either of us had an entertainment in Chambers. As I learned presently that MR. BLUDYER had been educated at Oxford, and heard that his elder brother was a gentleman of good estate and reputation in his county, I could have no objection to make his acquaintance, and accepted finally his invitation to meet a large game-pie which he had brought with him from the country, and I recollect I lent my own silver tea-pot, which figured handsomely on the occasion. It is the same one which I presented to you, when you took possession of your present apartments.

MR. BLUDYER was a sporting man: it was the custom in those days with many gentlemen to dress as much like coachmen as possible; in top-boots, huge white coats with capes, Belcher neckerchiefs, and the like adornments; and at the tables of bachelors of the very first fashion, you would meet with prize-fighters and jockeys, and hear a great deal about the prize-ring, the cock-pit, and the odds. I remember my LORD TILBURY was present at this breakfast, (who afterwards lamentably broke his neck in a steeple-chase, by which the noble family became extinct), and for some time I confounded his Lordship with DUTCH SAM, who was also of the party, and, indeed, not unlike the noble Viscount in dress and manner.

My acquaintance with MR. BLUDYER ripened into a sort of friendship. He was perfectly good-natured, and not ill-bred; and his jovial spirits and roaring stories amused a man who, though always of a peaceful turn, had no dislike to cheerful companions. We used to dine together about at coffee-houses, for Clubs were scarcely invented in those days, except for the aristocracy; and, in fine, were very intimate. BLUDYER, a brave and athletic man, would often give a loose to his spirits of an evening, and mill a Charley or two, as the phrase then was. The young bloods of those days thought it was no harm to spend a night in the watch-house, and I assure you it has accommodated a deal of good company. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* In our own days, my good BOB, a station-house bench is not the bed for a gentleman.

I was at this time (and deservedly so, for I had been very kind to her, and my elder brother, your father, neglected her considerably) the favourite nephew of your Grand-Aunt, my Aunt, MRS. GENERAL MAC WHIRTER, who was left a very handsome fortune by the General, and to whom I do not scruple to confess I paid every attention to which her age, her sex, and her large income entitled her. I used to take sweetmeats to her poodle. I went and drank tea with her night after night. I accompanied her Sunday after Sunday to hear the REV. ROWLAND HILL, at the Rotunda Chapel, over Blackfriars Bridge, and I used to read many of the Tracts with which she liberally supplied me—in fact, do everything to comfort and console a lady of peculiar opinions and habits who had a large jointure. Your father used to say I was a sneak, but he was then a boisterous young Squire; and perhaps we were not particularly good friends.

Well, Sir; my dear Aunt, MRS. GENERAL MAC WHIRTER, made me her chief confidant. I regulated her money matters for her, and acted with her bankers and lawyers; and as she always spoke of your father as a reprobate, I had every reason to suppose I should inherit the property, the main part of which has now passed to another branch of the BROWNS. I do not grudge it, BOB: I do not grudge it. Your family is large; and I have enough from my poor dear departed wife.

Now it so happened, that in June 1811,—I recollect the Comet was blazing furiously at the time, and MRS. MAC WHIRTER was of opinion that the world was at an end—MR. BLUDYER, who was having his Chambers in Pump Court painted, asked permission to occupy mine, where he wished to give a lunch to some people whom he was desirous to entertain. Thinking no harm, of course I said yes; and I went to my desk at the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office, at my usual hour, giving instructions to my boy to make MR. BLUDYER's friends comfortable.

As ill luck would have it, on that accursed Friday, MRS. MAC WHIRTER, who had never been up my staircase before in her life (for your dear Grand-Aunt was large in person, and the apoplexy, which carried her off soon after, menaced her always), having some very particular business with her solicitors in Middle Temple Lane, and being anxious to consult me about a mortgage, actually mounted my stairs, and opened the door on which she saw written the name of MR. THOMAS BROWN. She was a peculiar woman, I have said, attached to glaring colours in her dress, and from her long residence in India, seldom without a set of costly Birds of Paradise in her bonnet, and a splendid Cashmere shawl.

Fancy her astonishment then, on entering my apartments at three o'clock in the afternoon, to be assailed in the first place by a strong smell of tobacco-smoke which pervaded the passage, and by a wild and ferocious bull-dog which flew at her on entering my sitting-room!

This bull-dog, Sir, doubtless attracted by the brilliant colours of her costume, seized upon her, and pinned her down, screaming, so that her voice drowned that of BLUDYER himself, who was sitting on the table, bellowing "*A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky proclaim a hunting Morning*"—or some such ribald trash: and the brutal owner of the dog (who was no other than the famous Mulatto boxer, NORROY, called the "Black Prince" in the odious language of the Fancy) and who was inebriated doubtless at the moment, encouraged his dog in the assault upon this defenceless lady, and laughed at the agonies which she endured.

MR. BLUDYER, the black man, and one or two more, were arranging a fight on Moulsey Hurst, when my poor Aunt made her appearance among these vulgar wretches. Although it was but three o'clock, they had sent for gin-and-water to a neighbouring tavern, and the glasses sparkled on the board,—to use a verse from a Bacchanalian song which I well remember MR. BLUDYER used to yell forth—when I myself arrived from my Office at my usual hour, half-past three. The black fellow, and young CAPTAIN CAVENDISH of the Guards, were the smokers; and it appears, that at first all the gentlemen screamed with laughter; some of them called my Aunt an "old girl:" and it was not until she had nearly fainted, that the filthy Mulatto called the dog off from the flounce of her yellow gown of which he had hold.

When this poor victim of vulgarity asked with a scream—where was her nephew? new roars of laughter broke out from the coarse gin-drinkers. "It's the old woman whom he goes to Meeting with," cried out BLUDYER. "Come away, boys;" and he led his brutalised crew out of my Chambers into his own, where they finished, no doubt, their arrangements about the fight.

Sir, when I came home at my usual hour of half-past three, I found MRS. MAC WHIRTER in hysterics upon my sofa—the pipes were lying about—the tin dish covers—the cold kidneys—the tavern cruet-stands, and wretched remnants of the orgy were in disorder on the table-cloth, stained with beer. Seeing her fainting, I wildly bade my boy to open the window, and seizing a glass of water which was on the table, I presented it to her lips.—It was gin-and-water, which I proffered to that poor lady.

She started up with a scream, which terrified me as I upset the glass: and with empurpled features and a voice quivering and choking with anger, she vowed she would never forgive me. In vain I pleaded that I was ignorant of the whole of these disgraceful transactions. I went down on my knees to her, and begged her to be pacified; I called my boy, and bade him bear witness to my innocence: the impudent young fiend burst out laughing in my face, and I kicked him down stairs as soon as she was gone: for go she did directly to her carriage, which was in waiting in Middle Temple Lane, and to which I followed her with

tears in my eyes, amidst a crowd of jeering barristers' boys and Temple porters. But she pulled up the window in my face, and would no more come back to me than EURYDICE would to ORPHEUS.

If I grow pathetic over this story, my dear BOB, have I not reason? Your Great-Aunt left thirty thousand pounds to your family, and the remainder to the Missionaries, and it is a curious proof of the inconsistency of women, that she, a serious person, said on her death-bed, that she would have left her money to me, if I had called out MR. BLUDYER, who insulted her, and with whom I certainly would have exchanged shots, had I thought that MRS. MACWHIRTER would have encouraged any such murder.

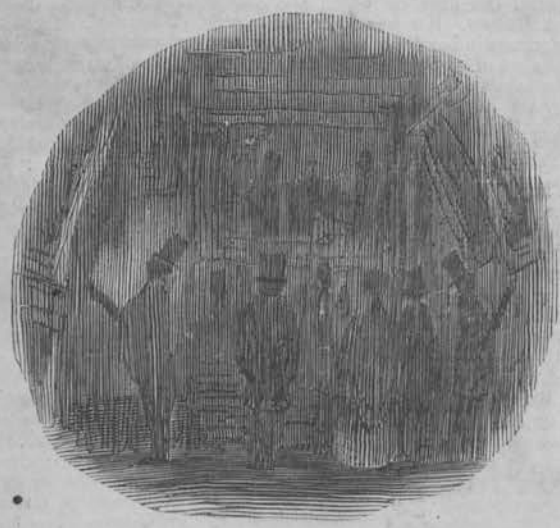
My wishes, dear BOB, are moderate. Your Aunt left me a handsome competency—and, I repeat, I do not grudge my brother GEORGE the money. Nor is it probable that such a calamity can happen again to any one of our family—that would be too great misfortune. But I tell you the tale, because at least it shows you how important good company is, and that a young man about town should beware of his friends as well as of his enemies.

We will pursue the subject of friends generally in a future letter, and I am meanwhile, my dear BOB, always your affectionate Uncle,

BROWN THE ELDER.

WHAT'S (NOT) IN A NAME?

WE understand that it is in contemplation, for the purpose of calling things by their right names, to alter the title of the Vernon Collection, and in reference to the place where it is deposited, give to it the appellation of the Vernon Pit, instead of the Vernon Gallery.



Etymology of Connaught.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S project for the plantation of Connaught, which we trust will turn out to be no mere political plant, has drawn attention to that unfortunate district, and among other things, to the etymology of the name of the province. Some say that Connaught is of Celtic origin; but in our opinion it is merely a corruption of the plain honest Saxon Can-naught, which pithily expresses the inability of its inhabitants to help themselves.

Women of "Capital" in California.

A LETTER from San Francisco (quoted in a New Orleans paper) says:—

"Some of the most ugly and slovenly servants here marry. A woman who comes here with one tooth in her head, has a great capital to begin on in the matrimonial line."

If the tooth happen to be a double one, has the woman a double investment?

"ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE."

THE 900 Representatives of France are in receipt of 25 francs a-day. Now, as 25 francs make a sovereign, we suppose that sum was fixed up in order that each man in the Chamber might the better represent the "*Sovereign* People."

PUNCH'S POEMS OF PARLIAMENT.

THE COOK AND THE TURKEYS.

Respectfully dedicated to the Irish Members who met LORD JOHN RUSSELL *on Wednesday week.*

AT MANS, once on a time, resided
A worthy, who his cares divided
'Twixt Turkey, Goose, and Capon breeding,
And Turkey, Goose, and Capon feeding,
Up to that state of o'er-crammed craw,
To which the *gourmet* owes *foie-gras*.
And not content with thus deranging
His feathered nurslings' animal economy,
This DROUET of the Poultry-yard, exchanging
The breeder for the artist in gastronomy,
Would cook his family, and serve 'em up
To friends invited, or to dine or sup:
And thus, like MR. HUDSON, he combined
Rather incongruous functions, ever willing
To aid in doing brown the geese, you'd find
That he had just before throat-high been filling.
This gentleman, one day, to celebrate
Some Saint's, or Somebody's, or Something's *fête*—
In fact, to celebrate I don't know what,
And p'raps, you 'll think it not worth while to seek;
Only, one thing I *know*, that it was *not*
The annivers'ry of *La République*—
Whate'er the cause, resolved to give a dinner,
Which, but that Friday luckily was past,
Had tempted any Saint to break his fast,
And fall to fleshly pleasures, like a sinner;
So going gravely to his Poultry-yard,
Long knife in hand, the wicket he unbarred,
And, bowing to the Turkeys, Geese, and Hens,
Who cackled anxiously from out their pens,
Thus, with French courtesy the fowls addressed:
"*Messieurs les Dindons, Oies, Chapons, Poulets,*
As twelve of you will be served up to-day,
Pray tell me how you would prefer being drest?
I will retire, while you consult at leisure,
And in due time convey to me your pleasure."
A moment round the pens from bird to bird,
A cackle of deliberation stirred,
Till an old Turkey ponderously hobbled
As spokesman fowl from out his cramming-stall,
And this response pathetically gobbled—
"Please, Sir, we 'd rather not be drest at all."
"Nay," quoth the man, "I 'll wait here within call,
While you employ some minutes in reflection;
But for objecting to be drest at all,
That, really, is quite wandering from the question."

STEAM ENGINES FOR THE WAISTCOAT POCKET.

THE *Scottish Agricultural Gazette* gives an account of what it calls "Portable Steam Engines." We cannot see that a man would get on any the quicker in this world for carrying a Steam Engine about with him. Supposing he managed to stow it away in his hat, or tied it to the sole of his boot; it would be of no earthly assistance to him, unless he contrived to carry also in one of his pockets a portable coal-cellar, and even then he would require a portable railway for his portable Steam Engine to travel upon. We have not much faith in these "Portable" inventions, for they generally turn out after a trial, to be insupportable. We recollect an instance of an emigrant taking out with him a "Portable House." When he put it together, the building was topsy-turvy. By some accident the floors were all wrongly numbered, and there was the kitchen up in the cock-loft, and the garrets down on the ground, where the pig-styes should have been. We should be afraid of a similar mishap occurring with this "Portable Steam Engine." It would not be agreeable to be sent the height of Albert House, simply because you had put the boiler in the wrong place. We would much sooner carry such an Engine, than it should carry us. After all, we suspect this new "Portable" invention is nothing better than the little brass Steam Engines which we see, with wool to imitate the smoke, sold in Leicester Square for a penny a-piece.

NO "WORSE REMAINS BEHIND."

WHY should CHARLES ALBERT be the last man to ask a friend to take soup with him? Do you give it up?

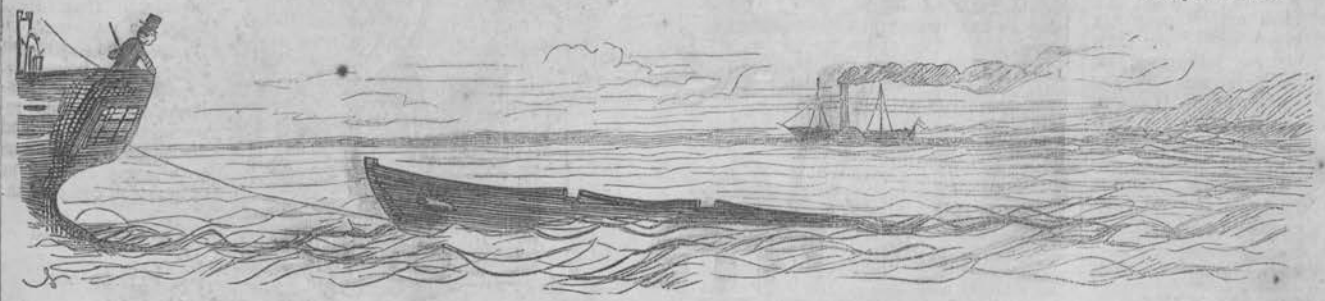
Because he has lost his Tureen (*Turin*). (*Ed.* Police! Police!)

THE SEA SERPENT IN A FOG.

(By a Contributor half-seas over.)

"Dear *Mr. Punch*,—Allow me to add, through the medium of your valuable columns, my own testimony to that of the many highly respectable parties who have vouched for the actual existence of the Sea Serpent. I am an inhabitant of Cheapside, Sir, and engaged in mercantile pursuits, which, I hope, will furnish an excuse for any mistake that I may make in the use of nautical terms. On Monday evening last I was returning from Herne Bay in the *City of Canterbury* Steamer, having just dined, half-past 6 P.M., and three sheets in the wind. On looking over the stern part of the vessel, sight hazy, and a strong South-wester blowing the smoke from my cigar right in my face, I discerned a long floating object, which appeared to be following the vessel at the distance of about eight feet. About two yards of the head and neck of the animal, if animal it were, appeared above water; the tail, or what I took for it, was beneath the surface, and may have extended a quarter of a mile, or, indeed, to any distance. I was instantly impressed with the belief, which I still retain, that the creature was no other than the veritable Sea Serpent. All I know is, that it very closely resembled the likeness of the nondescript which appeared last week but one in the *Illustrated News*, as the subjoined sketch of it, made by an artist on board, will prove; although when I imparted my impression respecting it to the steersman, he observed (if I recollect rightly) that he considered it rather—indeed, I think he said very—like a whale.

"Yours, Bowbell."



A REGULAR PALMERSTON.

A Dispatch was addressed to Lord Palmerston from the Danish Government. It *was* a Dispatch—one that asked to be dispatched in undiplomatic double quick time. It came on the 26th of March; it authorised Lord Palmerston to make an offer to the Prussian Minister; and, failing an answer, announced that the first (cannon) ball should be given on the 29th. Three days for a diplomatic arrangement! It was like trying to put Banvard's Panorama into a Portfolio.

The note was mislaid. Serve it right. It did not come through "the regular channel;" and such accidents will teach people to stick to "the regular channel;" the line of which is staked out with the Downing Street post and rail of official sealing-wax and red tape. Lord Palmerston only sent the note to the Prussian Minister on the 29th, the day for which the War was positively announced, and the Danes receiving no answer, kept their promise—not liking to be treated with something that looked like disdain.

Lord Palmerston's excuse is capital and characteristic. The "accident" *did* take place. It was not that Prussia wouldn't deign an answer, or that Palmerston wouldn't answer a Dane. It was all along of the irregularity of "the channel." But, says Palmerston, pleasantly, pick-toothishly, it really makes no matter. Prussia would have declined the proposal had it reached her in time, and the War would have come off exactly as it did, had the Dispatch been delivered on the 26th.

Possibly! But suppose the proposal had been accepted? Lord Palmerston knew nothing of the contents of the Dispatch. The Danish note, like Robert-Houdin's Portfolio, might have had a dove inside of it, with an olive branch in its beak: and the poor bird would have been smothered, and the Elbe blockaded, and the *Gefion* taken, and the noble *Christian the Eighth* blown up, which is lamentable, and Lord Palmerston himself blown up, which is less serious—all along of those three days' mislaying.

Literature in America.

The New York correspondent of the *Daily News* declares that Macaulay's History has been "re-published in four different shapes, and is in every one's hand." Hereupon the correspondent rejoices, saying:—

"We cannot be a very stupid people when we prize Shakspeare next to the Bible, and know Macaulay 'like a book.'"

Thieves are not very stupid thieves, when they invariably lay their hands upon moveables of the highest value. By the way, the *Cincinnati Times* says that Powers, the great sculptor, is "now engaged on *America*, a national statue:" and then adds, "we are not at liberty to describe the statue." *Punch*, however, is bound by no such restraint. The *America*, typifying the intellectual genius of the country, is this—"*The Colossal Figure of an American Bookseller, Picking the Pocket of an English Author.*" The innocence of the act is further set forth in dove-coloured marble.

PREMATURE DECEASE OF ANOTHER BILL.

The poor little Turnpike Trusts Bill, which had painfully struggled through its first stage of infancy, thanks to the skilful nursing of Mr. G. C. Lewis, expired on Wednesday se'nnight, without any signs of regret being shown by its unnatural parent, Sir George Grey. He even seemed to take a fiendish pleasure in pointing out the universal dislike his poor infant had inspired, and cheerfully said as much as that he had never expected it to survive the Session.

Lord John Russell's family of Ministers seem to be getting hardened against all natural feeling, by the great mortality among their little Bills, which seems due, in a great measure, to the carelessness or feebleness of their parents and nurses.

It is hardly expected, by those who are best informed, that the Navigation Bill will get through its next reading. And it is confidently asserted, that even if it do, it cannot survive a removal to the House of Lords, to which the poor thing will of course be sent; although the air of the place is certain to be prejudicial to the unhappy Bill, and will probably be fatal to it. If Lord John and his Ministerial family cannot rear their legislative offspring, they might at least have the decency to put on mourning for them, and look decorously melancholy as they follow them to their long home under the table.

"He 's saved, he 's saved!"

Just before the adjournment of the Rate in Aid Debate, Colonel Dunne startled the House, by saying, "Gentlemen, *I am in the hands of the Irish Members.*" An involuntary groan issued from every one—business was suspended—and the Colonel was given up as irretrievably lost; for it was too well known that the Irish Members never get anything into their hands in Parliament, but the result is sure to be fatal, and nothing is ever seen of it afterwards. By some strange accident, however, the Colonel escaped, for he was "out of hand" the following evening, and was warmly congratulated by all his friends. We will be bound several of the Irish Members wish they could escape as easily, as often as they find themselves in the hands of a *Dunne*.

The Rate in Aid.

When Lord John Russell attempted to ascertain the wishes of the Irish Members, and get the benefit of their advice, they showed a disposition to begin rating him, though having a strong objection to be rated themselves. It was assuredly a very bold idea to think of getting an opinion out of a body of Irishmen, and the feat of looking for a needle in a bottle of hay would be simple indeed in comparison with such an achievement. The Premier required an opinion of them, but it was impossible to have any opinion of them—in their political capacity—for it was quite evident they had no opinion of themselves.

TOASTS THEATRICAL.

At the farewell Banquet given at New Orleans to MACREADY, there was drunk the subjoined toast:—

"*Shakspeare and Macready.*—The greatest dead poet; the greatest living actor: the former, the diamond; the latter, the golden setting in which the brilliant shines."

This is very pretty, but what follows is, in our opinion, very much prettier. For an English actor (name not given) one of the New Orleans company, no doubt struck by the simile of the Diamond and the setting in association with the QUEEN'S Windsor diamond presented to MR. KEAN, rose and proposed—

"*Queen Victoria and Charles Kean.*—The greatest living sovereign, and the deadest living actor: the former, the diamond; the latter, the *tin*."

VERY VULGAR ADVICE TO ST. PAUL'S.—"Tuck in your two-penny."

PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

THE COOK SAYS THAT SHE THINKS THERE 'S A SLATE LOOSE ON THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE, FOR THE WATER COMES INTO THE SERVANTS' BED-ROOM. MR. BRIGGS REPLIES THAT THE SOONER IT IS PUT TO RIGHTS THE BETTER BEFORE IT GOES ANY FURTHER—AND HE WILL SEE ABOUT IT.

AN INSOLVENT'S LUXURY.

LAST week, MR. W. H. CURRAN, one of the Commissioners of the Insolvent Court, Ireland, remanded a petitioner, because he had not paid his subscription for his Newspaper—at the same time ruling "that a Newspaper was a luxury." The Insolvent was about to be sent to prison, when he explained that there could be no luxury in the case, the Newspaper in question being the *Standard*. The Commissioner at once reversed the sentence, and discharged the poor man with many expressions of heartfelt compassion.

RATHER ODD.

IT is strange that MEYERBEER'S Opera, which has been for so many years the subject of repeated and numerous overtures, should at last be produced without any overture at all.

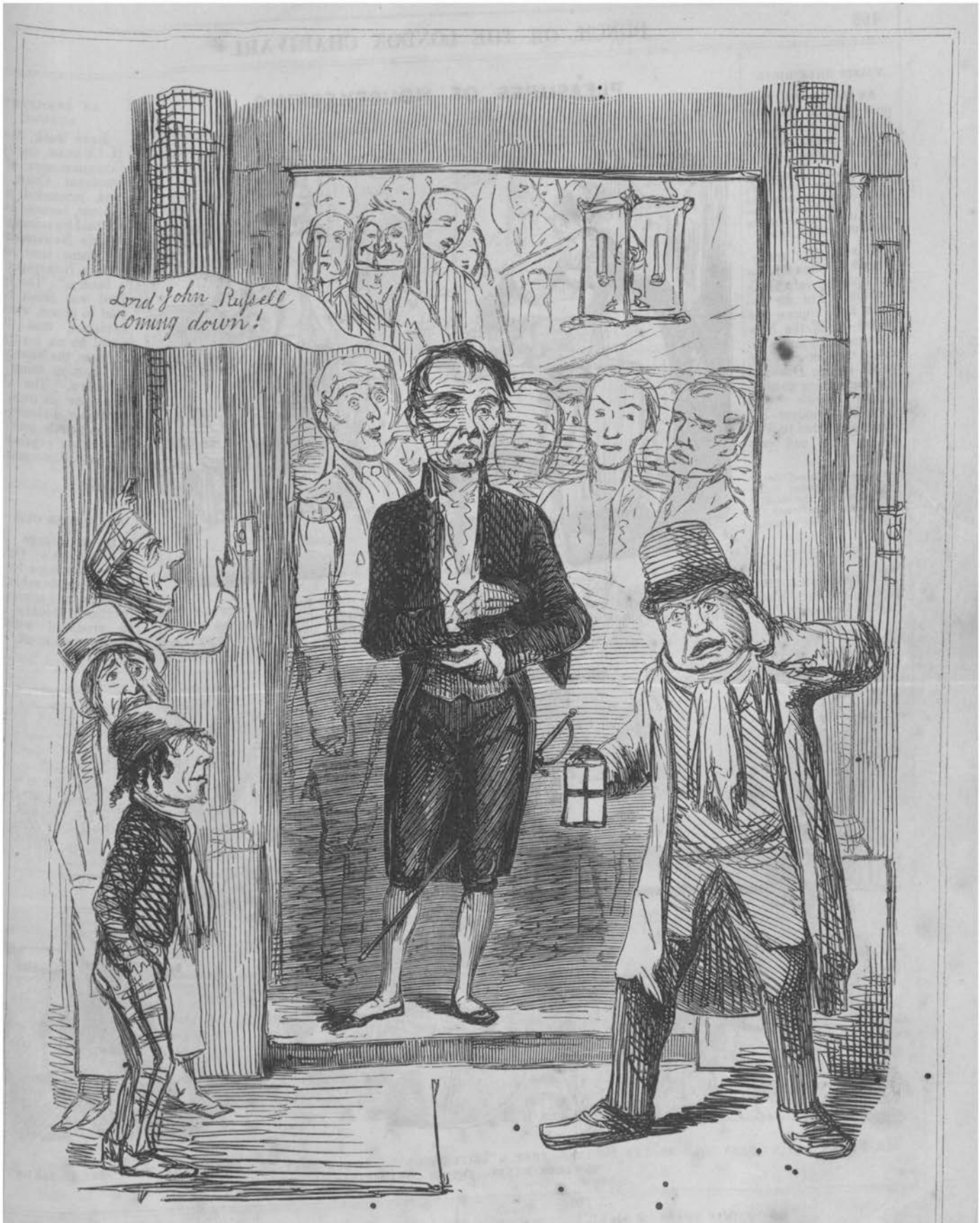
MR. BRIGGS HAVING BEEN TOLD BY THE BUILDER THAT A "LITTLE COMPO" IS ALL THAT IS WANTED, THE FIRST STEP IS TAKEN TOWARDS MAKING THINGS COMFORTABLE.

"HO—WITHIN THERE—A LIGHT."

To avoid the payment of the tax on light, whole windows, it has been proved by the Sanitary Commissioners, are frequently blocked up. Of all national burdens, that on windows should be lightened first. The Window Tax, as at present, may be defined as "THE POOR MAN'S WINDOW SHUTTER."

ATTRACTIVE EXHIBITION.

WHILE LORD JOHN RUSSELL was receiving the Irish Members on Wednesday, last week, some miscreant (believed to be LORD BR-GH-M) removed from a well-known Leicester Square Exhibition, and hung on the area railings of 10, Downing Street, the huge placard requesting the Public to "go and see DANIEL in the Den of Lions."



THE SLOW COACH.

"LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S CARRIAGE STOPS THE WAY!"

MURDER MODELS.—GIBBET TRIPS.

RT steps in as handmaiden to Murder. The benignant ingenuity of one MR. JOHN ST. QUENTIN, of Norwich, has executed models of Stanfield Hall and Potash Farm (on the scale of ⅜ of an inch to the foot,) for the gratification of the sight-seers and loungers of intellectual, benevolent London. Thus, the memory of the atrocities of the fiend RUSH may be agreeably preserved even among fashionable parties until the end of the season. There was at one time a great notion put abroad; namely, to remove the house of SHAKSPEARE in its entirety, and ship it across the Atlantic. Could Stanfield Hall and Potash Farm have been by any means brought to the vicinity of London, there is little doubt that the spirit of the day would have made them a most profitable investment, adapted and laid out as tavern, tap, and tea-gardens. However, this was not to be done; so, let us thank MR. ST. QUENTIN for what he has contrived to achieve. Failing to fill our enthusiasm with the Hall and Farm as they stand, it is something to have them at the reduced scale of ⅜ of an inch. If we cannot with one generous draught assuage our thirst of knowledge,—it is still something that we may try to quench it in sips. And then imagination will help us mightily. Give the public mind ⅜ of an inch, and it will not fail to take a foot.

Thus, it really forms one of the attractions of the day—makes one of the moral duties of the sight-seer to himself—to have "an hour with RUSH!" To have the inquiring mind of a fraction of the enlightened British Public instructed in the passages of Stanfield Hall—the passages that lead to murder—to contemplate the ingenuity so "striking," in Potash Farm; an ingenuity that has converted a homestead into a sort of family rat-trap. "Here," says showman ST. QUENTIN—"here the murderer slept; and here slept EMILY SANDFORD"—(and here the pious, gentle-hearted English lady who has paid her shilling for the show, looks impatiently onwards to the Hall.) "And here," says the showman, "is where the murderer entered. Here is where MR. JERMY fell, and here, MR. JERMY, Jun. Here is where MRS. JERMY rushed from the room, and where the heroic ELIZA CHESTNEY followed. Here"—and the contempt of the showman hisses from between his teeth,—"here is where the butler fled; the trembling coward who forsook his master!"

And—the Murder Models described—the lady party (before intending to visit other shows) think *Pompeii* slow, and the Diorama a bore. Now there is an odour and a smack of blood about the Murder Models that must sweetly recommend them to the senses.

As this Exhibition has met with such distinguished patronage, we hear it is the grateful intention of MR. ST. QUENTIN to aim at continued encouragement. We know not whether we are premature in our statement, but we understand that the showman is in treaty with the Dutch Dwarf VAN TROMP to represent the assassin RUSH—(MR. NATHAN has taken measure for the dress—fac-simile of the original)— and after due rehearsals he will set out from the Farm, taking the various paths, until he reaches the interior of the Hall; his whole progress to be accompanied by music descriptive of the demoniacal passions raging in his breast. This improvement on the present exhibition will, there is little doubt, have great attractions for a discerning Public, tyrannously denied the enjoyment of contemporary murder represented on the stage, as in the good old times when THURTELL was personified at the Surrey, and the Real Gig of the Murdered WEAR was hired, nightly, by an enterprising management, regardless of expense. This sort of moral teaching by stage example, being refused by the mealy-mouthedness of a present Chamberlain, it is a great comfort to us, as free and enlightened Britons, to know if the New Cut be denied a scene of homicide—why Regent Street may delight in Murder Models. If the low folks of St. George's Fields and Lambeth may not behold RUSH upon the stage,—why, the superior classes may patronise the Model of his Farm at the West End. Ladies, 'twixt the mercer's and the confectioner's, may now step in and see a little murder—take just a preliminary taste of horrors before the cheesecake.

And with MR. ST. QUENTIN as the master of the ceremonies to murder—the patronised Showman of Farm and Hall—we think it a little too hard upon the "Managing Body of the Eastern Counties Railway," desirous of setting afoot a Railway Gibbet Trip, that they should be rebuked for their very natural wish in these times to turn a shilling. MR. ST. QUENTIN shows only Models of the houses made fearful and classical by RUSH; now, the Eastern Counties folks showed their fellow-countrymen the body of RUSH himself—the body alive—convulsed—and killed! Surely, this offering was a dram of knowledge from its burning source, not qualified and weakened for the nerves of fine ladies and families. Hanging being a great moral lesson, the Eastern Counties Directors only seconded the wisdom of the legislature by conveying students to the place of instruction—a grand amphitheatre, whence thousands of scholars might study the holiness of life in the convulsed anatomy of a strangled man. The object was—we were duly informed—"visible to a great distance." And no doubt, for short-sighted scholars, there were, for a consideration, telescopes on hire that the mortal lesson might be scrutinised all closely.

Well, the majesty of the law—its "round" of majesty being the black cap—has been solemnly vindicated of late. Within these past six weeks, six human creatures—men and women—have been put to death to sanctify the cause of life. MR. CALCRAFT, the hangman, has in truth been awfully busy. The lasting good that must come of his ministration—the improved respect for human blood that must arise from his killing—will, we trust, be made manifest. Nevertheless, somehow his work ever seems to make more work. Some electric chain, linking man and the fiend, seems ever and anon charged from the atmosphere of the gallows.

At least, within the last six weeks, we have given rope enough. Six times, at least, in the name of the holiness of life, has the hangman quenched the gift of GOD. "Be gentle towards all men," says MR. CALCRAFT, and then he pulls the bolt that drops a man into the death-struggle. This is strange, practical teaching! And the monster, in the dock,—he, the abhorred of all men, is made the participator of the common fate of all—the meekest and most righteous!

How many a gentle, good man, consummated the holiness of his mortal end, on Saturday last, Norwich bell then beating twelve! At the hour that the very righteousness of death was, in our opinion, desecrated by being made the punishment of a fiend in the flesh of a man!

We must incline to think that justice would be better served—life more truly reverenced—were JAMES BLOMFIELD RUSH at this hour, hung with chains, and doomed to sharpest slavery for the remainder of his days;—rather than killed, in reverence of human existence, and flung into prison earth, to be devoured by unslacked lime.

Nevertheless, from amid the very terror with which a Christian press has surrounded our daily walks,—with which it has charged our moral atmosphere, we trust to gather immunity for the future. How horribly eloquent have the dead walls of London become within the past fortnight! "Blood"—"blood"—"killing"—"killing," has cried to us from all sides, men in their affected virtue pharisaically trading on the blasphemy they denounced. This cannot be borne—will not be borne. Outraged human nature will rise and vehemently protest against a repetition of the cause of these trading horrors—against these money-changers for blood and brutalisation.

STREET PUNCTUATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the virtual failure of the project of the *Fonetic Nuz*, or *Fonetic Nuts*, the cracking of which has proved too difficult to be accomplished, we understand that an attempt is to be made to introduce a new system of Punctuation, on the principle of street stoppers, or street stops.

This will enable the publishers of School-books to bring out an Illustrated Work on Punctuation, in which a comma may be represented by an unae-comma-dating cabman, who, by refusing to move on, occasions a slight pause in the progress of traffic; while a coal-waggon at a stand-still, would be very fairly emblematical of a co(a)-lon or semi-co(a)-lon, as the case may be. An advertising van, would convey a good idea of a point, a dead stand-still, or full stop. Notes of admiration could easily be shown by the astonished foot-passengers: notes of exclamation by the Omnibus-drivers in full cry at the impediment: and notes of interrogation, by the policemen inquiring why the drivers do not move on. We trust that our *Fonetic* Contemporary will be prepared to fraternise with us in the promulgation of an idea so worthy of being coupled with its own.

SYMPTOMS OF AN EARLY WINTER.

WE think we shall have a very early winter this year, as we have had cold enough to give chilblains to the Cove of Cork, and to lay up the Buoy at the Nore with rheumatism all his life. The whole earth has been tucked up under a thick counterpane of snow. The Statues, very wisely, have been wearing their customary white paletots, and Nelson followed the example of St. Paul's, and put on a nightcap to keep the cold out of his head; George the Fourth sported a new great coat, which was frieze all over, but we thought His Majesty looked a little pinched in it.

A PARALLEL BETWEEN PEEL AND CÆSAR.—By Plutarch Punch.

Certain of *Mr. Punch's* contemporaries are in the habit of comparing Peel to Judas and to Julian the Apostate, but *Punch* is of opinion that the personage whom the Right Honourable Baronet, now that he has become a Reformer, most resembles, is Julius Cæsar. When our Celtic predecessors were running about in a state of semi-nudity, without any other coat on than a coat of blue paint, Cæsar, by planting on these shores the Roman Standard—which, as an emblem of enlightenment, was much superior to the modern English Journal of that name—was the first to introduce civilisation and clothes among the barbarous Britons. But for him Britannia never would have ruled the waves, and her sons would be still as blue and as brutish as their ancestors.

In like manner, we have Peel about to invade Ireland, not to lay lands waste, but to fertilise waste lands, to reclaim bogs, send bog-trotters literally trotting, and elevate the Sons of Erin from that pitiable and disgraceful condition, described in so many enormous blue-books, and also in the national ballad of *Brian O'Lynn*. *Punch*, therefore, holds that Peel—for he will not say Sir Robert Peel,—invading Ireland, bears a very strong similitude to Cæsar—for he must not say Mr. Cæsar—landing in Britain. To complete the resemblance, Peel only wants a counterpart to the Centurion of the the Tenth Legion, and in order to supply the deficiency, *Mr. Punch* hereby engages himself, as a substitute for that celebrated volunteer, to plunge, spade in hand, into the Irish Channel, and rush forward to plant that symbol of cultivation in the soil of Connaught.

A MUTE INGLORIOUS MILLER.

By this time it is well known that Meyerbeer, about whose opera of *The Prophet* the whole of the musical world is now rapturously talking, had the score in his Portfolio for "fifteen long years;" and as he doubtless never allowed such a valuable treasure to go out of his hands, the opera must have been rather more plague than prophet to him, until its recent triumphant production in Paris. This "reluctant amorous delay" in sending a favourite child into the wide world, is a common feeling among men of genius; for we know an instance within our own experience of a celebrated "wag" who has been walking about for the last twenty years with a new pun in his card-case, having determined not to let it off, until he finds himself at a dinner-party worthy of the occasion.

The pun is said by the privileged few who have been allowed a peep at the manuscript, to be remarkable for its freshness, point, and finish. It is somewhat heavy and elaborate in its details, and is written for five persons, each of whom has a massive solo leading up to the pun itself, which is in fact an *ensemble* for two voices—realising the happy, though not quite novel effect of the pun having been made "in two places."

The author has frequently been invited to produce his pet work at some of the first dinner-tables, both in England, and on the Continent; but, like Meyer-beer—the greatest of all *beers* in contradistinction from the vast tribe of small *beers*—he has invariably declined to give the product of his genius to the world, until the world seems thoroughly ripe for the reception of so cherished a treasure. Who can blame him? Can you, Reader? Imagination—acting as your solicitor, and putting in an answer for you—replies emphatically, "No!"

Too bad at any Rate.—The worst Rate in Aid we know, is the rate at which English Taxes are going in aid of Irish pauperism.

THE SOIL AND THE SHOP.

There is to be a tremendous re-action against Free-Trade. The following are only a few of the Resolutions to be submitted by an Illustrious Duke to a large Meeting of tenant Farmers to be held at Cambridge:—

"That all men in trade being dependent upon the men of the land, it is the bounden duty of the sons of the soil, at this awful crisis, to grind the noses of all shopkeepers.

"Whereupon,—Let no Farmer buy a new coat, but patch his old one, until he shall be able to appear as *Harlequin*.

"Let no Farmer buy a pair of leathern shoes, while there shall remain in his fields a stump of British Oak that may yield him wooden ones.

"Let no Farmer buy a hat, whilst in his stye or stable there is straw sufficient to make him a far better beaver.

"Let no Farmer permit his wife or daughters to purchase silken shawls or cotton gowns, whilst he has upon his land honest English sheep, ready and willing to contribute flannel petticoats!

"Let no Farmer drink foreign tea, whilst upon his native hedges there grows the tonic blackthorn.

"And finally—Let no English Farmer encourage the production of the foreigner, by paying away gold from Africa, or silver from Mexico—whilst he is able to make use of an honest English stamp, impressed on English paper made from English rags, issued from an English Somerset House; and, it may be, in due season, to be finally proceeded upon by an English officer, authorised by an English Sheriff, to find for the oppressed and outraged English Farmer, the substantial hospitality of an English gaol."

Rather Electrifying.

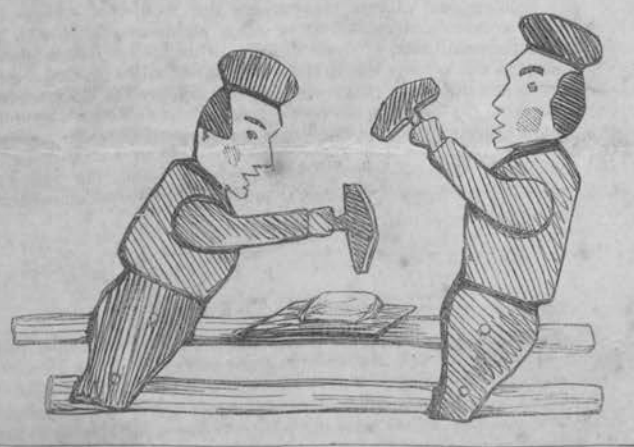
A Morning Critic, talking of the new ballet, *Electra*, says, "We must not forget the *rôle* of Marie Taglioni, which was executed with the nicest breadth." This style of criticism is scarcely complimentary: one would imagine, from the way in which the above *rôle* is described, that Marie Taglioni, instead of gracefully dancing at Her Majesty's Theatre, had been running down One Tree Hill at Greenwich Fair! We advise the critic to write his next criticism with more depth and less "breadth."

THE CALIFORNIAN FEVER.

THE Gold-digging Mania seems to be still upon the increase, if we are to judge by the hold that it has taken on our minds and manners, for even our Amusements and our Arts have got the tinge, and assumed the *couleur locale*—of California. The Drama, whose book was supposed to have fallen into the "sere and yellow leaf," has at length to boast of a truly golden page, in the form of a Grand Spectacle, called the *White Maiden of California*. The plot comprises a Ship, with a sentimental *Captain*, who is bewailing his "lost *Amelia*," in the midst of a storm, when *Ben Somebody* rushes into the cabin with the awful announcement that a "white squall" has "thrown the jibboom athwart the hawser," "dowsed the binnacle," "driven the companion into the back-yard of the mainmast," and performed other mischievous pranks, that none but a Stage seaman could describe, and none but an amateur of the nautical drama, could appreciate. The sentimental *Captain* goes into a fresh outbreak of grief about his "lost *Amelia*," and rushes to secure his child, who skips artlessly into his open arms, while he directs the faithful *Ben* to take the necessary steps for working the ship in the awful emergency. *Ben* is only away a minute, when he returns with a wild shriek that the craft "has sprung a leak," and in order to save the child, she is strapped on to a horse which has been taken on board by the *Captain* in one of his sentimental fits, because the horse reminded him of his "lost *Amelia*." By a lucky stage accident, all parties are saved, and cast ashore on the Gold Coast, where we find a vindictive "Native" in love with the now adult child, and the author happily invests him with a fit of conscience, for the purpose of troubling him with a dream, in the form of one of the most effective *tableaux* ever presented within the walls of even this establishment. The stage is one mass of ghosts, enveloped in what the Bills might fairly proclaim to be

Several hundred yards of Sheeting,

and realising the idea, rather, of Cali-co-fornia, than of California alone. We have said that this gold region and its pursuits have tinged our Arts as well as our Amusements, and in the annexed illustration of the last new toy, we find a Californian tone, applied to that in which Art and Amusement are both combined.



PRIMEVAL INNOCENCE.

IT is usual among Club Committees to solicit gifts of books from Members and others, and the appeal is usually addressed to those "who happen to have Duplicates in their libraries." Our old and valued —though not very valuable—friend, MR. DUNUP, having caught sight of this circular, determined, with his well-known zeal for the promotion of Literature, to do his best towards its advancement, though he has had so little success in promoting the advancement of himself. He accordingly wrote to the Committee of every Club in London in the following terms:—

"MR. DUNUP presents his compliments to the Committee of the —— Club, and having seen an invitation to send books, addressed to those who have 'Duplicates in their library,' begs to inform the Committee that his, MR. DUNUP'S, library, consists of nothing but Duplicates, which he will be happy to present to the Committee on the understanding that the Duplicates shall be presented at the various Pawnbrokers, and the books to which they relate redeemed from the funds of the Club to which the Duplicates are presented."

DARKNESS MADE VISIBLE.

MR. DAWSON has been lecturing at the Whittington Club upon "Things not seen." As a matter of course, he included the pictures in the Vernon Gallery.

OUR INDIAN ACHIEVEMENTS.

SUCH is the mutability of human affairs, as well as of public opinion, that LORD GOUGH, who was only the other day a discomfited imbecile, whom it was necessary to supersede, is now a victorious and skilful General, whom it is fair to honour. We confess we are much more delighted to meet him in his new character of the Goojerat Game-cock, than as the Muff of Mooltan, as that many-headed, though sometimes little-thinking giant, the Public, had a month ago regarded him. The veteran has "come out" in fine style on the last occasion, and the Gallant NAPIER will find on his arrival, that instead of having any opportunity to "come out," he will be found to have "come out" most unnecessarily, and he will be at liberty to return by the first boat, buss, or camel that happens to be going homewards.

We have been much amused by the amiable anxiety shown by the veteran GOUGH, to get into his dispatches a word or two of praise for every one concerned, however lightly, in the late victory. He succeeds in giving every Regiment a little bit of laudation, though it is sometimes rather difficult to find a pretext for doing so, in those cases where the fortune of war prevented certain troops from taking a prominent part in the action.

For example, although the 14th Light Dragoons had none of the fighting, he compliments them on having shown "a determined front," which he adds, "completely overawed the enemy, and contributed much to the success of the day." This cannot be taken as very complimentary to the looks of the 14th Light Dragoons, who, it is intimated, had such a very forbidding aspect, that the enemy was overawed at the sight of such very "ugly customers."

We see no very unusual merit in their having exhibited a "determined front," for it is not the custom of the British troops to present anything but their front to the enemy. A Regiment which can help to win a battle by such means should have such a nobleman as the EARL OF STAIR at its head, and under such command would succeed in putting the foe completely out of countenance. Perhaps there was something mesmeric in the gaze of the 14th Light Dragoons, which may have put the Sikhs into a state of Sikhses and Sevens; but at all events, there was clearly something in the eye of the 14th, which served to bring the foe under the lash of conquest.

Angels' Visits.

IT is with the greatest pleasure we notice that the Secretary to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt paid a visit last week to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. There must be something wonderful at the bottom of this visit. A new Era is probably to take place in English History—a whole year is about to pass without any increase of our dear National Debt. The papers will be rejoicing with the following announcement:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER begs to state he has received from the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt the sum of 3*d.*, which he has carried to the proper fund for lightening the burdens of the country."

Some discontented persons may snarl at the smallness of the above amount, but we, who recollect that we are in the third year of a Whig Ministry, cannot sufficiently express our astonishment at the largeness of the sum. But the ingratitude of some people surpasses all belief! We really believe if the odd shillings and pence were to be taken off the National Debt, there are wretches who still would find cause of complaint!

A Very Fine Chancery Suit for its Age!

THE Chancery Suit of "The ATTORNEY-GENERAL *v.* TREVELYAN" is now 164 years of age! The King sent for old PARR to look at him, on account of his extraordinary age. We wonder the QUEEN has never thought of sending for this Chancery Suit from the same motive. One hundred and sixty-four is a good stout age for a Chancery Suit, long-lived as Chancery Suits proverbially are. The Oldest Inhabitant must be a baby compared to it. Depend upon it, it will be presented at the next Levee by LORD COTTENHAM, who will enlarge upon its hale longevity, and assure HER MAJESTY that this old Chancery Suit, far from dying, has a good hundred years before it yet. By-the-bye, it is very curious that no quack has ever thought of starting a "CHANCERY PILL." We are sure it would be a rapid fortune. A box taken every Term time, would insure old age, far beyond that of WIDDICOMB. In fact, we doubt if a person would ever die at all.

LOOKS AWKWARD.

THE worst "Paper" in the market just now is that issued in Downing Street, endorsed by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and accepted by Nobody. These bills seem always either at a discount in the Commons, or under Protest in the Lords. With such symptoms we should not think LORD JOHN RUSSELL had long to run, whatever his bills may have.

MANNERS AND GVSTOM'S OF YE ENGLYSHE IN 1849. No. 7.

YE NATIONAL SPORTE !!! OF STEEPLE CHASYNGE.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Monday, April 23, 1849. Down the Road to a Steeple Chase, which I had never seen before, and did much long to behold: for of all Things I do love Diversion and Merriment; and both MR. STRAPPES and SIR WILLIAM SPURKINS did tell me there would be rare Sport. Got a Place in the Grand Stand, cost me half a Guinea, which was loth to part with, but thought I should have brave Entertainment for so much Money. Did find myself here in fine Company, Dukes, and Earls, and Lords and Ladies too, which did please me; but among them some Snobs, in Stable-cut Clothes, with spotted Neckcloths and Fox-headed Breast-pins; though some of these were Lords too, who seemed to have been at Pains to look like Ostlers. To see the Crowd on Horseback and in Carriages, and those on Foot pushing and scrambling, and trampling each other to get a Sight of the Course, as if there had been going to be a Coronation, or a Man hanged! The Course, marked out with Flags, and having Hurdles, Posts, Fences, Rails, Hedges, Drains, Ditches, and Brooks in the Way; and this Sportsmen do call the Country, and say such a Country is a Teaser, and so I should think. By-and-by the Jockies in their Saddles, but their word is Pig-skins, looking, in their gay Colours, like Tulips on Horseback, which was a pretty sight. Then a Bell rung to clear the Course, and the Horses with their Riders drawn up ready to start, and presently a Flag flourished for a Signal: and so they off. Good lack, to see them galloping helter-skelter, like mad, through Rivers, and over Hedges and Ditches, and the whole Thing done in ten Minutes! Some did jump the Fences and Hedges, which they about me did term Raspers, clean over; but others not so lucky, and stuck in Brambles or on Stakes, or between double Rows of Posts, with a Quickset in the Middle, whereof the cant name is Bullfinchers. Others upset in Ditches; and one or two of them not able to get up again, and carried away upon some of the Hurdles; and when the Race was over, three Horses found lying with their Backs broken, and so shot. SIR WILLIAM did inform me that it was a tidy Field, which I could not agree, with the Raspers and Palisades upon it, and the Horses spiked, or sprawling with their Riders on the Ground with broken Backs and Limbs. Nor did I understand the Fun of this Part of the Thing; wherefore I suppose I must be dull; for it do seem to be the chief Delight that People take in it. For, as if the Gates and Rails belonging to the Ground were not dangerous enough, they do set up others called made Fences, being stubborn Posts and Stakes twisted with Briars and Brambles, which do seem to be meant for nothing but to be tumbled over, and in that Case to do as much Mischief, as may be, to Man and Beast. The Horses mostly ridden by Jockeys for Hire; but some by their Owners, who, methinks, do set a sufficient Value upon their own Existence when they venture their Necks in riding a Steeple Chase; but I do blame them for risking the Life of a useful Horse.

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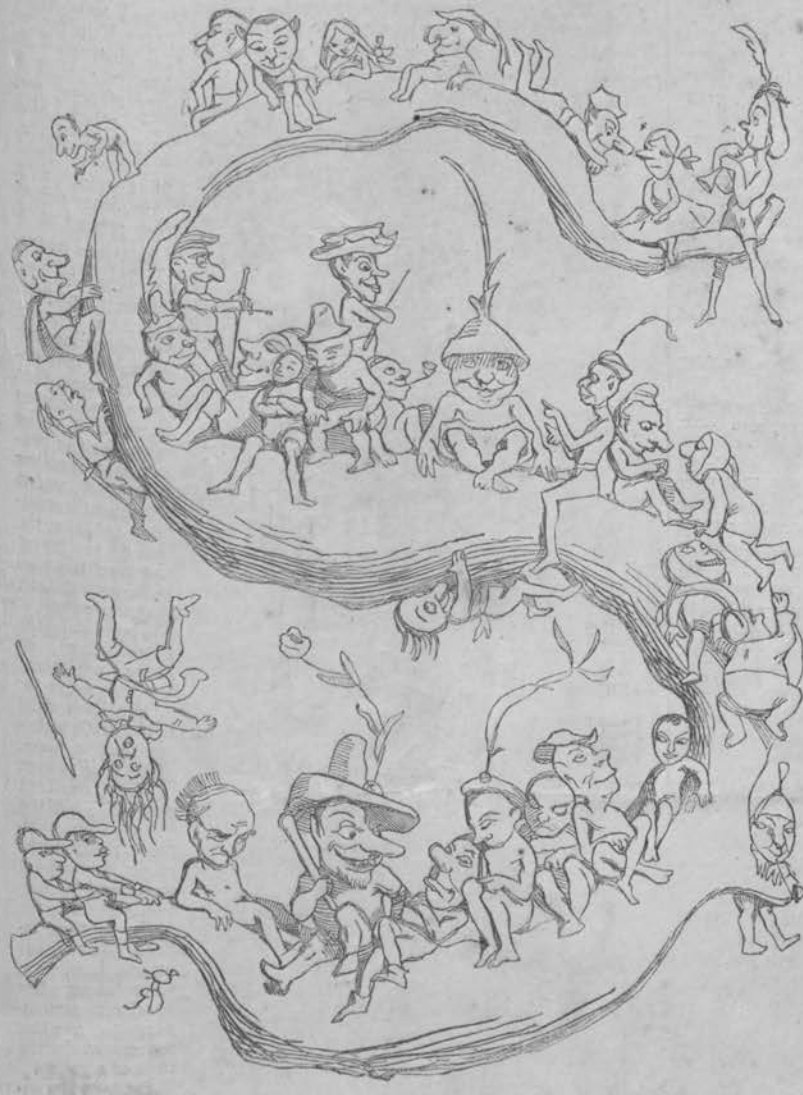
JENNY LIND AND THE HARE'S-FOOT.



SOMETIMES the spirit of Æsop wakes and discourses even in a dressing-room of an Opera House. The glorious old Phrygian, on sufficient occasion, disdains not the atmosphere of paint and spangles; but talks wisdom through his old instruments—addresses himself, with the olden eloquence of the olden day, to the youth and beauty flourishing and beaming in the reign of gentle QUEEN VICTORIA. Hence, when once again JENNY LIND prepared to tread with silver foot the slippery stage—when she renounced the very serious thoughts that for a while tied her, as with sad-coloured silken cords, to a porphyry column of Exeter Hall—when MR. BALFE prepared to serve out lumps of rosin to his orchestra—(rosin wept from the Balm of Gilead fir, towering to the heavens from the woods of Sweden)—when, in truth, the sweet serenity of fashionable life was agitated, like a beaten custard, with the tidings of the return of JENNY LIND, in white short petticoat, to the boards of her Majesty's own temple—alighting like a long-lost truant dove to gladden the bosoms of thousands and thousands—when, in a word, JENNY LIND again resolved to wear stage-paint, no longer deeming such rouge a scarlet abomination,—then did Æsop make his way from the shades, and after the manner of illustrious ghosts returning to the world invisible, entered unseen, unknown to all save to his fast friend *Punch*, the dressing-room of JENNY LIND; and when there, Æsop took within his august hand JENNY'S Hare's-foot: the foot that touches with carnation the sweet good face of the "young-eyed" songstress: the foot that lays the naughty play-house paint upon the cheek that awhile had grown so chill and contemplative in the aisles of all unworldly Norwich. And immediately, touched by the hand, breathed upon by the breath, of Æsop, the Hare's-foot became even as vital as when it scattered the diamond dew and pressed the violet. And with this life, came the power of speech vouchsafed by the willing lips of Æsop.

Hare's-Foot. I was certain of it, JENNY; I knew you would come back.

Jenny. I don't know. After all, I 'm sure those good people advised me for the best. I 'm convinced it was not my voice, so much as my immortal spirit, they made so very much of. And then—there's no denying it—a play-house is a very sad place. The porch—said the BISHOP OF LOCUST-CUM-HONEY—the porch to—to—

Hare's-Foot. Never mind, JENNY; I know what you 'd say,—but that mouth of yours, whence flow such heavenly harmonies, is not to be defiled with the worst of all sulphur.

Jenny. And what 's that?

Hare's-Foot. Cant, JENNY; cant. There are folks who believe their daily bread is only properly buttered, when it is spread inch-thick upon it; folks who would walk through the world only by a certain light, and that a blue one.

Jenny. Ha! You 're a very wicked creature. Yes, you are; for you are the instrument of hypocrisy. It is you who put a falsehood on the human countenance. It is you who—if, forsooth, you talk of defiling—who nightly defile with worse deceit the human face divine—(as one of my dear best friends has taught me to call it)—it is you who—

Hare's-Foot. Come, come, JENNY; the overture 's rung in; and if you go on talking, you 'll not have your face painted before you 're called.

Jenny. Called! Pray don't use such a word; it makes me very unhappy—especially now. For I 've been told and told these months past, that I was "called" indeed.

Hare's-Foot. And so you are, JENNY; called upon an errand that makes the faithful doer one of Heaven's chosen. You are called by that angel in your throat, to go about the world, scattering, as in a shower, delight and happiness upon the race of man. You are called to wake and interpret the emotions of the heart, and to make men's memories the abiding-places of life-long harmonies. You are called—

Jenny. All very well; but that is not the call I mean. I have been taught to feel myself called to sing only at Concerts, and in Halls where pious people scruple not to pay their pieces of silver.

Hare's-Foot. Humph! ha! Well, now, confess, JENNY, did you not find the practice a little—just a little cold?

Jenny. Not at all. Sublime—elevating! Rapt into the highest sphere of harmony!

Hare's-Foot. Yes; to be sure. When carried on the cherubic wings of MENDELSSOHN. But I mean as to the cold, colourless concerts; the operas with the life taken out of them?

Jenny. Life taken out! Why, was there not still the music?

Hare's-Foot. To be sure; but no action—no physical interpretation. There was the anatomical preparation—the music-book. And didn't you feel chilled, when you turned the leaves over and over; and the audience were always so calm and well-behaved,—never making you feel that you swayed them here and there, as you would,—like a summer wind passing over a field of corn?

Jenny. You talk very strangely.

Hare's-Foot. Come, confess, JENNY; you found it was all a mistake; you were dipt in disappointment, as in a well? Singing bits of an opera to the rustling of cold music-paper! Why, you might as well shew fragments of the statue of a goddess—here an arm, and there an ankle, and so forth—choice fragments,—and think them as vital and

as captivating as the goddess complete, living and moving; with every look a star-beam, and every motion a harmony.

Jenny. Nevertheless, there are—I am sure my friends are right—there are evil things in a theatre.

Hare's-Foot. There are evil things in most places (shall I say in all places?)—nevertheless, it is in ourselves to be or not be of them. O Nightingale! is it not so? How beautiful is the time! How the winds seem to flutter from the stars, winged with peacefulness! And you, O Nightingale, fill night's holy temple with immortal singing! The airs throb with your music; and the very flowers, in their freshened sweetness, seem opening at your song.

Jenny. Have done, pray.

Hare's-Foot. Nevertheless, O Nightingale! nettle and hemlock grow rank in the wood—frogs croak in the pool—and at the root of the very tree that makes your sometime home, the speckled viper has made her nest and rears her hissing little ones. And nettle, and nightshade, and envious frog, and hissing snake, are of no account to the Nightingale. And so—

Jenny (smiling). And so?

Hare's-Foot. And so, O JENNY LIND!—good JENNY—honey-hearted JENNY—hesitate no longer, for the overture is nearly done,—and the QUEEN and the QUEEN'S husband are come—come to smile upon your penitent return to the play,—with a crowd of the gifted, and wise, and learned—and (let me not omit them) the starred and gartered of the land,—all come to cast upon you looks of admiration, yes, and love. And so, JENNY—

Jenny. Well?

Hare's-Foot. That 's right. Dip my toes in the paint—(would it were the bloom of HEBE, and not French rouge!)—and straightway take roses for *Amina*. Very good! (JENNY *applies the Hare's-foot to the rouge and paints her stage face in the glass—the mice at the moment squeak in Exeter Hall.* JENNY *continues to paint.*) Delightful! Exquisite! Never since my foot first limped among the asphodel and amaranth of Parnassus—for I have heard APOLLO sing, or I had never touched your cheek, O JENNY LIND—never have I felt such all-bewildering ecstacy. Another touch! Just another, beneath the right eye-lid, and now—

[*Here* JENNY LIND *is summoned to the stage; she enters, and the Queen of Song opens her Parliament of Hearts.*]

JOHN MINISTER, MY JO.

JOHN MINISTER, my jo, JOHN, when we were first acquaint,
Ye were a bold Reformer, on liberal measures bent;
But now, ye 're growing cold, JOHN, ye 're getting slack and slow;
I wonder what has come to ye, JOHN MINISTER, my jo.

JOHN MINISTER, my jo, JOHN, are you indeed the same
That went too fast at one time for STANLEY and for GRAHAM?
Whilst now for COLONEL SIBTHORP scarce fast enough you go:
Ah! ye 're not what ye used to be, JOHN MINISTER, my jo.

JOHN MINISTER, my jo, JOHN, ye 're tamed, I know not how;
Appropriation Clauses ye don't bring forward now;
Extension of the Suffrage ye scruple to bestow;
Ye stick upon Finality, JOHN MINISTER, my jo.

JOHN MINISTER, my jo, JOHN, be what you were of yore;
Resume the path of progress, and I 'll ne'er twit you more;
Assistance I will give you, and favour I will show,
And you shall be my own LORD JOHN, JOHN MINISTER, my jo.

JOHN MINISTER, my jo, JOHN, we 've clomb the hill together,
And both have had to struggle with very stormy weather;
And I have kept ahead, JOHN, but you have crept below,
And now are sleeping at the foot, JOHN MINISTER, my jo.

HOW TO GET UP A LYING-IN INSTITUTION.

TAKE the Court Guide, the Blue Book, or any other equally exalted authority, and select from it some of the best names to be found, but in doing so it may be as well to choose a very old edition, for if some of the parties are deceased it will be rather an advantage than otherwise. Hit on a name sounding as nearly as possible like some charity that already is or ought to be in existence, and issue your prospectuses, having taken care to provide yourself with a good bold brass plate—there is nothing to be done without being bold and brazen—on which the title of your Institution will be engraved. If your capital or credit will allow of your adding a wire-blind for the window, the arrangement will be advantageous, for wire in this shape is very well adapted as a snare for charitable birds of passage. Having completed these preliminaries, send out as many collectors as you can trust, but carefully avoid sending any person who may consider himself a separate Institution to be supported by voluntary contributions, and who might, therefore, be tempted to appropriate the donations to his own use.

THE SMITHFIELD PROMENADE.

HAVING heard much of the delightful promenade afforded by Smithfield Market, we determined to judge for ourselves, and accordingly made our way, a few mornings ago, to that locality so much in favour with certain civic pedestrians. The principal walk is obstructed on one side with a row of pens, and the other side bristles with horns, not altogether out of keeping with pens, inasmuch as they remind us of

"Quills upon the fretful porcupine."

There is, undoubtedly, a bucolic air pervading the place, the only objection being, that there is a little too much of it. The space for the promenaders is rather contracted, and it is frequently necessary to take the bull by the horns, and turn the head of the animal aside, in order to prevent the bull taking the promenader by those unpleasant implements.

The low lowing of the cattle makes pleasant music enough, if it were at a convenient distance; but the horn accompaniment renders the affair somewhat disagreeable, particularly as the bulls, as they repose their heads on the bars, seem to be taking a few bars' rest preliminary to a rapid movement in the time of a gallop.

Perhaps the admirers of Smithfield as a promenade may be in some degree tempted by the softness it offers to the feet; but when it is remembered by what materials this softness is produced, there does not appear any very great reason for congratulating the promenaders on the taste exhibited.

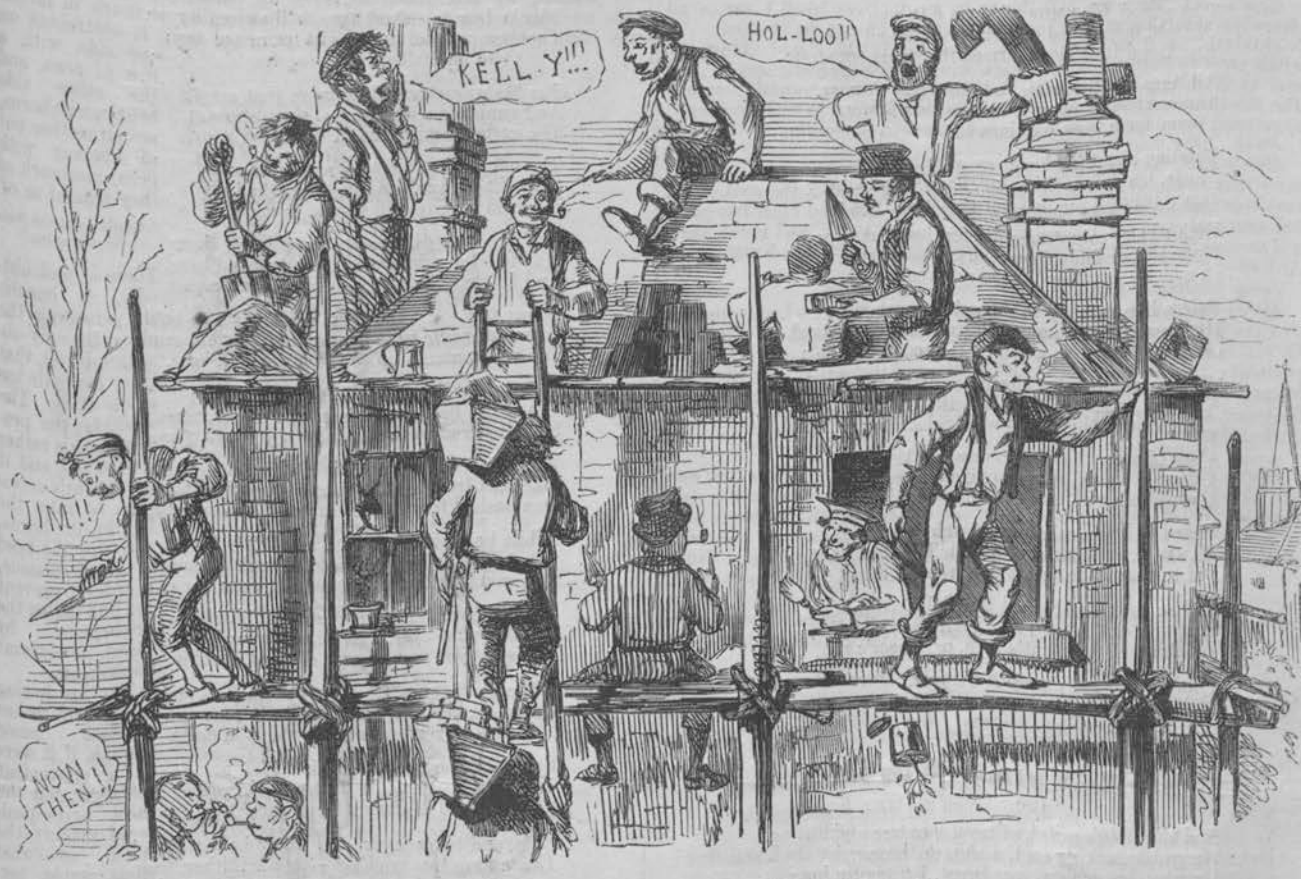
Nonsense that is quite Refreshing.

A MORNING PAPER, speaking of the meeting at the Royal Society, says, "the refreshments were of the most *recherché* description." What does this mean? Does it pretend to say that the negus and biscuits were very much run after? or that a person had to look a long time before he could find the cup of tea and muffins which he was dying for? *Recherché* refreshments must be something new. GUNTER probably will be advertising "*Des Glaces très distinguées*," or pushing his "*Méringues extrèmement comme il faut*." But we suppose a *recherché* supper means one at which it is the most difficult thing to find anything to eat, after the ladies have retired, and the bread and cheese has to be brought in! The English language is getting so Frenchified, that we expect soon *Bell's Life* will be written in French!

A LIVING SEPULCHRE.

THE cruelty with which MR. VERNON'S pictures have been treated is even greater than it appears to be on first thoughts. The Paintings entombed in the vaults of the National Gallery include many of the works of living Artists: so that not only has Art been buried, but buried alive.

PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.—THE LOOSE SLATE.



THE NATIONAL SPOKESMAN

TO LORD GOUGH AND HIS ARMY.

PUNCH hereby begs to present his thanks to LORD GOUGH, and the officers and soldiers of the British army in India, for the brilliant victory which they had the good fortune to gain the other day at Goojerat; and *Punch*, by these presents, extols his Lordship and his troops to the skies. A few weeks ago *Punch* sent LORD GOUGH his dismissal, which *Mr. Punch* is now glad did not arrive in time to prevent the triumph for which he is thus thankful. Having violently abused LORD GOUGH for losing the day at Chilianwallah, *Punch* outrageously glorifies him for winning the fight at Goojerat. When LORD GOUGH met with a reverse, *Punch* set him down for an incompetent octogenarian; now that he has been fortunate, *Punch* believes him to be a gallant veteran; for *Mr. Punch*, like many other people, of course looks merely to results; and takes as his only criterion of merit, success:—the great test of the excellence of his own super-eminent periodical.

NO TIME HAS BEEN LOST. MR. BRIGGS FINDS, ON GETTING OUT OF BED AT 5 A.M., THAT THE WORKPEOPLE HAVE ALREADY COMMENCED PUTTING THE ROOF TO RIGHTS.

BAD NEWS FOR PUNSTERS.

CONSIDERING the extreme flatness of the Pun Market, and the horrible dearth of the raw material, it is a serious matter when an apparent opportunity for a joke turns out to be unavailable. Two years ago the appearance of ALBONI was a boon to the unhappy punsters, who, in consequence of the stoutness of the lady, were able to declare that AL-BONI was not All Bony; but an instance has just occurred in which the punsters have been fearfully discomfitted. The moment PARODI was announced as a pupil of PASTA, the whole of the metropolitan witlings were writhing in all the agonies of a pent-up joke to assert that the *débutante* was a Parody of PASTA. Unfortunately for them the event has frustrated the intentions of the punsters, and the triumphant success of the singer has rendered impracticable the long concerted, but now disconcerted pun, which has miserably missed fire.

SOMETHING THAT MUST REALLY BE *SEEN* TO BE APPRECIATED.—The Vernon Gallery.

TWO PICTURES.

This.

I saw god Mammon sit upon a throne
Of Gold bags, piled on human brain and bone,
And Good Intentions formed the pavement stone.

All Arts and Sciences, and Gifts and Powers,
The comeliest graces of this world of ours,
Poured forth their offerings to the god in showers.

Painting about his knees *ex votos* hung;
Music, his dull ear tickling, harped and sung;
Fancy beneath his feet her garlands flung;

Rich meats, voluptuous dances, luscious wine,
Made the air faint about the gorgeous shrine,
In which I saw the bloated god recline.

Before him, bowing to the golden ground,
His great High-priest, with iron circlet crowned,
Chaunting the god, swung a rich censer round;

Whence wealth's fat incense wreathed about the crowd,
All-aged, unsexed, high, low, the poor, the proud,
That through this world-wide palace buzzed and bowed:

A sea of eyes, that one expression keep;
A floor of knees, that to one altar creep;
A world of souls, sunk in one worship deep!

Veiled in his purple haze of rich delight,
Mammon, as hidden from their humbler sight,
Did to that High-priest delegate his might;

And so they worshipped the Gold god in him,
Straining on his hard face their eye-balls dim,
Touching his garment's hem, or censer's rim,

Piling up golden pieces at his feet,
Licking from his foul hands th' uncleanness sweet,—
Peer from the palace, outcast from the street—

Snuffing the vapours from his censer rolled,
Of lies and cheats, and baseness manifold,
Sublimate in elixir rare of Gold.

And that High-priest, of nature coarse and strong,
Haughtily looking on the slavish throng,
Deemed that his god was great, his tenure long.

That.

I looked again—short time had passed away;
That temple-roof gaped and let in the day;
The Gold had fallen from the shards of clay;

For Mammon graced no more that empty shrine,
And vanished with the god were show and shine,
The garlands withered in the vapid wine,

The offerings of all Arts mildewed with blight;
Only the throne remained, in naked plight,
Its grim supports all visible to sight.

The devotees, that lately worshipped there,
Had left the mighty temple blank and bare,
And howled without, aghast and in despair.

Before the porch the High-priest, late so bold,
Cowered, while rude hands, from out his censer cold,
The vile contents up to the crowd did hold.

The Golden Essence, volatile, had flown;
The naked lies, and cheats, and frauds, were shown,
Each ushered to the light with yell and groan.

With face, of late all smiles, now set in frown,
One rent from head to foot his purple down,
One dashed from off his brows the iron crown—

While he, protesting idly, cried, "O friends,
What have I done that asketh such amends?
Our god was common, common were our ends.

"I dealt with Mammon roundly, blunt, and bold,
Dazzled your eyes, made drunk your hearts with Gold,
Did what you would, lied, cheated, bought, and sold.

"The god is gone from all—from me as you;
Leave me but free, the worship to renew,—
O Mammon-servers, what is this you do?"

But, still, they howled against him, more and more;
When sudden I could hear a far-off roar—
"Lo, the god Mammon!—brighter than before,

"Beyond two oceans, see, where he descends!
Leave here this trickster—follow thither, friends!"—
So the crowd fled—I waked—my vision ends.

A SUGGESTION FOR SONG-WRITERS.

Songs are becoming desperately and despicably colloquial, in a milk-and-water, insipid, indeed imbecile way. You shall have a young lady asking, through four namby-pamby verses, "Will you love me then as now?" and a young gentleman answering, through an equal number of equally lack-a-daisical quatrains, "Dearest, then I'll love you more." Now, it is deplorable to see a young fellow of sense and spirit, with a character and calling of his own, mewling and trilling such silly sentimentality. We want a different sort of thing altogether. Not that we should rush into the gipsy, bravo, smuggling, piratical, lawless, boots-and-belt-buckle sort of style either. This is as detestable an unreality as the other, and in a business-like, practical country, even more out of place.

Why should not songs, also, come home to men's "businesses and bosoms?" Why should not doctors, lawyers, merchants, and stock-brokers have their "appropriate" airs, and appropriate words too?

Think how much more decent and characteristic a performance it would be for a junior barrister, still in the patent-leather boot and drawing-room stage of his profession, if sentenced to the piano, instead of something in the mock sentimental, Bravura, or Bacchanalian School, to burst out into the following—

LEGAL PATTER-SONG.

Oh, what a vast, what a valu'ble variety,
The labours of the Barrister in practice show,
Not a single kind of roguery that 's practised in Society,
But he 's sure to be mixed up in it, or *con* or *pro*.
If a man would cheat his brother, there 's some legal "dodge" or other,
The sage enough to bother, and the saint enough to rile;
Straight two learned friends are brawling, as belongs unto their calling,
Each foul of t' other falling in most Pickwickian style.

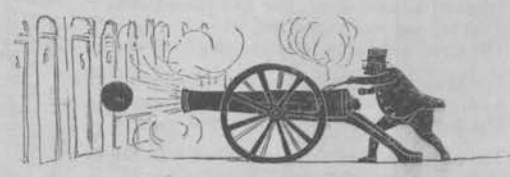
(Spoken). "*My friend is misstating the law.*" "*And my friend is misstating the facts.*" "*I appeal to the Court.*" "*Why, the witnesses contradict each other as to the facts, and the books contradict each other as to the law.*" "*Then your Lordship will direct a verdict for the plaintiff.*" "*On the contrary, your Lordship will direct a verdict for the defendant.*" "*No, that won't settle anything.*"

"*Why, nothing will settle anything but a new trial* (aside), *which will settle the client, and bring grist to the lawyer's mill; for the former must find the costs, while the latter may sing—*"

Oh, what a vast, what a valu'ble variety, &c., &c.

First come the pleadings, a web of complications,
Meant to guide parties to an issue, so they say;
But to pick the real issue out of all the allegations,
Is like looking for a needle in a bottle full of hay.

Once in French our pleaders pleaded, but since French was superseded,
As mystery still was needed to veil the Law from day,
The pleaders, discontented, an unknown tongue invented,
And as English represent it to their clients, when they say—



THE TRESPASS, AS DESCRIBED IN THE LEGAL PHRASEOLOGY.

(Spoken). "*Bless me,* MR. POUNCE, *what is this?* (reads) '*For that, whereas the said* JOHN SNOOKS, *on blank day of blank, with force and arms, broke and entered a certain dwelling-house of the Plaintiff's, and made a great noise and disturbance therein, and so continued making the said noise and disturbance for a long time, to wit, for the space of twenty-four hours* ——.'" "*That, Sir, is the declaration in trespass.*" "*But the man only knocked; he didn't make any disturbance at the door for twenty-four hours.*" "*A mere formal allegation, Sir, not necessary to be proved.*" "*But he didn't break in divers, to wit, twenty doors. There are not twenty doors in the house—he didn't break any.*" "*Pooh, Sir, don't you see it's laid under a videlicet.*" "*Laid under a what?*" "*A videlicet; that means, you mustn't prove the allegation if it's immaterial, but if it is, you must.*" "*But what's the use of it, then?*" "*The use of it, my dear Sir! But you don't understand these things. They're vocabula artis.*" "*And what may they be?*" "*Why* (aside), *words that raise doubts, swell costs, and enable the 'professional man' to sing—*"

Oh, what a vast, what a valu'ble variety, &c., &c.

Then if you have cleared the pleaders' vile Charybdis,
Its quibbles and its crotchets, its shoals and its rocks,
You 've to pass through the Scylla next, that cabined and cribbed is,
With Britain's best Palladium, twelve men in a box!
And as if it weren't sufficient that twelve heads should be commissioned
From facts, perhaps, deficient, the true inference to draw;
They must have their poor brains troubled, to perplexity redoubled,
By opposing counsel bubbled, and bewildered by the Law.

(Spoken). "*Gentlemen of the Jury, you will consider your verdict. I have explained the Law to you, and if you think the facts prove that the Defendant acted lawfully, you will find for the Defendant; if not, for the Plaintiff.*" "*But, my Lord, two of us don't understand the Law, three of us won't understand the Law, and four of us misunderstand the Law.*" "*Then, Gentlemen, I must explain it over again to you.*" "*Oh, please don't, your Lordship, for then none of us will understand it.*" "*Then retire, Gentlemen, if you please.*" "*Please, my Lord, may we toss up?*" "*Certainly not, Sir; the Law may be a toss up, but the privilege of calling heads or tails is only allowed the Judges in Westminster Hall.*" "*Please, my Lord, here's* JOHN SMITH *won't agree. He says he an't convinced.*" "*Then you must convince him.*" "*Please, my Lord, I don't think as how we can, for he's got wittles, and a pistol to protect himself.*" "*Then you must be locked up again, Gentlemen, and if* JOHN SMITH *carries the day, you'll remember next time you are on a jury to bring sandwiches to support your convictions upon, and in that case Plaintiff may move for a new trial, and we may sing—*"

Oh, what a vast, what a valu'ble variety, &c., &c.

A Worser than the Worst.

WE understand that a warrant has been already issued against the perpetrator of the following, who it is expected will be brought up for judgment—without any hearing, he being pronounced utterly unworthy of it—in a very few days. We give the affair as it has reached us, feeling that comment on such an atrocity would betray us, at least five miles, beyond the limits of discretion.

The delinquent, on being told that the hard work performed by the judges has been found in many cases destructive to their health, was guilty of the desperate assertion that the effect was possibly produced by the judicial *ermine*, which might be calculated to und-*ermine* the constitution.

What ho! Usher! Seize that man!

LETTER ON THE ELOQUENCE OF GRATTAN.

To H. Grattan, Esq., M.P.

MY GOOD SIR,—I don't know whether or not your speeches afford any gratification to your constituents; but I can assure you they give a great deal to mine; who derive nearly as much amusement from them as they do from my own brilliant pages. However, I assure you that I do not envy you the laughter which you occasion; for I know that you excite it involuntarily, and because you cannot help it. I mention this, lest you should think I had some sinister motive in the advice which I am about to offer you; and which you shall have after I have first stated my reasons for offering it. During your oration the other night upon the Irish Relief question, you are reported to have observed, in reference to a state of things in your own country, that "the ancients did honour to their dead, but we left them for the dogs to tear in pieces, and the vultures to pluck out their eyes." Can it, Mr. GRATTAN, be necessary for me to remind you that there are no vultures in Ireland except middlemen and attornies, who do not pluck out the eyes of the dead, but pick the pockets of the living? You are also represented as having accused SIR ROBERT PEEL of wishing to drive the Irish people to Connaught or to another place, which you specified in plain terms, not, however, calling it the House of Lords, though you used a direct expression quite as unparliamentary. Now, Sir, in order to the correction of your rhetoric, and the amendment of your taste, and your avoidance for the future of such mistakes in both respects as the above, I would recommend you to discontinue parliamentary speaking for a short time, and apply to a respectable teacher of elocution. You might give the House a specimen of your improved style after the usual number of lessons, and then perhaps your oratory would be divested of blunders and adapted to the organisation of ears polite. Think, my good Sir, on this disinterested suggestion from your friendly monitor

PUNCH.

A DELIGHTED NOBLEMAN.

IN the course of a debate in the Lords', on Friday night last, LORD CAMPBELL gave utterance to the following burst of natural feeling on the affecting subject of the pleasures of infancy:—

"He (LORD CAMPBELL) had seen his own children ride in a dog-cart with great delight."

How interesting is this glimpse which we get at the *délassemens* of the active Statesman, the retired lawyer, and the biographer of the Lord Chancellors!

We fancy we can see the noble Lord surveying, with ecstatic pleasure, a dog-cart full of his little ones, and contemplating the performances of that faithful friend of man—our old friend, your old friend, and everybody's old friend—the dog, in an equestrian capacity. The BISHOP OF OXFORD failed to sympathise in the parental satisfaction of LORD CAMPBELL, and expressed a wish to see all dog-carts put down, "because the soft foot of the dog was not fitted to drag heavy loads over hard roads."

This seems rather hard upon LORD CAMPBELL, and is perhaps giving his children an undue weight; for though the father himself has no doubt a more than average preponderance in the social scale, we do not see why the progeny of the Peer should be supposed to be too heavy for the social dog-cart. LORD CAMPBELL might very fairly have answered the BISHOP OF OXFORD's imputation upon juveniles indulging in such rides as those in question, by furnishing a list of the ages and weights of the riders, when it would no doubt have turned out that the sport was neither *infra dig.* nor the burden *supra dog*, which means in a liberal translation—"More than the dog could carry."

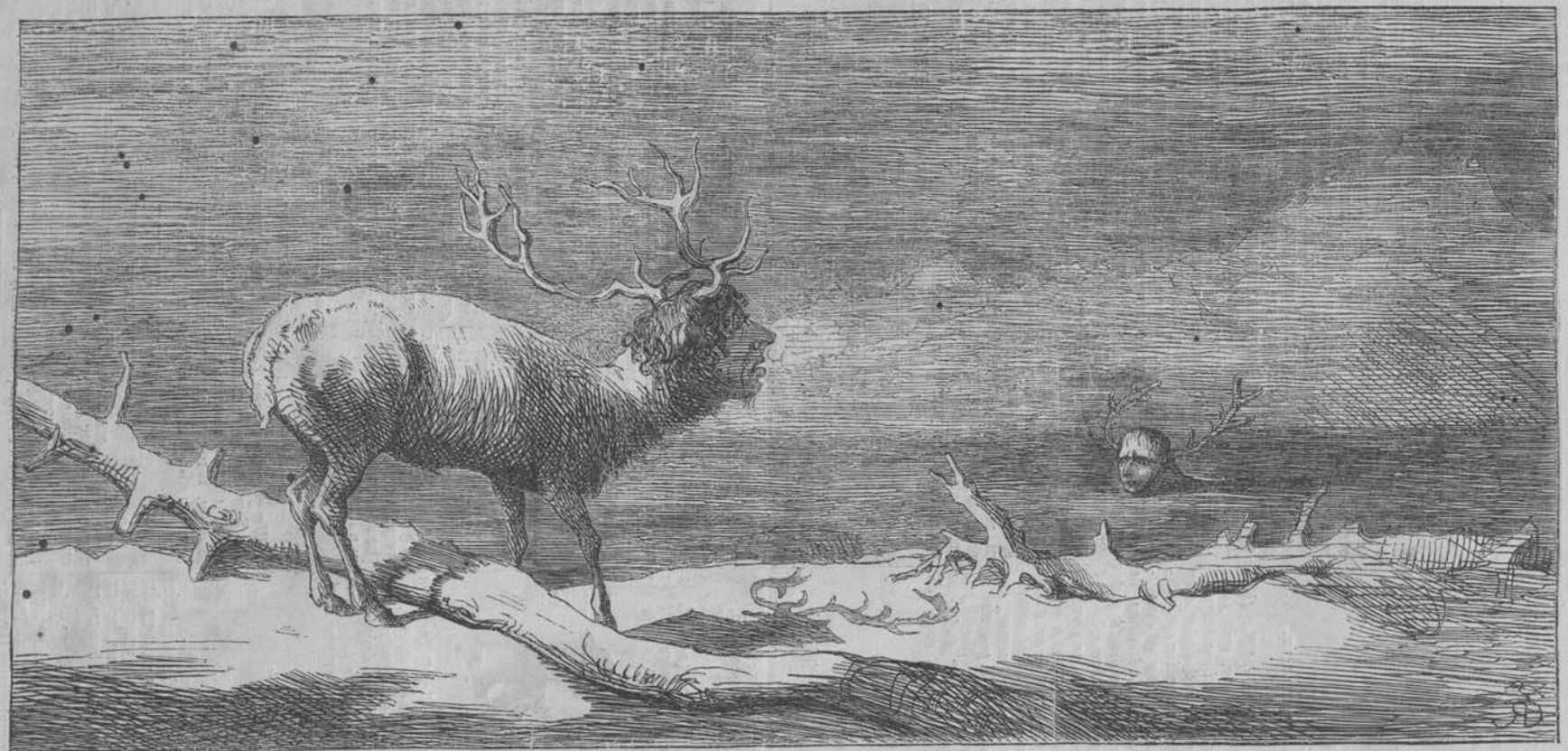
PUNCTUATION AND STEAM.

WE perceive by the *Times* that the MESSRS. WIGRAM have built for the Spanish Government a very fine Steam-frigate, called the *Colon*; which circumstance we mention, not for the purpose of puffing MESSRS. WIGRAM, but for that of expressing a doubt if the vessel will be much of a "clipper;" as the Colon is the next thing to a full stop.

THE LORDS S'AMUSENT.

THE papers are continually advertising the fact of a gentleman who goes about giving Lectures on "Things Not Seen." We should recommend this ingenious individual to turn his attention to "Things Not Heard," which would form an admirable subject for a series of Lectures; and would at all events include nearly half the speeches in the House of Lords, which fairly rank among things inaudible.

"PAINE'S WHOLE DUTY," &c.—The Window-Tax.



"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

[*Suggested by the expected meeting of Mr. Roebuck and the Hon. M.P. for Bucks.*

THE HOUSEHOLD FOOT GUARDS.—PUNCH TO THE DUKE.

SOMETHING, it is painfully plain, is wrong with our valorous Household Guards. There is blight and mildew upon their umbrageous laurels: the moth is in their scarlet; and something worse than rust upon their chivalrous steel. What *is* the matter with these sons of glory made easy, that so many of them—for felony in every variety—*will* storm Newgate, the House of Correction, and other of Her Majesty's prisons, carrying them with something more than martial audacity?

Really of late we have had a goodly list of Household heroes who, denied the wholesome activity of arms on the banks of the Sutlej, have plundered their way into the police-courts. The valorous principle, denied a healthful exercise, has turned to evil: the unemployed hero has broken out into the thief and foul accuser. Courage has become curdled into cowardice. Idleness, says the proverb, is the root of evil; and this root the Household Foot Guards chew and chew, until, like opium-eaters, they know not, in their excitement, what pranks they do. It must be even so. This is the charitable interpretation of the cause of so many rascalities, that not all the pipeclay of the earth will cleanse from the reputation of the Foot Guards. Poor fellows! They are victims of *ennui*. If now and then they pick a pocket, or rob a clergyman with a threat at his reputation—ten thousand times more mortal than a bayonet at his breast—it is only to help over the time that weighs so heavily upon them. They cannot always be coquetting with nursery-maids in the parks, or eating marrow-pudding with the cook in the kitchen.

The last soldier who has sought the bubble reputation even in the Hon. G. C. NORTON'S mouth is JAMES MILL, a distinguished private in the Fusilier Guards. The poor fellow—wearied to death with nothing to do—had obtained money by falsehood and fraud of a grocer in Lambeth. The feat was not much of itself; but then, JAMES MILL could boast of former achieve-

THE POLITICAL MARRIAGE À LA MODE.

ments. He had before covered himself with felony, and performed a glorious campaign of thirty days' hard labour in one of Her Majesty's prisons. JAMES MILL, at the time we write, is the last hero who may intermingle with his laurel a sprig of flowering hemp.

We could number half-a-dozen of the Foot Guards who have of late distinguished themselves. One hot-blooded imp of fame attacks a servant-girl for the purpose of robbing her; whilst another, mingling wariness with *his* courage, eases a terrified churchman of his watch and purse, boasting "that he would take money, or anything he could get, from the public, and had done so." And three comrades—by name, PRICE, STEWARD, and WALKER—listen to the boast with sympathetic approval, and drink of the malt purchased by that ingenuous Scot Fusilier. Well, *Punch* presents his compliments to F. M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and begs to inquire of his Grace what remedy he proposes to apply to the misdirected energies of the Household Foot Guards; who, for want of something better to do, rob servant-maids and appal clergymen? *Punch* is willing to concede that F. M. the DUKE is quite as able—perhaps better able—to govern the army than *Mr. P.*; nevertheless he begs to submit that there are spots in India where the Household Foot Guards might—as sons of glory—haply perspire away "i' the imminent deadly breach" the many dirty blots with which they have covered themselves in Hyde Park, before the residence of the DUCHESS OF KENT, in Lambeth, and other home places. Some of them might haply fill a soldier's grave, and so be altogether cleansed; grave-dust being held "the true fuller's earth, taking out all stains."

Or *Punch* presents another set of compliments to F. M. the DUKE; and if it be not held expedient to ship the Foot Guards—(in *their* case with very large pieces of Napierian soap)—to wash themselves in the Hydaspes; that then every individual of the aforesaid force should be distinguished by a medal at his breast—a medal struck at any of the gaols—to mark his particular act of prowess, the medals varying with the varying felony. That the medals be cast from the condemned scales of nefarious shopkeepers, and be worn round the neck of the felon-soldier, suspended by a cord of carefully picked oakum. Thus, when the soldier is loose—taking his civil walk—the passengers might take care of themselves and their pockets accordingly. Moreover, such medals, suspended round the neck of certain sentinels, might operate as a beneficial warning upon timid or short-sighted country clergymen.

And further, *Punch* presents his final compliments to F. M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and respectfully suggests that appropriate colours should be presented to the regiments whose members have distinguished the body in the hemp-field of glory. The colours might be worked with the word "Newgate," "Coldbath," "Tothill-Fields," as the field might be; worked by the female prisoners in the very hair of the heroes, cut by the prison barber on admittance to the gaol. The trophy and memento would herein be pleasantly combined.

Punch begs leave to state that he avails himself of the present opportunity to wish F. M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON many happy returns of Tuesday last, the first of May, and the anniversary of the first day of F. M. *Punch* doubts not, if rustic annals were referred to, it would be found that on the 1st of May, 1769, there was a prodigious shoot of laurels throughout the empire—a greater shoot than any known "within the memory of the Oldest Inhabitant." That these laurels may continue fresh and green, *Punch* further suggests that all Fusilier slugs and Foot caterpillars be picked out, crushed, exterminated!

SMALL SHOT FIRED BY A FIVE-POUNDER;

OR, WHAT I SAW IN FRANCE DURING MY RECENT EXCURSION.

I SAW several stormy discussions in the National Assembly, and felt quite proud that our House of Commons was so far superior to it in gentlemanly demeanour.

I saw one representative of the people publicly strike another, and thought to myself, "Well, if our Members do occasionally fight a duel, at all events they never descend to blows!" and I felt still more proud for St. Stephen's.

I saw long poles decked out with faded ribbons, and dead *Immortelles*, which I was told were "Trees of Liberty," but I never should have guessed it. A day or two afterwards I saw some of these long poles cut down, lying in the mud, and somehow I could not help reflecting that such was generally the fate in France with everything that was *popular*.

I saw the representatives and ministers caricatured in the farces and vaudevilles, and was rather astonished at the joyous manner in which the audience laughed at every little allusion to their dear Republic.

I saw several of the houses battered with shot, and still retaining marks of the cannon, and no longer wondered that the French had such little affection for home, when they could scarcely call it their own for two days together. If a Frenchman's home, like an Englishman's, is his castle, then, egad, it should be a fortified one.

I saw one man call on LAMARTINE, and this one man called himself "an English deputation;" and I burst out laughing when I read in his speech something about "unanimity," just as if it were a very difficult thing for one man to be unanimous.

I saw in a shop, placed side by side, busts of LOUIS-NAPOLEON, the DUKE OF BORDEAUX, and the COUNT OF PARIS, closely elbowing one another, which struck me as rather curious; but not half so much so as the general absence of every memento of LOUIS-PHILIPPE. Not a portrait of him anywhere, excepting a rare one, every now and then, on a five-franc piece; his very name seems to have left the French language. He might well without fear of contradiction publish now, *à la Chateaubriand*, his "*Mémoires D'Outre-tombe.*"

I saw the conscription going on in one of the country villages, and witnessed a mother weeping over a *gamin* that had drawn an unlucky number, whilst the young scamp was grinning.

I saw in Boulogne far more English than French.

I saw a Frenchman not admitted on the railway at one of the intermediate stations because he had left his passport behind him.

I saw several newspapers seized, and afterwards heard that the Editors had been severely fined, which I thought was rather a free manner of enforcing the Liberty of the Press; but then it must be confessed that the Press in France, in return, takes liberties enough without the smallest warrant.

I also saw a Club closed, and a five-sous banquet dispersed, and a crowd of six people ordered to "circuler," and it was all done, strangely enough, in the name of the Republic.

I likewise saw (what I would much rather have not seen) women addressing Political Meetings, and they were answered and cheered on by other women, who, I thought, would have been much better employed at home mending their stockings, or nursing their babies; that is to say, if French women ever do either [illegible] I had no time to see.

I neither saw [illegible] pleased me a [illegible] and exhibi[illegible] admi[illegible] co[illegible]

THE SER-PENTINE MARSHES.

PUBLIC attention has been for some time directed to the Serpentine on account of the depth of its mud, which had been regarded as one of those unfathomable mysteries, that no one was very much disposed to get to the bottom of.

The bathers in the river had experienced something of the bathos in which the question was involved; but they soon found themselves going rather too deeply into it, and many of them felt that they had very uncertain ground to rest upon. The inconvenience of a mud-bath had at last become so far recognised, that the authorities resolved on removing the marshy matter from the river itself; but not knowing what to do with the mud, they proceeded to spread it over Hyde Park, where some of it has been spread so very thick, that the Pontine Marshes themselves are not more dangerous than the Ser-pentine Marshes that have been formed by the deposits alluded to.

We are afraid that Hyde Park will comprise within its precincts a species of Goodwin Sand, in which many a juvenile may be utterly lost, unless a Consolidation Act is immediately put in force, and rendered binding upon the land, so that the public interests may be placed on a firm footing. One day last week the figure-head of a little Skipper with a skipping-rope was seen making signals of distress, and was only rescued from its perilous position by the *Saucy Sarah*, who had gone out as a convoy, but had parted company in consequence of having fallen in with a Man-of-War—belonging to the Knightsbridge Barracks—and exchanged salutes in the ordinary manner. Such accidents as these are likely to be of frequent occurrence, for the small vessels are very numerous; and though they are usually dispatched in tow of some larger craft, the latter will be very soon induced to tack about, and be off after some of the Men-of-War that are always visible in the offing.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THE other day I saw you walking by the Serpentine with young LORD FOOZLE, of the Windsor Heavies, who nodded to all sort of suspicious broughams on the ride, while you looked about (you know you did, you young rascal) for acquaintances—as much as to say—"See! here am I, BOB BROWN, of Pump Court, walking with a lord."

My dear BOB, I own that to walk with a lord, and to be seen with him, is a pleasant thing. Every man of the middle class likes to know persons of rank. If he says he don't—don't believe him. And I would certainly wish that you should associate with your superiors rather than your inferiors. There is no more dangerous or stupifying position for a man in life than to be cock of a small society. It prevents his ideas from growing: it renders him intolerably conceited. A twopenny half-penny Cæsar, a Brummagem dandy, a coterie philosopher or wit, is pretty sure to be [illegible] as a maxim that it is good [illegible]tectual and social. [illegible]t will do you [illegible]e wofully [illegible]ade,

o'clock, and spends seven hours after dinner in pleasure. Well, if he goes to bed at 3 in the morning—that precious youth must have nine hours' sleep, which bring him to 12 o'clock next day, when he will have a headache probably, so that he can hardly be expected to dress, rally, have devilled chicken and pale ale, and get out before 3. Friendship—the Club—the visits which he is compelled to pay, occupy him till 5 or 6, and what time is there left for exercise and a ride in the Park, and for a second toilette preparatory to dinner, &c.?—He goes on in his routine of pleasure, this young Heavy, as you do in yours of duty—one man in London is pretty nearly as busy as another. The company of young "Swells," then, if you will permit me the word, is not for you. You must consider that you should not spend more than a certain sum for your dinner—they need not. You wear a black coat, and they a shining cuirass and monstrous epaulets. Yours is the useful part in life and theirs the splendid—though why speak farther on this subject? Since the days of the Frog and the Bull, a desire to cope with Bulls has been known to be fatal to Frogs.

And to know young noblemen and brilliant and notorious town bucks and leaders of fashion, has this great disadvantage—that, if you ta[illegible] [illegible]ont them or are seen with them much, you offend all your friend[illegible] [illegible]le life. It makes men angry to see their acquaintances bet[illegible] [illegible]nselves are. If you live much with great people, [illegible]y that you are a sneak. I have known JACK J[illegible] [illegible]'s made him adored by the dandies (for [illegible]d I, only with not quite such good [illegible] [illegible]ple folks who want to b[illegible] [illegible]ay, offend a whole r[illegible] [illegible]with a Duke. *W*[illegible] [illegible]y grandees

natured fellow, never in the least puffed up by his literary success; and always said that it would not last. His greatest leonine quality, however, is his appetite; and to behold him engaged on a Club joint, or to see him make away with pounds of turbot, and plate after plate of *entrées*, roasts and sweets, is indeed a remarkable sight, and refreshing to those who like to watch animals feeding. But since MAIN has gone out of, and other authors have come into, fashion—the poor fellow comically grumbles. "That year of lionisation has ruined me. The people who used to ask me before, don't ask me any more. They are afraid to invite me to Bloomsbury, because they fancy I am accustomed to May Fair, and May Fair has long since taken up with a new roarer—so that I am quite alone!" And thus he dines at the Club almost every day at his own charges now, and attacks the joint. I do not envy the man who comes after him to the haunch of mutton.

If Fate, then, my dear BOB, should bring you in contact with a lord or two, eat their dinners, enjoy their company, but be mum about them when you go away.

And, though it is a hard and cruel thing to say, I would urge you, my dear BOB, specially to beware of taking pleasant fellows for your friends. Choose a good disagreeable friend, if you be wise—a surly, steady, economical, rigid fellow. All jolly fellows, all delights of Club smoking-rooms and billiard-rooms, all fellows who sing a capital song, and the like, are sure to be poor. As they are free with their own money, so will they be with yours; and their very generosity and goodness of disposition will prevent them from having the means of paying you back. They lend their money to some other jolly fellows. They accommodate each other by putting their jolly names to the backs of jolly bills. Gentlemen in Cursitor Street are on the look-out for them. Their tradesmen ask for them, and find them not. Ah! BOB, it's hard times with a gentleman, when he has to walk round a street for fear of meeting a creditor there, and for a man of courage, when he can't look a tailor in the face.

Eschew jolly fellows then, my boy, as the most dangerous and costly of company; and apropos of bills—if I ever hear of your putting your name to stamped paper—I will disown you, and cut you off with a protested shilling.

I know many men who say (whereby I have my private opinion of their own probity) that all poor people are dishonest: this is a hard word, though more generally true than some folks suppose—but I fear that all people much in debt are not honest. A man who has to wheedle a tradesman is not going through a very honourable business in life—a man with a bill becoming due to-morrow morning, and putting a good face on it in the Club, is perforce a hypocrite whilst he is talking to you—a man who has to do any meanness about money I fear me is so nearly like a rogue, that it 's not much use calculating where the difference lies. Let us be very gentle with our neighbours' failings; and forgive our friends their debts, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. But the best thing of all to do with your debts is to pay them. Make none; and don't live with people who do. Why, if I dine with a man who is notoriously living beyond his means, I am a hypocrite certainly myself, and I fear a bit of a rogue too. I try to make my host believe that I believe him an honest fellow. I look his sham splendour in the face without saying, "You are an impostor."—Alas, ROBERT, I have partaken of feasts where it seemed to me that the plate, the viands, the wines, the servants and butlers, were all sham, like CINDERELLA's coach and footmen, and would turn into rats and mice, and an old shoe or a cabbage-stalk, as soon as we were out of the house and the clock struck 12.

SUNDAY IN SCOTLAND.

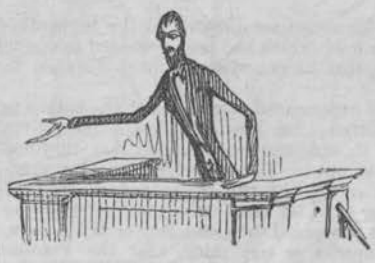
IF e'er to Scotland I should go, I hope I never may
Fall ill upon a Sunday from a doctor's far away;
For Sunday trains Scotch Pharisees forbid to run, and I,
Ere on Monday the physician came, might comfortably—die.

SOCIALISM ON ITS LAST LEGS.

SOCIALISM has been called "Society made Unsocial," and certainly MESSIEURS PIERRE LEROUX, CONSIDÉRANT, PROUDHON, & Cie, have tried their hands, and fists too sometimes, in bringing the definition down to several degrees below the lowest level of society. Their Socialism is a constant round of abuse, varied with an occasional interchange of shots and blows, which, with a wonderful disinterestedness, they seem to share most impartially in common, every one being eager to give his neighbour fully as much, if not more, than he has received himself. A Socialist is supposed never to "keep a rap to himself," and he carries this law into force by distributing, right and left, amongst his fellow-creatures every rap he finds upon his hands. This system of "share and share alike" is only a cloak—or rather a "wrap rascal"—for all kinds of robberies; since it has been proved that those who invest their money in Social schemes, in the hopes of dividing equally in common with others, never get anything; in other words, that Communism means Nothing out of the Common. When hundreds combine to throw everything they have into, what is called, "one pot," they may make sure it will not be long in finding its way to that fatal destination, and that it will never be seen again, excepting by two or three who have been appointed to keep the "pot boiling," and who certainly do it to a good stirring purpose, so long as there is anything left in it worth making a stir about.

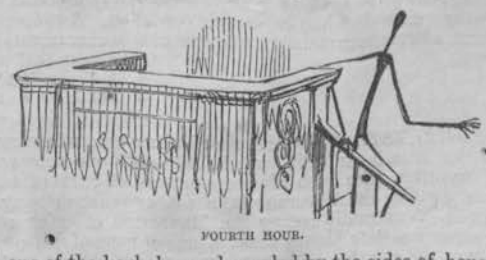
FIRST HOUR.

MONSIEUR CONSIDÉRANT has been explaining in the Chamber of Deputies the principles of Communism, and after four hours' labour proved that it was deficient in the commonest requisites of sense, and had not even "*le sens commun*." If ever there is a nursery song about "Who killed Communism?" the answer must be made in the first person by M. CONSIDÉRANT. He was its *bourreau*, and left Socialism, when he descended from the tribune, a lifeless mass, without head and brains. Our four tableaux will best explain the gradual execution; for the monster was so tough, that it took four hours to kill it. For the first hour Socialism, as personified by MONSIEUR CONSIDÉRANT, was stout and hearty. It seemed to have grown fat upon the spoils of others. It presented so large a figure that Division had, apparently, with it, only resulted in Multiplication. The Second Hour it lost somewhat in substance. Its *aplomb* was forsaking it. The more it talked, the more transparent it became. It was spouting itself into a consumption. Its ponderous bulk was melting by inches before its auditors. At the Third Hour every one began to see through it; it was clear there was nothing in Socialism;—and by the time it had reached the end of its vindication, it was nothing better than a walking shadow, and it slunk away, quite ashamed, without another word to say for itself; and no wonder either, after four hours' incessant talking. It sneaked out of the house through one of the keyholes, and crawled by the sides of houses as far as the Palais Royal (we mean, the Palais National), where it concluded a profitable engagement with the proprietor of the *Ombres Chinoises*. Socialism is completely thrown into the shade, and we will end our account of its timely decease with the Oriental benediction, "May its shadow never be less!" When we look at the result of the 240 minutes' speech, we must confess CONSIDÉRANT is not after all such a dangerous fool, "considering!"



SECOND HOUR.

THIRD HOUR.

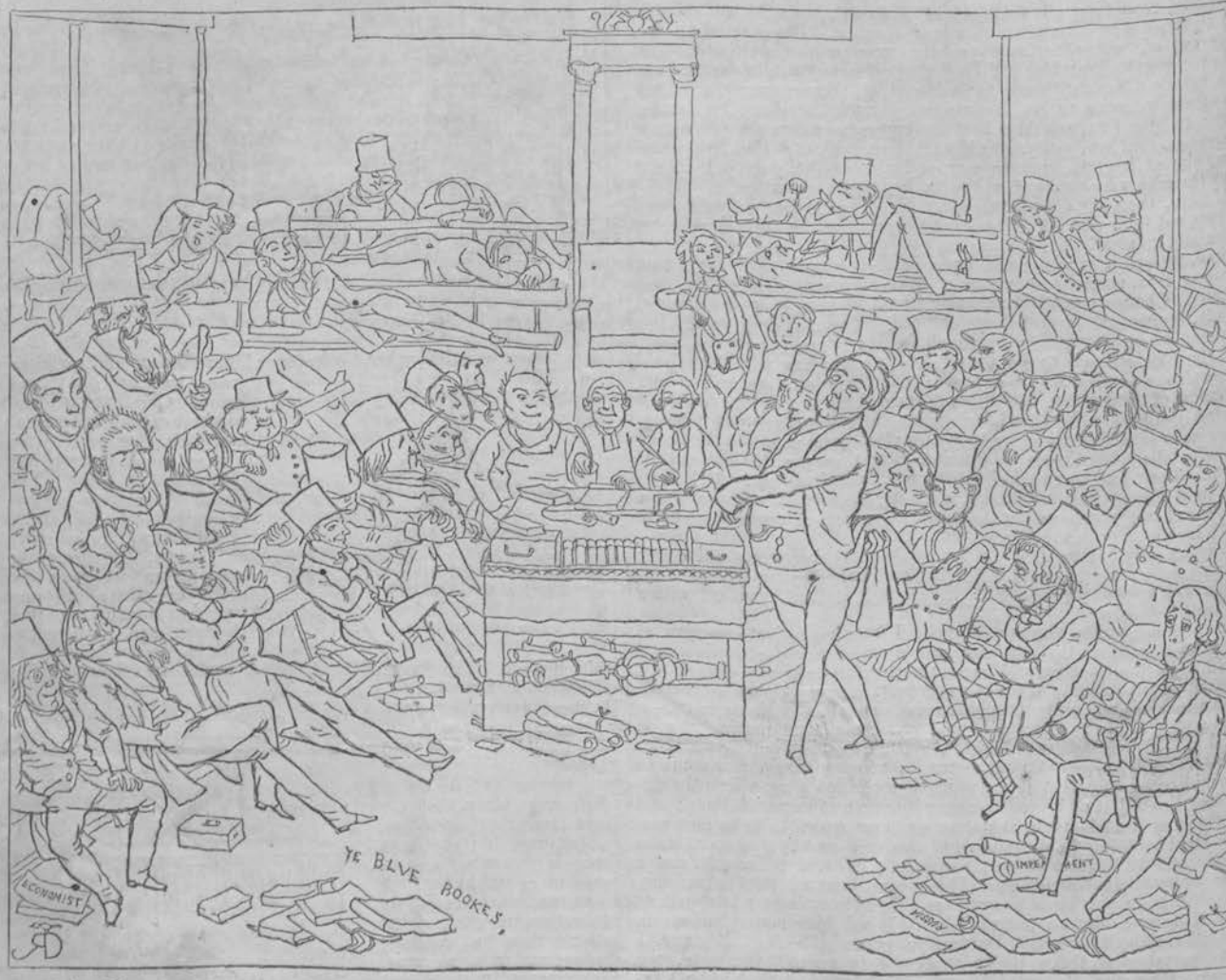


FOURTH HOUR.

HERE'S LUCK.

ONE of our illustrated contemporaries has given an engraving of the principal Street of Lucknow, and on the opposite page is a representation of Gentlemen's Fashions, of such an outlandish character that the principal figure looks more like a swell out of Luck-now than a civilised individual.

MANNERS AND CVSTOMS OF YE ENGLYSHE IN 1849. No. 8.



YE COMMONS RESSOLVED INTO A COMMYTTEE OF YE WHOLE HOVSE.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Friday, April 27, 1849. To the House of Commons, where an Irish Debate on the Rate-in-Aid Bill, which did make me drowsy. The House in Committee; the Irish Members moving all Sorts of frivolous Amendments, abusing the Government, and Quarrelling among themselves. SIR H. BARRON did accuse MR. REYNOLDS of being ready to Vote away other People's Money because he had none of his own, and MR. REYNOLDS did say that he never saw such Misery as on SIR H. BARRON'S Estate; whereupon SIR H. BARRON up in a Rage, and did deny the Fact with vehement Gestures, flourishing his fists gallantly. Then MR. REYNOLDS did fall foul of MR. BATESON, one that had been a Captain, for questioning the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER concerning young REYNOLDS'S Place; and did make a Joke upon MR. BATESON'S Mustachios: whereat much laughter. But a small joke do go a great Way in the House of Commons. Before the Debate, LORD JOHN RUSSELL marching up one of the side Galleries, and taking the Measure of the House through his Eye-glass: a sharp delicate little Man, with a mild Voice, but do carry himself stately. Methought his Observations amused him, for he smirked a little, and looked as if he knew the Customers he had to deal with. But to see him and the HOME SECRETARY and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER trying to persuade the Irish Members not to press their ridiculous Motions to a Division, wheedling and coaxing them as smiling and civil as Haberdashers! The Bill to be reported to-morrow; and then the House to a little ordinary Business; and MR. HORSMAN'S Bill postponed, through the Irish cavilling and squabbling. Then a Debate on naming the Committee on Savings Banks; and made an Irish question too; the dispute how many Irish Members were to serve on the Committee: and the end, the Naming of the Committee delayed. This Way of doing Business in the House of Commons makes it no Wonder how little is done; and the chief Cause is the Irish Members haranguing upon Nothing and quarrelling about Straws, which do seem to me a childish and spiteful Attempt to give Trouble to Government. I did hope to hear a Speech from SIR ROBERT PEEL, but was disappointed, which did vex me; but heard a few words from COLONEL SIBTHORP, which made much laughter, and were as sensible as any thing I heard all the Evening: and the Colonel, in a brave Waistcoat, with his droll Figure, did divert me much. Last of all, a Settlement of the Smithfield Committee: and I do wonder this became not an Irish Matter too. The House adjourning at half-past One in the Morning; and to see the Number of Members lying asleep on the Gallery benches! All this while nothing whatever done of more Importance than Parish Business at a Vestry. I off to Supper in the Haymarket on pickled Salmon and Stout, cost me 1*s.* 6*d.*, and then Home and to Bed, past 2 o'Clock, and my Wife do say that the House of Commons keep worse hours than any Tavern in Town.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

MR. BROWN THE ELDER TAKES MR. BROWN THE YOUNGER TO A CLUB.

RESUMING that my dear BOBBY would scarcely consider himself to be an accomplished man about town, until he had obtained an entrance into a respectable Club; I am happy to inform you, that you are this day elected a Member of the Polyanthus, having been proposed by my kind friend, LORD VISCOUNT COLCHICUM, and seconded by your affectionate uncle. I have settled with MR. STIFF, the worthy Secretary, the preliminary pecuniary arrangements regarding the entrance fee and the first annual subscription—the ensuing payments I shall leave to my worthy nephew.

You were elected, Sir, with but two black balls; and every other man who was put up for ballot had four, with the exception of TOM HARICO, who had more black beans than white. Do not, however, be puffed up by this victory, and fancy yourself more popular than other men. Indeed I don't mind telling you (but, of course, I do not wish this to go any further,) that CAPTAIN SLYBOOTS and I, having suspicions of the Meeting, popped a couple of adverse balls into the other candidates boxes; so that, at least, you should, in case of mishap, not be unaccompanied in ill fortune.

Now then, that you are a member of the Polyanthus, I trust you will comport yourself with propriety in the place: and permit me to offer you a few hints with regard to your bearing.

We are not so stiff at the Polyanthus as at some clubs I could name—and a good deal of decent intimacy takes place amongst us.—Do not therefore enter the club, as I have seen men do at the Chokers (of which I am also a member,) with your eyes scowling under your hat at your neighbour, and with an expression of countenance which seems to say, "Hang your impudence, Sir. How dare you stare at *me?*" Banish that absurd dignity and swagger, which do not at all become your youthful countenance, my dear BOB, and let us walk up the steps and into the place.—See, old NOSEWORTHY is in the bow-window reading the paper—He is always in the bow-window reading the paper.

We pass by the worthy porter, and alert pages—a fifteen-hundredth part of each of whom is henceforth your paid-for property—and you see he takes down your name as MR. R. BROWN, Junior, and will know you and be civil to you until death—Ha, there is JAWKINS, as usual; he has nailed poor STYLES up against a pillar, and is telling him what the opinion of the City is about GEORGE HUDSON, Esq., and when SIR ROBERT will take the government. How d'you do, JAWKINS?—Satisfactory news from India? GILBERT to be made BARON GILBERT of Goojerat? Indeed, I don't introduce you to JAWKINS, my poor BOB; he will do that for himself, and you will have quite enough of him, before many days are over.

Those three gentlemen sitting on the sofa are from our beloved sister island; they come here every day, and wait for the Honourable Member for Ballinafad, who is at present in the writing-room.

I have remarked, in London, however, that every Irish gentleman is accompanied by other Irish gentlemen, who wait for him as here, or at the corner of the street. These are waiting until the Honourable Member for Ballinafad can get them three places, in the Excise, in the Customs, and a little thing in the Post Office, no doubt. One of them sends home a tremendous account of parties and politics here, which appears in the *Ballinafad Banner*. He knows everything. He has just been closeted with PEEL, and can vouch for it that CLARNDON has been sent for. He knows who wrote the famous pamphlet, "Ways and Means for Ireland,"—all the secrets of the present Cabinet, the designs of SIR JAMES GRAHAM. How LORD JOHN can live under those articles which he writes in the *Banner* is a miracle to me! I hope he will get that little thing in the Post Office soon.

This is the newspaper-room—enter the Porter with the evening papers—what a rush the men make for them! Do you want to see one? Here is the *Standard*—nice article about the Starling Club—very pleasant, candid, gentleman-like notice—Club composed of clergymen, atheists, authors, and artists. Their chief conversation is blasphemy: they have statues of SOCRATES and MAHOMET on the centre-piece of the dinner table, take every opportunity of being disrespectful to MOSES, and a dignified clergyman always proposes the Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory of CONFUCIUS. Grace is said backwards, and the Catechism treated with the most irreverent ribaldry by the comic authors and the general company.—Are these men to be allowed to meet, and their horrid orgies to continue? Have you had enough?—let us go into the other rooms.

What a calm and pleasant seclusion the library presents after the brawl and bustle of the newspaper-room! There is never any body here. English gentlemen get up such a prodigious quantity of knowledge in their early life, that they leave off reading soon after they begin to shave, or never look at anything but a newspaper. How pleasant this room is,—isn't it? with its sober draperies, and long calm lines of peaceful volumes—nothing to interrupt the quiet—only the melody of HORNER'S nose as he lies asleep upon one of the sofas. What is he reading? Hah, "*Pendennis*,"—No. VII.—hum, let us pass on. Have you read "*David Copperfield*," by the way? How beautiful it is—how charmingly fresh and simple! In those admirable touches of tender humour—and I should call, humour, BOB, a mixture of love and wit—who can equal this great genius? There are little words and phrases in his books which are like personal benefits to the reader. What a place it is to hold in the affections of men! What an awful responsibility hanging over a writer! What man holding such a place, and knowing that his words go forth to vast congregations of mankind,—to grown folks—to their children, and perhaps to their children's children,—but must think of his calling with a solemn and humble heart? May love and truth guide such a man always! It is an awful prayer; may Heaven further its fulfilment! And then, BOB, let the *Record* revile him—See, here 's HORNER waking up—How do you do, HORNER?

This neighbouring room, which is almost as quiet as the library, is the card-room, you see. There are always three or four devotees assembled in it; and the lamps are scarcely ever out in this Temple of Trumps.

I admire as I see them, my dear BOBBY, grave and silent at these little green tables, not moved outwardly by grief or pleasure at losing or winning, but calmly pursuing their game (as that pursuit is called, which is in fact the most elaborate science and study) at noon-day, entirely absorbed, and philosophically indifferent to the bustle and turmoil of the enormous working-world without. DISRAELI may make his best speech; the Hungarians may march into Vienna; the Protectionists come in; LOUIS-PHILIPPE be restored; or the Thames set on fire; and COLONEL PAM, and MR. TRUMPINGTON will never leave their table, so engaging is their occupation at it. The turning up of an ace is of more interest to them than all the affairs of all the world besides—and so they will go on until Death summons them, and their last trump is played.

It is curious to think that a century ago almost all gentlemen, soldiers, statesmen, men of science and divines, passed hours at play every day; as our grandmothers did likewise. The poor old kings and queens must feel the desertion now, and deplore the present small number of their worshippers, as compared to the myriads of faithful subjects who served them in past times.

I do not say that other folks' pursuits are much more or less futile: but fancy a life such as that of the Colonel—eight or nine hours of sleep, eight of trumps, and the rest for business, reading, exercise, and domestic duty or affection (to be sure, he 's most likely a bachelor, so that the latter offices do not occupy him much)—fancy such a life, and at its conclusion at the age of seventy-five, the worthy gentleman being able to say, I have spent twenty-five years of my existence turning up trumps.

With TRUMPINGTON matters are different. Whist is a profession with him, just as much as Law is yours. He makes the deepest study of it—he makes every sacrifice to his pursuit: he may be fond of wine and company, but he eschews both, to keep his head cool and play his rubber. He is a man of very good parts, and was once well-read, as you see by his conversation when he is away from the table, but he gives up reading for play—and knows that to play well a man must play every day. He makes three or four hundred a year by his Whist, and well he may—with his brains, and half his industry, he could make a large income at any other profession.

In a game with these two gentlemen, the one who has been actually seated at that card-table for a term as long as your whole life, the other who is known as a consummate practitioner, do you think it is likely you will come off a winner? The state of your fortune is your look-out, not theirs. They are there at their post—like knights—ready to meet all comers. If you choose to engage them, sit down. They will.

with the most perfect probity, calmness, and elegance of manner, win and win of you until they have won every shilling of a fortune, when they will make you a bow, and wish you good morning. You may go and drown yourself afterwards—it is not their business. Their business is to be present in that room, and to play cards with you or anybody. When you are done with—*Bon jour*. My dear Colonel, let me introduce you to a new member, my nephew, Mr. Robert Brown.

The other two men at the table are the Honourable G. Windgall and Mr. Chanter: perhaps you have not heard that the one made rather a queer settlement at the last Derby; and the other has just issued from one of Her Majesty's establishments in St. George's Fields.

Either of those gentlemen is perfectly affable, good-natured, and easy of access—and will cut you for half-crowns if you like, or play you at any game on the cards. They descend from their broughams or from horseback at the club door with the most splendid air, and they feast upon the best dishes and wines in the place.

But do you think it is advisable to play cards with them? Which know the games best—you or they? Which is most likely—we will not say to play foul—but to take certain little advantages in the game which their consummate experience teaches them—you or they? Finally, is it a matter of perfect certainty, if you won, that they would pay you?

Let us leave these gentlemen, my dear Bob, and go through the rest of the house.

LITTLE WOMEN.

First Matron. "Has your Doll had the Measles, Amelia? Mine has—"

Second Matron. "No, dear. But it's been very fractious about its Teeth, and I'm going to give it a little Grey Powder."

Cruel Sarcasm.

Mr. John O'Connell cries, like a little child, about his speeches not being reported in full, and nearly breaks his patriotic heart because every one of his million words does not find its way into print the next morning. He would have every Irish speech laid down in all its railwayish flatness and longitude. Why, no one would ever get to the Terminus of it! We should be having an Hibernian Debate as long as an American Panorama—the speeches would be measured off by miles. However, the absurdity was loudly scouted, and the House showed its indignant sense of Mr. O'Connell's proposition, by immediately resuming the Debate on "Capital Punishments."

How to Discharge your Duty to your Country.—Receive a handsome salary for attending to it, and get a deputy, or some poor fellow, to do it for you. This is plainly the best way of *discharging* your duty. *Vide the Doorkeeper of the House of Commons, and many other sinecurists.*

COLONEL SIBTHORP TO LORD BROUGHAM.

"My Lord,

"It is with considerable pain that I bring myself to address you upon a favourite matter of disgust to my feelings; I allude, my Lord, to the atrocities of railways, an abomination that, I believed, I had made my own. But in these infamous times of Reform and Free Trade, and Whigs and everything, no man's property is safe. All is in confusion; all here to-day, and gone yesterday. However, don't let me wander; for I never do.

"I come back to railways. You are reported in the newspapers—not that I ever believe anything the newspapers utter—to have spoken as follows:—

"'But, as everything was to be sacrificed to the one thing needful, namely, rapid locomotion,—as the *old established mode* of travelling at the rate of 10 miles an hour, *with comfort and convenience to Christian men*, and at their own time of commencing and closing their journeys, reposing, *when they pleased, at comfortable inns, which are all now either destroyed or ruined*—as that old established mode of travelling was to be exchanged for a system by which you are *cooped up in a box* and *shot along* the road with a velocity so tremendous, that you have to thank God if you arrive at your place of destination with unbroken bones—'

"Now, my Lord, loving as I do the institutions of my country—at least all that remain of 'em, and the House of Lords is still of the number—it is painful to my feelings to have to accuse a peer of the realm of the most barefaced larceny, that is, if newspapers are to be believed—not that I believe them. But look at the passages I have marked—they are all my property. I have never attacked the railways without using them. The 'old established mode' can be proved to be mine by every Conservative of the Commons; so is the 'comfort and convenience to Christian men;' and so is the 'comfortable inns;' whilst for the identical 'cooped up in a box' and 'shot along,' I have been cheered at least twenty times, ironically and otherwise!

"Now, my Lord, although I know you like to have your finger in every man's pie—still I think it a little hard that you will not permit me to have my railway tart all to myself. Why will you be a Jack Horner, who will always put in your finger and pull out the plums that honestly belong to other people?

"Railway abuse originated with me, and I will not suffer you to deprive me of my lawful property. I believe this to be the result of your vanity, for I cannot credit the report that you are anxious to obtain for yourself, a testimonial about to be presented to me; namely, a silver warming-pan voted by the chambermaids of those 'comfortable inns,' now grown grey in railway smoke, and haunted by the shrieks of the railway whistle.

"I remain, your obedient Servant,

"*To the Right Hon. Lord Brougham and Vaux.*" "Sibthorp."

THE MYSTERIES OF MUSICAL CRITICISM.

A Morning Paper, talking of the new tenor, Calzolari, says, "his *portamento* is admirable." We know a little Italian, such as *Un poco—Bene trovato—Il Barbiere—Macaroni—non che malé*, and such popular phrases, but we cannot possibly make out what *portamento* means, unless by chance it is portmanteau. We have heard of tenors who sing from the chest, and perhaps Signor Calzolari is a new kind of tenor who sings from his portmanteau. If this is not the case, it may be, probably, that the distinguished tenor was delayed on his journey from Italy, and did not arrive at Her Majesty's Theatre until the very moment that his appearance was required on the stage, when he rushed before the audience in travelling costume, with the portmanteau on his shoulder. In any event we are delighted to hear that Signor Calzolari's "*portamento*" was admirable, and only regret that the critic has made no mention, either of his "*unmencionabili*," or his "*paletoto di Nicolo*." We hope they were remarkably "*sostenuto*."

'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE.

The wisdom of our ancestors recommends that we should keep our own counsel; yet we know how unprofitable and foolish it is to rush into litigation, and unless we do this to a very considerable extent, it is impossible either to keep our own counsel, or assist our own counsel materially in keeping himself. Some of the Railway Companies have been keeping their own (standing) counsel at a magnificent rate, and with what effect the condition of railway property will best show. In spite of the ancient invocation which calls upon every body to keep his own counsel, we are disposed to reject the idea, even although counsel are getting so numerous that, unless every man keeps his own, before long, the utter barrister will be reduced to utter destitution.

Prevalent Complaints.

Mr. John O'Connell complains of being badly reported. The same complaint exists with regard to his unfortunate country. Every one is sick and tired of hearing nothing but bad reports of Ireland.

MRS. HARRIS'S LAST BIT OF SCANDAL.

N the authority of the *Standard*, which we admit is far from being one of the "proper authorities," it is stated that everything that went wrong (and, by the way, nothing seemed to go right) in 1848, has been the work of the Jews. "Holywell Street has done it all," is the vixen cry of MRS. HARRIS. The barricades of Paris—such is the *Standard's* belief—consisted of contributions from the clothes bags of Monmouth Street, with the refuse of Rag Fair, and the scrapings of the Minories.

The revolutionary banner which has been so absurdly nicknamed the Flag of Liberty, is, if we are to believe the *Standard*—which, thank goodness, we are not—no other than the picked handkerchief yielded by the casual pocket to the inhabitants of Field Lane; and the real Cap of Liberty has been, after all, the conglomerated accumulation of hats, which has long been identified with the Caucasian race, as seen or heard murmuring out the well-known watchword "Clo'" in the Metropolitan thoroughfares.

We know that MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI is fond of declaring that the Jews have always been at the bottom—or, rather, at the top—of everything, but he will not be so well pleased with that most harassing individual, the MRS. HARRIS of the Press, for asserting that the "peoplsh" are responsible for all the evil that has, within the last year, afflicted the Continent of Europe. To him we beg to bequeath the case as it stands, and we do so with the fullest assurance that we are simply handing over old Billingsgate to be dealt with by young Wapping.

BARRICADE A LA HOLYWELL STREET.

Parliamentary Business.

WE are happy to state that the Doorkeeper of the House of Commons continues in the most robust health, and is able to attend to his duties as assiduously as ever. The worthy functionary, we are informed, is at present yachting in the Mediterranean, but will shortly visit the Scilly Isles; after which it is his intention to sail in his yacht round the globe. He is not expected back, it is said, for two or three years. The Deputy Doorkeeper remains during his absence in the full swing of his nightly duties. He is happy if he can steal forty winks consecutively, and complains terribly of the Irish Debates having jarred so lately upon his slumbers that for the last month he has scarcely known a minute's rest. The Speaker says pretty nearly the same thing, and is longing for the Currency Question to come on again. Till then his great pillow of repose is MR. JOHN O'CONNELL.

EQUAL PROTECTION.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE DUKES, THE DUPES, AND THE DOUBTFULS.

1*st Duke.* Gentlemen, the object of this Meeting is to give equal Protection to Commerce, Industry, and Agriculture. The first thing to be done is to restore the Corn-laws.

2*nd Duke.* Free Trade is ruining the country. We have had a revolution in every country in Europe since the Corn-laws were repealed. We have had the potato rot and Irish famine, since the Corn-laws were repealed. We have had short cotton crops since the Corn-laws were repealed. We have had the railway mania and the panic since the Corn-laws were repealed. Therefore it is clear that Free Trade is ruining the country.

3*rd Duke.* My noble friend having proved that Free Trade is ruining the country, I call upon you, Gentlemen, to form a league for protecting everybody and everything against everybody and everything. First, you must restore the Corn-laws, to protect the—ahem—*tenant.*

1*st Tenant Farmer.* Huzza! I'll thank you to protect me against JOHN STOOKS in next parish. His land 's twice as good as mine, and his poor-rates only half ours. I wants a protective duty of ten shillings a quarter, or I can never compete with JOHN STOOKS. Enter me for the ten shilling duty.

2*nd Tenant Farmer.* I shall want vivteen shillin' a quarter, for there 's t' parson o' next parish to ourn have set 'em all a deep drainin' and a guanorin', and a copperlitin', and a gettin' twice out o' the ground what we be gettin', and I can't grow agin 'em at less nor vivteen shillin'. So book me for vivteen shillin', my Lord.

3*rd Tenant Farmer.* Aw've never na market within a half-score mile o' me, and there's SIMON THRAPSTONE have only a mile to carry to my ten, and so I doan't think six shillin' onreasonable agin SIMON THRAPSTONE.

1*st Doubtful.* Hilloa, measter! I du buy my corn o' you, and I aren't a going tu pay six shillin' a quarter more for all the SIMON THRAPSTONES in Essex.

1*st Duke.* Hush, my friend; your turn will come next.

1*st Shoemaker.* I can't make shoes against THOMAS LAPSTONE under a shilling a pair protection. TOM don't go to the Public, and works over-hours. He 's ruining me. He ain't taxed as I am, paying sixpence a day to government, excise duty for spirits consumed on the premises. So put 'em down at a shillin' a pair extra.

1*st Tenant Farmer.* Stop there. TOM made these here top-boots for ma. You don't think I'm a goin' to pay yeou twenty-seven shillin' a pair when I can get 'em of LAPSTONE for twenty-six?

2*nd Duke.* My worthy friend—you *are* protected. We go for *equal* protection.

1*st Doubtful.* Please, my Lord Duke, what *is* equal protection?

2*nd Duke.* Equal protection, my excellent friend, is this. I give PETER a shilling protection against PAUL, and PAUL a shilling protection against PETER. Thus I benefit both PETER and PAUL to the extent of a shilling.

2*nd Doubtful.* Stop, I don't see that.

3*rd Duke.* How, my intelligent friend? Thus,—A gives B a shilling—

2*nd Doubtful.* I'll be B, give me a shilling,—

3*rd Duke.* There, (*gives him shilling*) and now, B gives A a shilling—

2*nd Doubtful.* Darned if B do. I've got un and I'll keep un. I'se a landlord, my Lod Dook, and this here shilling 's the protective dooty on wheat. (*Grins and exit.*)

3*rd Duke.* Impertinent scoundrel! Yes, my friends, every body ought to be protected against every body—What follows? Why, the shoemaker may pay an extra shilling for his loaf, but will he not have the power to lay an extra sixpence on to every shoe he sells? The tailor may find a penny a pound rise on mutton, but will he not enjoy his proud privilege of clapping a penny a yard protective duty on to every pair of unmentionables he manufactures? In short, every interest being enriched at the expense of every other interest, it is clear that great general good will be the result. Gentlemen, what makes the greatness of England? Gentlemen, it is generally admitted to be a bold peasantry, their country's pride, and our wooden walls! Gentlemen, two and two make five, and not four, as your *Economists* (*Loud laughter*) would have you believe; and the cause of the Goodwin Sands is well known—what is that cause, Gentlemen?—why, Tenterden steeple! (*Immense cheering*) Then let us get rid of that cursed Free Trade, which is our Tenterden steeple (*Terrific cheering by the Dupes. The Doubtfuls shake their heads. Meeting breaks up in utter confusion of ideas, great enthusiasm and profound conviction, except as excepted*).

THE GREAT INAUDIBLE.

WE feel necessitated to direct public derision to an exceedingly absurd custom still retained in the House of Lords. It is that of crying "Hear, hear!" whereas, owing to the malconstruction of their Lordships' House, hearing is there utterly impossible.

PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.—THE LOOSE SLATE.

JUST TO SHOW HOW ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER—MR. BRIGGS (WHO HAS COME OUT ON THE LEADS WHILE THE MEN ARE GONE TO DINNER) IS SHOWN BY THE BUILDER HOW IT WOULD BE THE EASIEST THING IN THE WORLD TO "THROW" HIS PASSAGE INTO HIS DINING-ROOM, AND BUILD A NEW ENTRANCE HALL WITH A SLIGHT CONSERVATORY OVER IT.—TO THE RIGHT OF THE CARTOON IS MRS. BRIGGS (!) WHO THINKS MR. B. HAS TAKEN LEAVE OF HIS SENSES.

STRANGE ORIGINALITY.

THERE is an individual giving entertainments in London and the provinces, who seeks to attract audiences by advertising himself as the "ORIGINAL BONES." One would think that he was a being formed out of some fossil remains, for upon no other supposition can we account for his laying claim to that originality of bone in which his hold upon public patronage seems to consist. He surely cannot mean to assume a peculiarity of osseous structure over all his fellow-creatures, or to contend that upon a writ of inquiry into the respective merits of himself and a rival, there ought to be a return of *nulla bona* in the case of his competitor, and that the latter is not worth having any bones made about him at all.

We cannot comprehend why greater stress should be laid upon original bones than upon original muscles, or original sinews, and indeed the last of the three would appear best adapted for insinewating themselves into the favour of the public. We protest against the assumption of any set of bones being more original than any other set of bones, and we are averse to see any bones attempting to dislocate themselves by getting out of their proper position.

Clerical Delinquency.

THE other day we met with a paragraph in a newspaper, headed "ALLEGED MURDER FOR THE SAKE OF BURIAL FEES." The case turned out to be that of a woman supposed to have poisoned her husband and children in order to obtain funeral-money from a benefit club. We expected to find the murder for the sake of burial fees was the wholesale destruction of human life which is caused by intra-mural interment.

NON-UBIQUITY OF COUNSEL.

CONSIDERABLE inconvenience continues to be felt in the Courts of Law, on account of the inability counsel feel themselves under, to appear—like a favourite actor—in two pieces; or, in legal phraseology—to effect a severance of their own bodies, and convert a corporation sole into divided moieties of one individual.

The difficulty of catching a favourite counsel has extended even so low as the Insolvent Court, where a single practitioner is attempting to keep up a sort of professional monopolylogue: by running in and out of the different tribunals, and by dropping a few sentences here, a remnant of an argument there, and a little bit of cross-examination in the third tribunal, he manages to keep his triple practice going,—to his own profit, though at the loss of the public time, and to the detriment of suitors. If this system is to be continued, it would be better to try the effect of legal ventriloquism, allowing the barrister to have a lay figure of himself in each of the three Courts; and by placing himself in a position commanding a view of the whole, he might distribute his eloquence pretty fairly among his three representatives. Perhaps it would be advisable to allow the favoured counsel a seat in the central dome of a building containing several Courts, and from this exalted position in his profession, he might look down upon his less fortunate brethren, and keep together his own tripartite connection without inconvenience to any one.

Genuine Belly Timber.

ACCORDING to the *Lancet*, DR. PERCY of Birmingham recommends, in certain cases, the use of bread made of wood. Superficial persons may deride the notion of wooden bread; but, when they come to think, they must see that it is the fittest of all materials to make the staff of life with.

OFF THE RAIL.

MISS BENIMBLE'S TEA-AND-TOAST.

MISS B. EXPLAINS THE CAUSE OF HER LATE SILENCE.—REMOVES TO EATON SQUARE.—SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE.—THE JEW BILL.—THE STATE BALL.

OOD *Mr. Punch*,—It was only two days after my last—and when I was in the hope of being sweetly settled for the season—that a Cornish baronet and his family took my house in St. James's, and, at a minute's warning, I stood with my box in the street. But so it is! Folks in high life have no more thoughts of them as are below 'em, than the eagles in their areas have of the mushrooms in the meads. I felt this the more, as I was getting so used to Court life, that a Drawing-Room and a Levee were quite the necessaries of my existence. And now I can only see 'em 'flected in the papers, and not through the windows of the carriages, as, like a gold and satin snake of many colours,—if I may borrow MR. LOVELACE's figure—they winded their way under my eyes to the Palace of St. James's. I felt driven out of the *hot monde*, like my respected first mother, EVE—if she will allow me to make so bold with her—was driven out of Eden. So there was no help for it, but to wipe my eyes, and—as just then there was no other house for me to look after—to go and hide myself in my modest garret.

Oh! *Mr. Punch*—to me, who 'd been so long used to the gilding and carving of the aristocracy—the whitewash of my own attic walls fell like a blank upon my heart. I seemed wiped out of creation. Sitting in my own empty room, it seemed as if I 'd put off—what I've heard LOVELACE name—this mortal caul, and had nothing but my soul about me; a shocking state as you must allow, for any person as respects the comforts of life to be reduced to! And this—after awhile—made me know how it is that certain small folks never feel so big as when they are in other people's houses—eating other people's dinners—and 'joying other people's grandeur. They pack up so very little at home, that they may show all the bigger when they go out.

Well, *Mr. Punch*, I took up my pen,—but I might as well have laid hold of the eclectic eel that was once showed at Queen Adelaide's Gallery; I couldn't hold it for a single syllable. Which makes me certain—whatever may be printed to the contrary—that nothing really fine was ever writ in a garret. As for *Rasselas* and *Vicar of Wakefield*, and so forth, my 'pinion is that they were the works of some Marquis or Earl ashamed to be found out, and so put off upon poor people—just in the same way, as I see a Lecturer in the papers goes to prove that *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* and so forth were writ by the monks; and not by an impostor known as SHAKSPEARE. That, in fact, there never was what we call one Swan of Avon, but a whole swarm of Church Mice.

By-the-way, *is* it true that PRINCE ALBERT is going down to Stratford to lay the first stone of a house for SHAKSPEARE's housekeeper? And *is* it true that MR. CHARLES KEAN is to be put into the place—as BUONAPARTE was sent to St. Helena—to be kept quiet, and never again to disturb the public peace? MR. LOVELACE says he doesn't believe it; but when we remember the pranks that MR. KEAN played at Windsor, I—for my part—don't see anything to doubt in it. "'Twould be cruel treatment of a Christian," said LOVELACE. "Why?" said I. "Why?" said he: "when you remember how many murders of SHAKSPEARE an actor may have upon his head, wouldn't it be a little severe even to the worst of stage sinners to put him in a place, where his own *Ghost* of *Hamlet*—with all his own wounds upon him—might come to him every night? Where *Shylock*, with a knife of blue fire, and scales of yellow moonbeams might go round and round his bedside, like a Jew round an area calling 'hare-skins'—raving for a pound of flesh, for every gash the player had given him? No, no," said LOVELACE, "whatever difference may exist 'twixt SHAKSPEARE and MR. KEAN, I should be sorry for the humanity of my country, to see the gentleman sentenced to keep SHAKSPEARE's house. I've no objection to St. Helena, or even Sierra Leone; but Stratford-upon-Avon would be too bad."

However, *Mr. Punch*, to return to my garret,—or rather, not to return, as I 'm out of it, being at this minute in trust of a splendid mansion—(which between ourselves I hope nobody will look at)—in Eaton Square. I've been removed only four days; and I do assure you, I 'd no sooner got out of that wretched garret, than my thoughts that seemed twisted and tied in knots (if I may say so) with the cramp, began to stretch themselves. The poetry in my soul—for LOVELACE says he knows it 's there—seemed to burst out in a blush like the lilacs. I feel my feelings in very full leaf indeed; whereupon, *Mr. Punch*, I again take up my pen, humbly hoping to give you the benefit of the season. As if I was a human hawthorn—to use the flattering expression of MR. LOVELACE—I will try to put the perfume of my mind on paper.

The sweetest thing of my present position is, that I 'm not cut off from LOVELACE—that London pride of policemen!—as of course I was, in my garret. Being in a house fit to entertain him, he took tea and radishes with me last night,—when both of us returned panting to the news of the day, like roebucks to the water-courses. "What," said I, "do you think of the QUEEN's State Ball?"

"It 's very odd," said LOVELACE, balancing his spoon on the edge of his cup, and shaking his right leg crossed on his left; a habit he has when he 's going to be original,—"it 's very odd, MISS BENIMBLE," says he—"if we look at the matter as historians, as philosophers, and as Christians,—it 's very odd, what a deal of Jewish matters has turned upon dancing! The State Ball is the last instance."

"What do you mean, MR. LOVELACE?" says I. "What had the State Ball to do with the Jews?"

"And didn't you see LORD JOHN's paragraph? For coolness, Wenham ice is nothing to it: it was a notice putting off the Jews' Bill, because the House of Commons was going to dance at Buckingham Palace. A great blow to the Judea of England! Not a Hebrew with a heart in his bosom that didn't feel it! Religious liberty put off for a quadrille! The harps of the Minories still hanging on the willows, that STRAUSS's Band might yell and bellow polkas! When the news went through Houndsditch, there wasn't a respectable Hebrew that didn't take his own coat by the skirts, and to show his disgust of LORD JOHN, rip it right up to the collar! To put off the Jews for a dance," said LOVELACE with a leer, "looks very like a shuffle; I may say, a double shuffle."

"But the Jews themselves," said I, "didn't seem to feel it. There were—I saw two names—BARON ROTHSCHILD and BARON GOLDSMITH, with, no doubt, their wives and families, present, dancing—all of 'em—like so many DAVIDS!"

"I didn't see that. I never read the list. It 's like looking into the golden gardens of the Asparagus, over a wall of glass bottles. If, however, they were there"—said LOVELACE, with one of his cutting looks—"they were, no doubt, drest in Court-suits of velvet sackcloth, and their heads powdered with ashes of screened Wallsend. As loyal subjects, they couldn't refuse the Royal command,—but, no doubt of it, as Jews waiting for religious liberty—put off by a ball—no doubt they went unshaved and in sackcloth mourning."

"And do you think the Lords will throw the Jews out?" said I.

"I shouldn't at all wonder," said LOVELACE, "and for this reason. It 's a bit of bigotry they can enjoy in comfort. That is, they know there won't be much fuss about the matter. There 'll be no buttoning up of pockets—no stopping of the supplies—no marching of iron men from Birmingham, and so forth—no, not if instead of throwing the Jew Bill out of the Lords, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal were to throw all Holywell Street into the waters of Babylon."

"Is it possible?" says I, for I couldn't believe it.

"Have you never seen, MISS BENIMBLE,—never seen a boy with a cockchafer on a pin, spinning him round; his father—I mean the boy's father—a good, dull sort of a man, that wouldn't really hurt a Christian, sitting and looking quietly at the sport? Have you never seen it?" I nodded. "Well, then," said LOVELACE, "the House of Lords is that boy, and the Jew is the cockchafer. If Master Lord will still tease and persecute the Jew, why, I don't think JOHN BULL will jump up in a heat, and swear he won't stand it. And MISS BENIMBLE"—and LOVELACE looked serious and shook his head—"and this makes the matter all the shabbier. It 's cowardly to try to torment any cockchafer soever, but more than all, a cockchafer that hasn't got a friend."

"Very true," says I, glad to get from the subject. "Talking of dresses" (which he wasn't)—"that was a beautiful dress of the QUEEN's. A dress of pink tool with two petticoats!"

"Why two?" said MR. LOVELACE.

"Why not? If I was a Queen, I 'd have twenty, and Spitalfields should worship me. Two petticoats of pink tool, trimmed with pink and white gauze ribbon, ornamented with pink and white roses, green leaves and diamonds. HER MAJESTY's head-dress was composed of a wreath of pink and white roses, green leaves and diamonds to answer."

MR. LOVELACE, opening his eyes, said—"You seem to have got it all by heart, and printed it there."

"I should think so," said I. "Bless you, that pink and white gauze—la! it 's gone the round of all the firesides of England—and then the pink and white roses, why they 've seemed grown upon the bushes of Paradise—and the green leaves are from the real British oak—and the diamonds of the head-dress, why, what do they stand for, MR. LOVELACE, but for the bright good thoughts that fill our good QUEEN's little head?"

MR. LOVELACE looked surprised at what he called my flow of words. "Well, now I see it," says he. "There 's a meaning in dress, after all."

"To be sure there is," said I, "if people have only the sense to see it."

"And that 's why in the newspapers," said LOVELACE, "Duchesses and so forth send their Court dresses to press, that the world outside may learn from their boddices, and trains and petticoats, the tempers and virtues of the wearers. I suppose it 's that, MISS BENIMBLE."

"I suppose so," said I, very shortly.

"Still, when we go back to a state of nature," said LOVELACE.

"There 's no need of anything of the sort," said I.

"When we go back to a state of nature, and come down from the infancy of society—"

"The infancy of society"—I begged leave to observe—"was society in long clothes."

"What a distance it seems," said LOVELACE, "from the time, when wild in woods the noble savage ran, to the present day! What a world of events must have engaged mankind, in their course from barbarism to refinement, to make it a matter of interest to millions to know that any particular person, on any particular occasion, wore two petticoats, with pink and white gauze."

"MR. LOVELACE," said I, for my blood was up, "it 's my opinion you 're a heathen, and not fit to take tea in decent society."

This, *Mr. Punch*, I said as a woman. Nevertheless, it is *not* the opinion of,

Yours ever, M. B.

PERFECT SINCERITY, OR THINKINGS ALOUD. No. 5.

Medical Man. "STUPID OLD FOOL! WHY, THERE 'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH HIM, EXCEPT WHAT ARISES FROM HIS OVER-EATING AND DRINKING HIMSELF—ONLY I CAN'T AFFORD TO TELL HIM SO."

DEMOSTHENES DISRAELI.

THE golden days, or we should rather say the Mosaic-golden days of eloquence, are beginning to develop themselves in the speeches of MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, the pet of the Protectionists. This brilliant orator is in the habit of taking chairs at public dinners with a regularity of attendance worthy of O'TOOLE, the toastmaster, and accordingly we find him presiding at a banquet for the benefit of the Hospital for Consumption, at Brompton. The "Chair" was "supported," as the phrase is, rather meagrely, and MR. DISRAELI, of course, had to make the speech of the evening, the REV. ROBERT MONTGOMERY seeming to be under an agreement "to have and to hold" his tongue, while the Chairman executed the delivery of all that "piece or parcel" of fustian which we found reported in the next day's *Morning Chronicle*. MR. DISRAELI tried his first oratorical flight upon the wings of the building, and we are sorry to say offered a strong temptation to any one desirous of aiming at folly as it flies, to have a shot at him. He paid a well-merited but rather a high-flown compliment to JENNY LIND, by saying that the Nightingale had "contributed some of the most brilliant plumes" to the wing of the building. We scarcely understand this reckless allegory, but it probably means that, instead of feathering her own nest, the Nightingale took the Hospital under her own wing, or rather clipped her wings of her own accord to add a wing to the building. There is some difficulty in carrying out the idea consistently, but we must not ask for sense, when DISRAELI indulges his fancy. The shedding of her plumes in this instance was a feather in her cap, upon which she has a good right to plume herself.

We trust we have commented on this portion of our orator's speech in a suitably mysterious style, and we hope we have "kept up the allegory" to the perfect satisfaction of the speaker.

Having dropped his wings, MR. DISRAELI perched on M. GUIZOT's tiles at Brompton, and in that position commenced a series of fulsome compliments to the retired Statesman "dwelling under the shadow of the Hospital." A cabman, into whose hands we have put MR. DISRAELI's data as to distances, informs us that M. GUIZOT lives some little way from the Institution, and not by any means within the shadow; and that, at all events, he, the cabman, could make no less than an eightpenny fare of it.

We are sorry to pull up MR. DISRAELI's *Pegasus* under the Hackney Coach Act; but when his fancy gallops off at such a preposterous rate, we think his poetical steed is liable under the clause against furious driving.

Unfortunately for the orator, his audience did not appear able or willing to follow him in his canter through the realms of Imagination, and cries of "Question" brought him down to the earth rather unceremoniously. With much tact he alluded to a couple of subscriptions he had got in his pocket—"his carriage having been stopped"—not to demand his money or his life, as in the "good old times," but to force upon him contributions from two well-wishers to the Charity. "This was the spirit," cried MR. DISRAELI, "in which I came to take your Chair;" but what the spirit was, we do not exactly see, unless it was a spirit prompting him to become the bearer of other people's bounty.

Such a spirit might as well actuate an honest postman, the light porter of a bank, or any other humble individual intrusted to carry an article of value from one place to another. We have no doubt MR. DISRAELI came down with something handsome on his own account; but he avowedly appreciated the luxury of being the vehicle—in common with his own carriage, which was purposely stopped—of the munificence of others.

TWO MISCREANTS.

SOME caitiff—we have our eye upon him, and his description is in the hands of the police—has presumed to aim at us two deadly missiles, which he calls jokes, but which are in fact nothing more nor less than large lumps of lead, which are liable to do considerable mischief if they should make a hit, which there is happily no prospect of.

The first is in the form of a suggestion, that, on the Manager of Her Majesty's Theatre consulting *Mr. Punch* as to what he should do next, the reply was, that in consequence of the enormous attraction of *La Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, and *La Figlia*, the next production should be *Lind-a-d'ish-o'-money*. We need only call to mind the opera of *Linda di Chamouni*, to show the heartless and headless nature of this atrocity.

The next offence is scarcely of a less aggravated character, for the punster in human form, asks how to make a *soprano* a *contralto*; and, before we have time to breathe, darts upon us with the savage rejoinder, "making GRISI ANGRI."

We hope to have the fellow in custody in a few hours.

ABSURD IMPARTIALITY.

AN individual of our acquaintance has become so impressed with the conviction of party being the "madness of many," that he has come to the rash determination, rather than evince the smallest toleration of anything in the shape of party—to pull down his own *party wall*.

OUTLANDISH INTELLIGENCE.

CROATWZCHSITZES—ROYAL FOOT GUARD.

SLOVACK—INFANTRY.

CZETCK—NATIONAL GUARD.

Our Illustrated Contemporaries are continually exerting their imaginations on those great Unpronounceables, such as the Czetcks, the Croatwzchsitzes, the Slovacks, and the various other tribes in nack, crack, etchtsz, sycktz, or any of the numerous ultimates that present equal difficulties to the dentist and the philologist. Being extremely anxious to furnish the world with representations, as near as the distance of our artist's studio from the locality inhabited by the tribes in question will allow, we have procured the accompanying sketches of a few select specimens of the Crackjaw soldiery, who are now setting the teeth of all Europe on edge by the polysyllabic nature of some of their names, and the unorthodox orthography of the whole of them.

The first figure in our outlandish gallery, is that of a member of the Croatwzchsitzes Royal Foot Guard, who appears to combine the rough and ready style of the old Elizabethan Ruff, with the loose habit of the Turkish Light Trowsery. The helmet combines the strength of the scuttle (gules) with the slender elegance of the Peacock's tail (verd-antique), while the shoe seems to be oscillating between the steel-bound slippery skate, and the home-cherished Margate slipper.

Number 2 in our collection gives us a soldier of the Slovack Infantry, drawn by the same highly imaginative process which must be required for representing objects hundreds of miles off, without the trouble and expense of going to look at them. The Slovack forces are supposed to be so termed from their being slow to whack—or *vack*—or to use a more refined expression, tardy, in giving battle. This slowness, peculiar to this class of Vacks, is regulated in part by the ponderous nature of the head-gear—having two balance weights depending from behind—and partly by the back portion of the dress, whose weight acts as a restrainer to the fury, and a rudder to the movements of the soldier thus caparisoned. To some of the most energetic spirits among the Slovack Infantry these caparisons are odious, but on the whole the accoutrements are well adapted to the individuals wearing them.

The 3rd of our figurines of military fashions in the Trans-Dilworthian or Anti-spellable quarters of Europe, comprehends something in itself rather incomprehensible, in the form of a Czetck National Guard, whose costume must speak for itself, as it is quite impossible to do justice to its uniqueness and originality. The idea of placing the soldier in a dress entirely round, has the advantage of preventing him from feeling himself driven up into a corner, though it certainly causes the soldiers to find the operation of forming themselves into squares extremely difficult.

NEW MUSICAL EFFECT.

In Meyerbeer's new opera of *Le Prophète*, now performing at Paris, there is a Grand *ballet* danced in Skates by the whole strength of the Establishment. This much surpasses in grandeur our old British notion of a Hornpipe in Fetters, from which the idea of a dance in Skates is evidently borrowed.

We understand that another Composer, whose name we do not give (because if we did, nobody would know it), has got an Opera which has been five-and-twenty years in his carpet-bag—*Le Prophète* was fifteen years in Meyerbeer's portfolio—the principal point in which is a quintette in Stilts, for one soprano, one tenor, and three baritones. The Composer has written the parts amazingly high—four feet high for the lady, and six feet high for the gentlemen—so that it is doubtful whether artists can be found who will be able to grapple with the difficulties, particularly in the running passages.

The Skate dance in *Le Prophète* is rendered somewhat easier by a fundamental base of a fluted character—accomplished by the use of fluted Skates—and enabling the executionists to get over the ground with greater rapidity, as well as investing the movement with a species of *sostenuto* that greatly facilitates the progress of the performers. On the first night, though the music of the Skate dance is written in two sharps, three of the dancers broke down into three flats, but they rapidly repaired their error, and went on swimmingly, or rather skatingly, to the end of the *morçeau*.

After-Dinner Toast for the Sanitary Commissioners—when next they dine.—The Health of the Metropolis.

WONDERFUL DISPATCH OF BUSINESS.

On Saturday, April 28th, the House met at 10 minutes past 12, and adjourned at 20 minutes after 12,—the whole time occupied upon public business being exactly *ten minutes*. When a person has a great deal to say, and wishes to detain an unwilling listener, he generally prefaces his oration with "I'll not detain you ten minutes." Lord John will shortly open Parliament in the same way, but with this simple difference, that when he says, "Gentlemen, I'll not detain you ten minutes," he will not, as is the fashion with too many talkers, hold you by the button-hole for an hour or two, but will let you off precisely to the promised minute. He knows too well the value of time to waste a single second. He is aware what a deal can be compressed into a quarter of an hour—in fact, he feels, we are sure, that the whole business of the Session, as far as it has yet gone, might just as well have been transacted in ten minutes; and that the nation, instead of losing, would rather have gained by it. If ever the Minutes of the Session are published, the celebrated Ten on the busy 28th of April must not be forgotten.

Just Published,

IN THE MARSEILLES AND FRENCH PAPERS,

THE LETTER OF LOUIS NAPOLEON TO HIS COUSIN NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

(*Which, like* "David Copperfield's Adventures," *he never intended to be published on any account.*)

MANNERS · AND · CVSTOMS · OF Ye ENGLYSHE · IN · 1849. No. 9.

Ye PVBLICK · ITS · EXCYTEMENTE ON Ye APPEARANCE OF · MISS LIND.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Saturday, May 5, 1849.—To the Queen's House in the Haymarket to hear JENNY LIND, whom everybody do call the Swedish Nightingale. Did go with a Pit Ticket. Went at 6, p. m., expecting a Crowd, and there a Mob of People already at the Doors, and some did say they had come as early as Five. Got as close as I could to the Pit Entrance, and the Throng increasing; and by-and-by Ladies in their Opera Dresses standing without their Bonnets in the Street. Many of them between the Carriage Wheels and under the Horses' Heads: and methinks I did never see more Carriages together in my Life. At last the Doors open; which did begin to fear they never would, and I in with the Press, a most terrible Crush, and the Ladies screaming and their Dresses torn in the Scramble, wherefore I thought it a good Job that my Wife was not with me. With much ado into the Pit, the Way being stopped by a Snob in a green Jockey Coat and Bird's Eye Neckcloth, that the Checktakers would not suffer to pass. The Pit full in a Twinkling, and I fain to stand where I best might, nigh to Fop's Alley: but presently a Lady fainting with the Heat and carried out, which was glad of; I mean that I got her Place. I did never behold so much Company in the House before; and every Box full of Beauties, and hung with yellow Satin Curtains, did show like a brave Picture in a Gold Frame; which was very handsome to look round upon while the Musicians were tuning. The Fiddles tuned, and the Overture played, the Curtain up for the Opera; which was the *Somnambula*; the part of *Amina* acted by JENNY. The moment she came on the Stage, the Audience, Lords, Ladies, and all, upon their Legs, shouting, cheering, waving Hats and Handkerchiefs, and clapping of Hands in white Kid Gloves. But at last they silent, and let the Nightingale sing; and for certain she is a wonderful Singer. It did amaze me to hear how easy and sweetly she do trill and warble the most difficult Passages: and I perceive she has a rare Ability of Voice. But what did no less astonish me was her Acting, it being as good as her Singing; for she did seem to forget herself in her Part, instead of her Part in herself; which is the Mistake of most Opera Singers. To think that she should draw the whole Town in Crowds together to hear her sing a few pretty Sugarplum Melodies and portray the Grief of a poor Peasant Wench cast off by her Lover! But she do throw a Grace and Beauty of her own into the Character and Musique: which I take to be the Mark of a true Genius. She made to sing divers Songs twice over, and called upon the Stage at the End of the Act, and again when the Opera was finished; when, good lack, to see the Nosegays and Posies flung in Heaps upon the Stage! She must needs get a Mint of Money by her singing; but she has spent a deal of it in building Hospitals, and I do wish (Heaven forgive me!) I had all she has given away in Charity.

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THE THREEPENNY FARE MYSTERY.

Passenger. "SIXPENCE! WHY IT'S MARKED UP THREEPENCE!"

Conductor. "YES, SIR. THREPPUNSE WHEN YOU DON'T GET IN BETWEEN CHARING CROSS AND THE BANK, OR FROM TUESDAYS TO MILE END DOWN TO THE GATE BY UNGERFOD, OR EDGER ROAD TO BLACK LION LANE OR RATHBONE PLACE AND BLACKWALL RAILWAY—OR ELSE YOU MUST GET OUT AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, OR YOU CAN GO TO PIMLICO ALL THE WAY IF YOU LIKE—BEYOND THAT DISTANCE—IT'S SIXPUNSE!"

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

MR. BROWN THE ELDER TAKES MR. BROWN THE YOUNGER TO A CLUB.

FROM the library we proceed to the carved and gilded drawing-room of the club, the damask hangings of which are embroidered with our lovely emblem, the Polyanthus, and which is fitted with a perfectly unintelligible splendour. SARDANAPALUS, if he had pawned one of his kingdoms, could not have had such mirrors as one of those in which I see my dear BOB admiring the tie of his cravat with such complacency, and I am sure I cannot comprehend why SMITH and BROWN should have their persons reflected in such vast sheets of quicksilver; or why, if we have a mind to a sixpenny cup of tea and muffins, when we come in with muddy boots from a dirty walk, those refreshments should be served to us as we occupy a sofa much more splendid, and far better stuffed, than any LOUIS QUATORZE ever sate upon. I want a sofa, as I want a friend, upon which I can repose, familiarly. If you can't have intimate terms and freedom with one and the other, they are of no good. A full-dress Club is an absurdity—and no man ought to come into this room except in a uniform or a court suit. I daren't put my feet on yonder sofa for fear of sullying the damask, or, worse still, for fear that HICKS the Committee-man should pass, and spy out my sacrilegious boots on the cushion.

We pass through these double-doors, and enter rooms of a very different character.

By the faint and sickly odour pervading this apartment, by the opened windows, by the circular stains upon the marble tables, which indicate the presence of brandies-and-waters long passed into the world of Spirits, my dear BOB will have no difficulty in recognising the smoking-room, where I dare say he will pass a good deal of his valuable time henceforth.

If I could recommend a sure way of advancement and profit to a young man about town, it would be, after he has come away from a friend's house and dinner, where he has to a surety had more than enough of claret and good things, when he ought to be going to bed at midnight, so that he might rise fresh and early for his morning's work, to stop, nevertheless, for a couple of hours at the Club, and smoke in this room and tipple weak brandy-and-water.

By a perseverance in this system, you may get a number of advantages. By sitting up till 3 of a summer morning, you have the advantage of seeing the sun rise, and as you walk home to Pump Court, can mark the quiet of the streets in the rosy glimmer of the dawn. You can easily spend in that smoking-room (as for the billiard-room adjacent, how much more can't you get rid of there), and without any inconvenience or extravagance whatever, enough money to keep you a horse. Three or four cigars when you are in the Club, your case filled when you are going away, a couple of glasses of very weak Cognac and cold water, will cost you sixty pounds a-year, as sure as your name is BOB BROWN. And as for the smoking and tippling, plus billiards, they may be made to cost anything.

And then you have the advantage of hearing such delightful and instructive conversation in a Club smoking-room, between the hours of 12 and 3! Men who frequent that place at that hour are commonly men of studious habits and philosophical and reflective minds, to whose opinions it is pleasant and profitable to listen. They are full of anecdotes, which are always moral and well-chosen; their talk is never free, or on light subjects. I have one or two old smoking-room pillars in my eye now, who would be perfect models for any young gentleman entering life, and to whom a father could not do better than intrust the education of his son.

To drop the satirical vein, my dear BOB, I am compelled as a man to say my opinion, that the best thing you can do with regard to that smoking-room is to keep out of it; or at any rate never to be seen in the place after midnight. They are very pleasant and frank, those jolly fellows, those loose fishes, those fast young men—but the race in life is not to such fast men as these—and you who want to win must get up early of a morning, my boy. You and an old college-chum or two may sit together over your cigar-boxes in one another's chambers, and talk till all hours, and do yourselves good probably. Talking among you is a wholesome exercitation; humour comes in an easy flow; it doesn't preclude grave argument and manly interchange of thought—I own myself, when I was younger to have smoked many a pipe with advantage in the company of DOCTOR PARR. Honest men, with pipes or cigars in their mouths, have great physical advantages in conversation. You may stop talking if you like—but the breaks of silence never seem disagreeable, being filled up by the puffing of the smoke—hence there is no awkwardness in resuming the conversation— no straining for effect—sentiments are delivered in a grave easy manner—the cigar harmonises the society, and soothes at once the speaker and the subject whereon he converses. I have no doubt that it is from the habit of smoking that Turks and American Indians are such monstrous well-bred men. The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shuts up the mouth of the foolish: it generates a style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent, and unaffected: in fact, dear BOB, I must out with it—I am an old smoker. At home I have done it up the chimney rather than not do it (the which I own is a crime). I vow and believe that the cigar has been one of the greatest creature-comforts of my life—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cementer of friendship. May I die if I abuse that kindly weed which has given me so much pleasure!

Since I have been a member of the Club, what numbers of men have occupied this room and departed from it, like so many smoked-out cigars, leaving nothing behind but a little disregarded ashes! BOB, my boy, they drop off in the course of twenty years, our boon companions, and jolly fellow bottle-crackers.—I mind me of many a good fellow who has talked and laughed here, and whose pipe is put out for ever. Men, I remember, as dashing youngsters but the other day, have passed into the state of old fogies: they have sons, Sir, of almost our age, when first we joined the Polyanthus. Grass grows over others in all parts of the world. Where is poor NED? Where is poor FRED? Dead rhymes with NED and FRED too—their place knows them not—their names one year appeared at the end of the Club list, under that dismal category of "Members Deceased," in which you and I shall rank some day. Do you keep that subject steadily in your mind? I do not see why one shouldn't meditate upon Death in Pall Mall as well as in a howling wilderness. There is enough to remind one of it at every corner. There is a strange face looking out of JACK'S old lodgings in Jermyn Street,—somebody else has got the Club chair which TOM used to occupy. He doesn't dine here and grumble as he used formerly. He has been sent for, and has not come back again—one day Fate will send for us, and we shall not return—and the people will come

down to the Club as usual, saying, "Well, and so poor old BROWN's gone."—Indeed, a smoking-room on a morning is not a cheerful spot.

Our room has a series of tenants of quite distinct characters. After an early and sober dinner below, certain *habitués* of the Polyanthus mount up to this apartment for their coffee and cigar, and talk as gravely as Sachems at a palaver. Trade and travel, politics and geography, are their discourse—they are in bed long before their successors the jolly fellows begin their night life, and the talk of the one set is as different to the conversation of the other, as any talk can be.

After the grave old Sachems, come other frequenters of the room; a squad of sporting men very likely—very solemn and silent personages these—who give the odds, and talk about the cup in a darkling under tone. Then you shall have three or four barristers with high voices, seldom able to sit long without talking of their profession, or mentioning something about Westminster Hall. About eleven, men in white neckcloths drop in from dinner-parties, and show their lacquered boots and shirt-studs with a little complacency—and at midnight, after the theatres, the young rakes and *viveurs* come swaggering in, and call loudly for gin-twist.

But as for a Club smoking-room after midnight, I vow again that you are better out of it: that you will waste your money and your precious hours and health there; and you may frequent this Polyanthus room for a year, and not carry away from the place one single idea or story that can do you the least good in life. How much you shall take away of another sort, I do not here set down; but I have before my mind's eye the image of Old SILENUS with purple face and chalk-stone fingers, telling his foul old garrison legends over his gin-and-water. He is in the smoking-room every night; and I feel that no man can get benefit from the society of that old man.

What society he has he gets from this place. He sits for hours in a corner of the sofa, and makes up his parties here. He will ask you after a little time, seeing that you are a gentleman and have a good address, and will give you an exceedingly good dinner. I went once, years ago, to a banquet of his—and found all the men at his table were Polyanthuses: so that it was a house dinner in ——— Square, with MRS. SILENUS at the head of the table.

After dinner she retired and was no more seen, and SILENUS amused himself by making poor MR. TIPPLETON drunk. He came to the Club the next day, he amused himself by describing the arts by which he had practised upon the easy brains of poor MR. TIPPLETON—(as if that poor fellow wanted any arts or persuasion to induce him to intoxicate himself), and told all the smoking-room, how he had given a dinner, how many bottles of wine had been emptied, and how many TIPPLETON had drunk for his share. "I kept my eye on TIP, Sir," the horrid old fellow said—"I took care to make him mix his liquors well, and before 11 o' clock I finished him and had him as drunk as a lord, Sir!" Will you like to have that gentleman for a friend? He has elected himself our smoking-room king at the Polyanthus, and midnight monarch.

As he talks, in comes poor TIPPLETON—a kind soul—a gentleman—a man of reading and parts—who has friends at home very likely, and had once a career before him—and what is he now? His eyes are vacant; he reels into a sofa corner, and sits in maudlin silence, and hiccups every now and then. Old SILENUS winks knowingly round at the whole smoking-room: most of the men sneer—some pity—some very young cubs laugh and jeer at him. TIPPLETON's drunk.

PERFECT TO A HAIR.

WE heard the other evening a new version of the old saying, "as grey as a badger." A gentleman was speaking of somebody's hair, and he exclaimed, "Will you believe it, Sir? He 's as Grey as a Whig Administration." Several persons looked as if they could scarcely believe such a thing possible.

ALARMING FROM AMERICA.

THE Hudson has overflowed his banks, draining the country far and wide, and has now fallen so low that people are beginning to see to the bottom of it.

A PROPHETIC PARAGRAPH.

Importations from Abroad.—The Ostend steamer has just landed a cargo of early peas, fresh butter, Dutch asparagus, Ostend rabbits, and the Kings of Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, and Würtemburg.

A SET OF THE SOUNDEST SLEEPERS.

THE Eastern Counties is advertising for a new set of Sleepers. Can this mean new Directors?—or a new set of Shareholders? or what?

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS, PREVIOUS TO GOING ON THE CONTINENT.—Innumerable Railway Directors.

CHICORY AND CHISHOLM ANSTEY.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,—I am, though I say it who should not, a very useful albeit humble root, and I beg to complain of the misrepresentation of MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY, who, the other day, in the House of Commons, moved a resolution holding me up to execration as the root of all manner of evil. He said that I was the cause of depression and distress in Ceylon and other Coffee-growing colonies; that I was the source of injury to the Revenue to the amount of hundreds of thousands of pounds annually; that I occasioned prejudice to the fair dealer, and discontent and disaffection in the colonies; and that I encouraged the evil-disposed, both at home and abroad, to disobey the Revenue-laws. Now, Sir, in a state of nature even, I am as wholesome as Endive, and form quite as palatable ingredient in a salad, and when roasted I afford a substitute for Coffee, highly recommended by the Faculty. I am undistinguishable from the Mocha with which I am blended, and which I cheapen; and I augment without deteriorating the draught that "cheers but not inebriates." Besides, Sir, I am patronised by every duchess who gives a *soirée;* and what is more to the purpose, my cultivation produces as much as £15 an acre. Why, Sir, to cause all the enormities ascribed to me by MR. ANSTEY, I should be that very identical "Insane Root that takes the reason prisoner," of which vegetable I think MR. ANSTEY himself must have been partaking when he made so gross and unwarrantable an attack upon your very savoury and salubrious substance and Servant,

"CHICORY."

SILENT DISRAELI.

AN IRISH-HEBREW MELODY.

AIR—"*Kathleen Mavourneen.*"

MISHTER DISRAELI, the Oaths' Act seemed shaking,
The voice of BOB INGLIS was hard on our Bill;
The cause of the peoplsh so coolly forsaking,
How vos it, young BEN, as you come to shay *nil?*
Ah! vy vos you shilent, MISHTER DISRAELI?

That measure the Lords may resolve to pass never,
Postponed, vilst your friendsh vith the Tories you trucks,
It may be for six months, and therefore for ever;
Ah, vy vos you shilent, you Member for Bucks?
Ah! vy vos you shilent, MISHTER DISRAELI?

DISRAELI, DISRAELI, your feelins you 've bartered,
You 've swopp'd all your pride in the race of your sires,
For the notice of Dukes all bestarred and begartered,
And the empty applause of Protectionist Squires.
Yah! vy vos you shilent, MISHTER DISRAELI?

THE BEST YARN SPUN YET.

A GENTLEMAN at the Society of Arts has been inventing a new pair of gloves constructed entirely of cobwebs. Hurrah! the summer is coming, and these gloves will be just the things for catching flies! No butcher, no pastrycook, no engraver, no picture-cleaner, no milliner, no housemaid, no housewife should be without them. As for ourselves, we shall never go to bed in the summer without a pair of these gloves, for if there is one thing we dislike more than another, it is a ferocious blue-bottle waking us up in the middle of the night, and buzzing away in both our ears, making it perfectly impossible to go to sleep again. Cobwebs will henceforth take a new hold in our affections, and our wives, instead of breaking the slender thread of their existence by the ruthless Turk's-head, will grow so attached to the fair spinsters, that in time they will be quite hand and glove with them.

CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

SOME of the Constituency of Sunderland have presented a vote of confidence to MR. GEORGE HUDSON. The Ex-King grumbled that he had lots of confidence, but he wished they could get him a vote of credit.

NAVIGATION LAW AXIOMS AND POSTULATES.

Colonies, Trade, and Commerce were made for ships, and not ships for Colonies, Trade, and Commerce.

The cart existed before the road and the goods.

Whatever increases the quantity of goods to be carried must *pro tanto* be ruinous to the carrier.

The further roundabout goods have to go, the better for the purchaser.

The wooden walls of old England are not her ships, but the heads of her shipowners.

England is the world's workshop; therefore it is her interest to keep down the quantity and keep up the price of all her foreign raw materials.

Shipping restriction provokes retaliation. Therefore, if England wishes to prevent other countries from retaliating, she should increase her restrictions.

High freights are for the shipowner's interest. The Navigation Laws keep up freights, therefore the Navigation Laws are for the interest of the community.

Patriotism is above all price. Therefore, if England wishes her shipowners to be patriotic, she must pay them by a protection.

It is more advantageous for the shipowner to go out with an empty ship, than with a full one.

Shipowners systematically carry on business at a ruinous loss.

Two foreign sailors, each at 30*s.* a month, are cheaper than one British sailor at £2 10*s.*

A foreign ship that lasts six years, and costs £10 per ton, is cheaper than a British ship that lasts twelve years, and costs £15 per ton.

Fourteen thousand British sailors entered the American service last year; therefore the mercantile marine is the nursery of the British navy.

Ships may be built as cheap at St. John's, New Brunswick, as at Bremen. British shipowners do not buy New Brunswick ships, therefore they will buy Bremeners.

Whatever increases prices to the consumer is for the benefit of the country.

Laws make men, and not men laws.

No bread is better than half a loaf.

Things that are equal to the same thing, are not equal to one another.

Two and two make five.

WANTED A BISHOP.

A few days ago, during a sitting of some of the Peers as a Court of Appeal, the discovery was made that their Lordships were not properly constituted as a House, and as this could not be done without a member of the Episcopal Bench to read prayers, Lord Brougham began to cry out lustily for "a Bishop." A hunt for a Bishop was accordingly commenced, and the corridors rang for some time with a sort of "view hollo" of "Where's a Bishop?" "We want a Bishop." Ultimately a Bishop was found, but the incident shows the inconvenience of not being prepared at all times with a Bishop, and the question naturally occurs whether Lord Brougham would say *Nolo Episcopari* in its usual sense if a Bishopric were offered him. This energetic nobleman is generally understood to have mastered every science and every profession, but we think divinity is still open to him as a field for distinction.

The See of Limerick is now vacant; and as it appears that residence was not a portion of the duties that the late occupant thought it incumbent on him to undertake, we have no doubt that Lord Brougham would make as good a Bishop as his predecessor; and the cry of, "Where's a Bishop?" "We want a Bishop," "We can't make a house without a Bishop," need not be raised, as long as that most indefatigable of Peers, the Baron of Vaux, may be in attendance. In a recent case, he kindly undertook the part of a witness in addition to that of Judge, and proved the title of the late Lord Melbourne, to his own satisfaction, and that of the other Peers who were present. Why not make Lord Brougham Bishop of the suburban Sea of Batter, to which his own Hall of Vaux is contiguous?

LIBEL ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

We are informed that by a standing order of the House of Lords, as well as of the House of Commons, all strangers, reporters not excepted, are excluded from the debates, and, when present in either House, are supposed to have no business there, but are suffered to attend under an imaginary rose, which ought to be one of the decorations of the new Houses of Parliament.

We read in the newspapers that Lord Beaumont, on Thursday last, moved, in their Lordships' House, that the said standing order "be considered:" when the Marquis of Lansdowne was opposed to the abrogation of the order, and Lord Brougham said ditto to the Marquis of Lansdowne: on which occasion, also, Lord Brougham asserted that their Lordships only "connived" at the publication of their debates.

We believe that strangers are actually excluded from the parliamentary debates, but we do not credit any other of the foregoing allegations. We say this because we are unwilling to accuse the High Court of Parliament of getting its proceedings published by a subterfuge and a humbug, and, by using language of that strength, to commit a breach of privilege, and incur the pains and penalties in such case made and provided.

Accordingly, we are convinced that the report of what occurred in the House of Lords on Thursday last was a mere fiction, and that Lord Beaumont never made so wise a motion, and Lords Lansdowne and Brougham never uttered such unwise remarks as were ascribed to them.

In particular, we are confident that Lord Brougham could not possibly have accused himself and the other Peers of the meanness of "conniving" at what they refuse to sanction. To connive, as his Lordship very well knows, is literally to wink or cock the eye, and the baseness of connivance corresponds to the vulgarity of winking. We could conceive neither Lord Brougham nor the House guilty of anything so ignoble without expressing a contempt for both, which would subject us to unpleasant consequences. However, we wish the Houses of Parliament would allow their debates to be reported; in which case, doubtless, we should see something in the papers very different from the nonsensical speeches attributed to so many noble lords and honourable members.

KEEP YOUR HEADS COOL.

Our eyes are being everywhere struck and otherwise appealed to by announcements of ventilating hats, and the schemes seem to be so numerous as well as so elaborate, that we should not be surprised to hear that Dr. Reid had been aiming a blow at the public head, and had taken a hat in hand as some compensation for the coolness with which his ventilating experiments have been received in the Courts of Law and in Parliament. The old original ventilating hat was obviously first suggested by the cast-off head-gear of somebody who "wore his beaver up" so completely as to have burst the crown; but science has improved on this, and the ventilating wheel has long been introduced into the ventilating hat; but ingenuity is still busy, and we may soon expect something superior to the old whirligig mode of letting in air for the purpose of preventing explosions of fire-damp in the hat; which is particularly liable to happen to every one who has "a light in his laughing eye," or is in any way light-headed.

We may expect to see an apparatus ere long applied to the hat, on the same principle as the ventilators on the top of the Haymarket Theatre, Exeter Hall, and the Old Bailey. It may be objected that the contrivance has too much the look of a cowl, and may be thought in these Puseyite days to savour too much of Romanism; but this drawback it may be easy to remedy.

AWFUL EFFECTS OF WANT OF VENTILATION.

INSANITARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Earl of Galloway wishes to have his speeches reported literally as he delivers them! The noble Earl's family are dreadfully alarmed. They begin to suspect that he is the Editor of the *Fonetic Nuz*.

The Stag at Bay.—We have heard it whispered, that, should there be a vacancy at Hudson's Bay, the Railway Ex-King will be offered a seat in that direction.

PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.—THE LOOSE SLATE.

TABLEAU, REPRESENTING FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS IN MR. BRIGGS'S HOUSE—DESTRUCTION OF THE WALL WHICH SEPARATES THE PARLOUR FROM THE PASSAGE. N.B. AS THE WALL IS ONLY LATH AND PLASTER, OF COURSE, LITTLE OR NO MESS IS MADE. MRS. BRIGGS SAYS, SHE HOPES MR. B. IS SATISFIED NOW!

BLUSTERING RAILERS.

WE have been in many of the ordinary storms of life, we have been present at domestic breezes heightened by the tempestuous squalls of a "parcel of children," we have "made" Chelsea from Battersea when a sou'-wester has been blowing off Brompton, and when a gale has carried three sheets in the wind—to say nothing of half-a-dozen table cloths,—but we never heard of or witnessed anything so furious as the storming of the "Blustering Railers" at the Eastern Counties meeting. MR. WADDINGTON'S speech was received throughout with perfect hurricanes of "Oh's!" and as much "groaning" as would have sufficed —if concentrated—to have blown the roof of the building where the meeting was held, "Off, off, and away!" Every sentence he attempted to utter was the signal for a series of screams and yells that said much more for the lungs than for the brains of the assembled shareholders. They appear to be as deaf to the words as they have hitherto chosen to be blind to the acts of those of whom, when dividends were large, they were content to be the dupes; but whom, when the plunder is no longer forthcoming, they are determined to hunt down by angry clamour. For our own parts, we look upon the railway disagreement as a sign that honest men are about to come by their own again.

Colonial Produce.

IT is beginning to be pretty well understood that rebellious colonies are not half so beneficial to England as free and independent customers. If any one were to move for a return of all we have gained by Canada, the answer would be as follows:—"We have gained nothing but trouble, turmoil, disturbance, and row: except perhaps the Canadian Boat Song, and even that commences with the rebellious recommendation, '*Row*, brothers, *row*,' addressed to the world in general."

A GREAT BLANK IN THE COUNTRY.

WE are informed that a morning newspaper, finding the utter impossibility of anything being correctly heard in the House of Lords, intends doing away with the expense of a large staff of reporters, and engaging for the future but one gentleman at a pound a week to report the Debates. It has given the preference to a young Chinese, who is extremely intelligent, and has the additional merit of being perfectly deaf. We subjoin his report of the second reading of the Navigation Laws, as a very good specimen of his style:

"The House of Lords met yesterday, and, after sitting for eleven hours, adjourned! What they said or what they did, or what they met or separated for, we cannot possibly tell, as we did not hear a single word. Comment in such a case would be perfectly superfluous, but luckily the absurdity speaks for itself."

This year's proceedings of the House of Lords will, it is very clear, not take up much room in the forthcoming volumes of *Hansard's Debates*. They will doubtlessly be given on the fly-leaf.

THE WINDOW-TAX.

"IT is my *pane*ful duty," as the Schoolmaster said.

A CRY FROM WHITECROSS STREET.—"Oh dear!—oh dear,—if my stupid governor had only made me a Member of Parliament instead of a gentleman, I shouldn't be here."

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

MISS BENIMBLE'S TEA-AND-TOAST.

LORD NELSON'S APPEARANCE IN THE NAVIGATION LAWS.—HUDSON'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IN THE "FORLORN HOPE."—HOW DISRAELI LEFT THE JEWS, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.

"I SUPPOSE, MR. LOVELACE," said I—

MR. LOVELACE had just withdrawn from his beat for one cup of Twankay, and found me up to my chin in the Navigation Debate.

"I suppose, MR. LOVELACE, with the Navigation Laws 'xtinguished, BRITANNIA must come down and take her seat on the steps of nations. I'm told there isn't a British oak in the country that, after the division of the Lords, isn't gone as hollow as a reed. When the Duke gave 'em up, their hearts died within 'em. To be sure, LORD NELSON—who, I am told, is very like the real Trafalgar—nailed his colours to his head in the House of Peers; but, after all, went down with LORD BROUGHAM and the rest of the minority."

"It was a fine thought, MISS BENIMBLE"—said LOVELACE, with one of his grave, sly looks—"a fine thought to rummage up, and air LORD NELSON; a thought quite worthy of LORD VAUX. I'm told he looked very well, indeed. MR. T. P. COOKE, burning with a hornpipe in honour of Old England, never seemed more like the real thing. I assure you, NELSON on a sign-post was never more like life than the NELSON of the Navigation Debate. Capitally drest for the part, upon my word."

"Drest!" said I.

"In the admiral's old clothes to look more in earnest. His Lordship didn't much like the notion at first; but LORD BROUGHAM threatened to wear the clothes himself; to put on NELSON'S coat and smalls, with sword and cocked hat, leaving the arm out to make the 'lusion perfect. Upon this, LORD NELSON turned out as the tar; and for that night only, talked a little bit of Copenhagen. (They *do* say, NELSON'S statue in St. Paul's was found in a terrible sweat in the morning!) Ha! MISS BENIMBLE, I've sometimes thought if great plebeians who conquer titles could only know the sort of folks who 'd wear 'em afterwards, they 'd have nothing to do with coronets. For look you here. A coronet—a glory won by the genius of the father—tumbled upon the head of a descendant, may be little more than a fool's-cap, worn by a nincompoop grandson."

"Such things find their level," said I. "What 's a star upon one man's coat isn't so much as a pewter button upon another's. Names don't make things, MR. LOVELACE. A rabbit's-skin tippet isn't a bit less rabbit, call it ermine as long as you will."

"Very true. But when ermine beget rabbits—"

Here, *Mr. Punch*, I changed the conversation with a wrench, and begged to know MR. LOVELACE'S straightfor'ard opinion—"if he thought the British oak withered for ever?"

"Gone, ma'am"—said he, with a laugh—"dead as your birch-broom. There won't be an oak-apple as big as a pin this blessed twenty-ninth of May, to dedicate to the sweet-smelling memory of CHARLES THE SECOND; a king who was every way worthy of a bough. The British sailor—in ten years or less—will be an extinct animal. He will only survive in melodramas, with a specimen or two preserved in pitch for the British Museum. As a proof of what we may expect, the *Runjeet Singh*—late *Red Rover*—will be entirely manned with Lascars for the Margate voyages. The Chinese Junk—with her own crew—only waits for the bridges to be enlarged, and the river deepened, to monopolise all the passenger coasting trade from Dyer's Wharf to Thames Ditton."

"And BRITANNIA"—

"BRITANNIA may take her trident to toast herrings with; she can never comb the waves with it again, with all the Laws of Navigation gone. However"—said LOVELACE in his solid way, when I 'm staggered to know whether he means yes or no—a great fault, as I take it, *Mr. Punch*, with anybody—"however, it's a good thing for MR. HUDSON."

"Poor creature!" said I, "well, I'm glad to hear that. For, after all, MR. LOVELACE, I have a woman's heart for greatness in the shade. And then it 's astonishing to find, how much folks hate and abuse what 's wrong, when they can get nothing by it."

"The re-action of virtue," said LOVELACE, "is sometimes wonderful. When people, who have done their best (and their worst) to cover themselves with gold-cloth, and at the last only find themselves in frieze,—why, frieze is then the only wear. When we can't drive a market with avarice,—what a sweet primitive virtue is moderation! How dainty tongues will lick the cloven hoof of the golden calf, when on the pedestal! How will they spit upon it, when tumbled down, and, with a rope round its neck, doomed for the crucible. MR. HUDSON has, after all, deserved well of his country. No man has, perhaps, called forth such expressions of virtuous principle,—even from folks, it may be, surprised by their sudden excellence. The beggar, baulked in his hopes of spoil, fondles his rectitude, and is a very virtuous beggar indeed!"

"But," said I, "what 's all this to do with the Navy and MR. HUDSON?"

"Everything, madam. MR. HUDSON, his crown being now so much old iron—it has been bought, I understand, by a distinguished dealer in marine stores for a sign for his emporium—MR. HUDSON, disgusted by the worshippers, who have only arisen from their knees to kick discrowned PLUTUS with their heels—MR. HUDSON has purchased, at an alarming sacrifice on the part of the Admiralty, one of the QUEEN'S three-deckers. A bottle of brandy flung at her head (the ceremony was kindly performed by MR. WADDINGTON) has re-christened her the *Forlorn Hope*. Well, madam"—said LOVELACE, with his mouth puckering, as it will sometimes—"MR. HUDSON has determined to leave a thankless *terra-firma*, and to take a voyage round the world in search of gratitude"—

"Bringing back specimens, like CAPTAIN COOK?" said I.

"If he finds 'em," said LOVELACE. "Be this as it may, it 's a noble thought—a vast idea—and quite worthy of a Vulcanic king, with too many irons red-hot in the fire, to make himself a new royalty on the sea. And then, MISS BENIMBLE, the *Forlorn Hope* sails beyond the tempest of the Press! The captain, at the worst, can close-reef his canvas,—and in the dirtiest weather, defy the rolling thunder of the printing-machine. The sun may rise copper-red and threatening, but the *Times* does not every morning come out of the sea. And so, going round and round the world—and never, except for victual and water—peeping into it; why, in a season shares may get up, and the *Forlorn Hope* return in the nick of time for thumping dividends. It 's wonderful, too, how some folks—though inch-thick in mud—*do* get clean again! But the fact is, and it is a truth that cannot have escaped you—when the dirt 's dry, it rubs off."

"That 's a sweet moral truth, MR. LOVELACE," said I. "But if MR. HUDSON—or ADMIRAL HUDSON—sails in the *Forlorn Hope*, who 's to sail with him? Who 's to work the ship, if I 'm right in the words?"

"Why, I am told," said LOVELACE with a laugh, "I 'm told that Capel Court's been billed for hands: just as COCHRANE or NAPIER might placard Portsmouth. Something in this way: Wanted, for the *Forlorn Hope* to go round the world, any number of adventurous spirits who don't care to be seen in it. Rally round the Iron Admiral, who Expects Every Man to Do! Nevertheless, MISS BENIMBLE," said LOVELACE, "that 's not the way I 'd man HUDSON'S ship."

"Why, how would you do it?" said I, curious.

"Press-warrants, MISS BENIMBLE, press-warrants," said LOVELACE, hugging his knee with a wicked laugh.

"What! *You!* When—as I 've heard you say—every Englishman's house is his castle?"

"A fiction, ma'am. A castle in the air. I'd issue press-warrants for the *Forlorn Hope*, and this is the sort of crew I 'd have. Everybody—high or low—who, in by-gone days, had licked the dust off HUDSON'S shoes, thinking it gold-dust; everybody who denied elbow-room to their own souls in presence of that Effulgent Vitulus—"

"What 's a Vitulus?" said I—

"It 's Latin for veal," said he; "every worshipper, who thought KING HUDSON stronger than KING DEATH, and brought soul-offerings to him accordingly—every one, beginning with the highest, I 'd press—ha! warm out of their beds—and pack 'em off to serve aboard the *Forlorn Hope!*"

"You 'd never do it!" said I. "Only think, what suffering you 'd bring upon the peace of families—and moreover, MR. LOVELACE, the best of families."

"No doubt of it," said he, never caring. "Why, there 'd be lords and nobles escaping over the roofs of houses—members of Parliament flying in their shirts—most respectable, and virtuous, and indignant people hiding in cupboards and coal-cellars. But, bating all things, I 've no doubt of pressing a full, smart crew: but what 's more, to insure discipline, I 'd have a double number of boatswain's mates, every one of 'em railway attorneys."

"And do you think such a ship would live in a sea?" said I.

"That 's not my business, MISS BENIMBLE," said he; "however, let us leave the *Forlorn Hope*, and talk of a rising star—it 's more pleasant. That was a very nice speech of young PEEL'S. I allude to the Jews' Bill."

"A very nicely got-up speech indeed," said I. "The finest linen was never got up better."

"And, as I hear, modestly given. It must have warmed old SIR ROBERT'S heart, to have heard the cheers on both sides. A modest gentleman, MR. FREDERICK PEEL; and so, a capital set-off to the hopeless impertinence of some folks. There 's always hopes of a modest man—but early grass never changes.

> "No vain man matures, he makes too much new wood;
> His blooms are too thick for the fruit to be good;
> 'Tis the modest man ripens, 'tis he that achieves,
> Just what 's needed of sunshine and shade he receives;
> Grapes, to mellow, require the cool dark of their leaves.

"Who writ that?" said I—"MR. DISRAELI?"

"Why, no. Not but what it's quite in his way. Yet how modestly he patted M. GUIZOT on the head at the Consumption Festival: that one where MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY—so sleek in ten editions of *Satan*—talked of his own sermons. But ROBERT's a rising man. No doubt of it, he'll be Bishop of London when DISRAELI is First Lord of the Treasury."

"But the poetry, MR. LOVELACE?"

"Oh, the lines. They're American; from a very smart, salt thing, called *A Fable for the Critics*. Here and there rough as a hedgehog; but still with quite as many points. But to go back to DISRAELI?"

"I was going to ask it, MR. LOVELACE. Where *was* BENJAMIN on the Jews' Bill?"

"Where, indeed?" said LOVELACE. "You know what a deal he's done for the people! What a pet of his inkstand he's made of 'em! How his heart was given up to 'em—for good or bad—like the baby MOSES to the bulrushes. And on the third reading he was nowhere. There was SPOONER, and GRANBY, and PLUMPTRE, all of 'em belabouring and abusing the Jew with the best intentions, and as they declared, with the mildest Christianity—and where was the hero of the race, where was BENJAMIN? Why was he not present with his net of oratorical lemons ready to fit one to the appropriate mouth of PLUMPTRE? Where was *Sidonia*? Why, MISS BENIMBLE, it's extraordinary, but—the story has not yet got into the papers—he was almost nowhere!"

"Story! what do you mean?" said I.

"The days of magic are not over, MISS BENIMBLE," said LOVELACE, with an ominous smile. "You shall hear. You see, it was decided on a certain occasion, that *Sidonia* should give up the Jews; should cut from them in the desert, leaving 'em to be devoured by the INGLISES and SIBTHORPS. Better service was offered. *Sidonia*, like *Launcelot Gobbo* reasoned with himself as to place. 'To be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew.' The fiend, however, gave him more friendly counsel, and he ran to Protectionist *Bassanio*. And so, like *Launcelot*, he has a livery more guarded than the rest."

"Never mind *Launcelot*," said I. "How was DISRAELI nearly nowhere?"

"You shall hear the story. There is a great moral in it, specially for M. P's. On the Third Reading of the Jews' Bill, DISRAELI staid at home. As the debate went on, the Hebrew hero—thinking of what he had said upon the question, what he had written—got smaller, and smaller, and smaller. The longer the House talked, the less he shrank and shrank. By the time the House divided, BENJAMIN DISRAELI, ESQ., M.P. for Bucks, had got so small, he was invisible to the naked eye."

"Nonsense! Impossible."

"Quite true. After a time, he was discovered—little bigger than the smallest grease-spot—in the seat of his library chair. His faithful valet, by means of a very powerful opera-glass, brought him again to light. As the Member for Bucks gradually grew under the glass, returning to his former size, the house reverberated with voices from the east, calling—'BENJAMIN, BENJAMIN, where are your brothers?'"

"But now," said I, "MR. DISRAELI is as big as ever?"

"Impossible; any man, made so little by deserted principles, let him live on manna and drink the milk of Paradise,—can never return to his former size."

Saying this, MR. LOVELACE went upon his beat, and I to pen, ink, and paper. Your's, *Mr. Punch*,

M. B.

HINTS FOR ALMANACK-MAKERS.

GENIAL MAY.

PROPHETIC Almanacks would be very excellent speculations, but for the unfortunate fact that the prophecies never come true, and thus the only value of these works consists in the strong probability that they may be relied upon as foretelling the exact opposite of what will really happen. This gives them a kind of negative worth; but people who want to know what's what, or what will be what, are not so easily satisfied at being told what's not, and looking at the future in *rus* as a sort of gerund in *do*, the *do* being a tremendous *do* on the part of the dealers in prophecy.

The truth is, that the Almanack-makers and weather-predicters have been thrown out by the late vagaries of the season, which have completely disturbed the usual order of precedence among the months, and allowed May to take the place of January at the Weather Table, as presided over by the individuals whose delight it is to watch the temperature, and "when found make a note on it."

The mistake of the Almanack-makers, who attempt to predict the periods of hot and cold, has consisted in their being guided by the ordinary rules which the seasons themselves have combined to unceremoniously repudiate. December, for example, instead of being represented as an old gentleman shivering amid frost and snow, should be drawn in the lawyer-like act of "settling a draught" of cyder under a powerful sun, while May should be shown in furs and tippets, as if prepared for singing the favourite Christmas song of *Tippetywitchet*.

ICY DECEMBER.

LORD BROUGHAM'S UNANIMITY.

IF LORD BROUGHAM cannot always be consistent, or in other words agree with himself, the manner in which he agrees with every body else is sometimes quite remarkable. The other day, when the judgment was being given on the appeal of the Irish state prisoners, the LORD CHANCELLOR had no sooner finished speaking, than LORD BROUGHAM got up to agree with every word he said; but directly LORD LYNDHURST opened his mouth, LORD BROUGHAM rose to agree, by anticipation, with every syllable; but when LORD CAMPBELL uttered half an observation, LORD BROUGHAM once more darted up to agree,—the unanimity being in this case truly wonderful. Not satisfied with having agreed in turn with all the authorities present, he went out of his way to agree with the Irish judges, and one would have thought from the proceedings on this occasion that LORD BROUGHAM was the most agreeable as well as the most entertaining member of the Peerage.

EVIDENT SYMPTOMS OF IMPROVEMENT.

WE were thunderstruck at meeting, in the Debates, the following extraordinary line:—

"MR. ANSTEY said a few words."

We read on, making sure that the few words would consist at least of five or six columns, when, to our utter astonishment, we found they scarcely extended to so many lines. We like to speak approvingly of any amendment we notice in a public character, and therefore glory in being the first to attract notice to the very sensible improvement that has so unexpectedly taken place in MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY. We rejoice always in encouraging rising merit, and are happy in assuring the Honourable Member for Youghal that, if he can only make up his mind to refrain from speaking altogether, he has the greatest chance of becoming, with his great talent, a very general favourite. Till we saw these "few words," we really did not know ANSTEY had got so much in him.

THE BATTLE OF THE OPERA.

(*After* BYRON'S *Description of the Battle of Waterloo.*)

THERE was a sound—"'Tis JENNY LIND'S last night!"
And England's capital had gathered then
Her beauty, rank, fashion, and wealth—and bright
The gas shone o'er fair women and spruce men.
A thousand heels kick'd anxiously, and when
A cry arose from some half-fainting swell,
Soft laughter rose—then kicks were heard again'
The door which had no knocker, nor a bell.
But hush!—hark!—a deep sound strikes half-way down *Pell Mell.*

Did ye not hear? Was it the bolt behind,
Or the cabs rattling o'er the stony street?
Open the door—the crowd is too confined;
It seems an age to wait. Oh, what a treat
To count the flying hours upon one's feet!
But hark! that heavy sound comes forth once more;
The crowd appears its echo to repeat,
And presses nearer, denselier than before:
Push! push! it is! it is! the Opera's opening door.

Within a little niche of that throng'd hall
Sate LUMLEY'S money-taker; he did hear
That union of sounds, the shriek, the squall,
Which fell with sound familiar on his ear;
And then he smiled when a clenched hand drew near
With a half-guinea, which he knew full well
Required a check the barriers to clear;—
A privilege which he alone could sell,
And many, to be foremost, struggling, gasping fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering shawls, or fragments of a dress;
And skirts all torn, which but an hour ago
Might well be called the pink of tidiness.
And there were sudden partings in the press
Of ladies from their *beaux*, and opera ties
Were rudely torn asunder—more or less:
No longer fit to meet fastidious eyes,
Which on so grand a night are sure to criticise.

And there was mounting in hot haste the stairs
Of towering Gallery and up-raised Pit,
And pouring forward to the Stalls—those chairs
In which subscribing *dilettanti* sit,
And show their *connoisseurship* and their wit.
A tuning's heard of violins and drums:
BALFE comes—of perfect Band conductor fit.
Some ill-bred persons point with upraised thumbs;
A whisper runs around—"The QUEEN! she always comes."

And now the *bâton* waves above the leaves
Of MEYERBEER'S grand music—at each pass
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning LIND—alas!
Before the morning cut away like grass.
The crowd on every side, above, below,
Packed close in one enthusiastic mass
Of expectation, cannot bear to know,
The idol they have raised, wills her own overthrow.

Last Season saw her full of artist life,
Last week saw her *La Figlia* proudly gay:
Rumour announced her an intended wife,
A wedding fixed for a too early day,
On which she would be spirited away.
The curtain's cloud has dropp'd—the air is rent—
The stage is covered thick with a display
Of *bouquets*, as from a BRIAREUS sent;
Gallery, pit, box, stall, in one loud "*bravo*" blent.

Their shouts are heard in louder tones than mine;
Yet, ere I part from that tumultuous throng,
The Nightingale I'll trouble with one line,
Because I think her resolution wrong.
The pure can hallow operatic song,
And she was of the purest:—virtue rare is
In a profession, now debased too long.
A vicious atmosphere will oft embarrass;
It could not taint a breast like thine, young JENNY——HARRIS.

NEW BRANCH.—Several Railways intend shortly extending their lines in the direction of Portugal Street, so as to enable them with the greater ease to go through the Insolvent Court.

TELLING THE CHARACTER TO A HAIR.

WE have had, in our own times and in former times, a variety of methods proposed for telling the character from the ordinary test of phrenology, which professes to judge of your capacities by your bumps, or, in other words, declares that you are sure not to like a pursuit if you do not happen to lump it also; but there is something startling in a proposition that has just been advertised, to describe the character of an individual by examining a lock of his hair. We can comprehend physiognomy, which affects to get a scent of one's disposition from one's nose, and to say whether he will succeed in life with a hook, or be snubbed by Fortune with a snub; we can see some show of reason in attempting to read one's future by the light of palmistry, which may guide us as to what we ought to turn our hands to: but to tell the character by a lock of hair seems to savour of absurdity. Suppose, for instance, every lock has bolted, is it to be presumed that the individual has scared his hair away by leading a hair-um scare-um life; or would it be said of a writer or thinker, who had become prematurely bald, that his writings and his thoughts had been mere balderdash? We should be glad to know whether a bald-headed man is supposed to have no character at all, or whether a lock of his wig—supposing him to wear one—would answer the purpose of home-grown hair; or whether a sample gathered from the remaining crop of his whiskers would furnish sufficient data for an inquirer to go upon. We shall be having the corn-cutters next proposing to tell characters by the cut of our corns, and indeed there seems to be no doubt, if the advertising chiropodists are to be credited, that corns are a *primâ facie* evidence of high birth, for the puffing announcements of certain operators are a regular *cornucopia* of aristocracy. Almost every corn appears to be of noble extraction, upon the authority of those who have given their attention to these "in-elegant extracts." We should scarcely be surprised at one of these individuals proceeding to advertise the extraction of a corn from "the foot of the throne," or the removal of a large quantity of corn from the foot of Cornhill, and claiming credit for having cemented a good understanding between the Court and the City.

THANK YOU FOR NOTHING.

IN the course of Friday evening's proceedings in the House of Lords, the EARL OF GALLOWAY is reported to have said that "he believed he spoke good-humouredly;" upon which there was one cry of "Hear, hear!" which caused the EARL OF GALLOWAY to add, that "he thanked the noble Lord for that cheer."

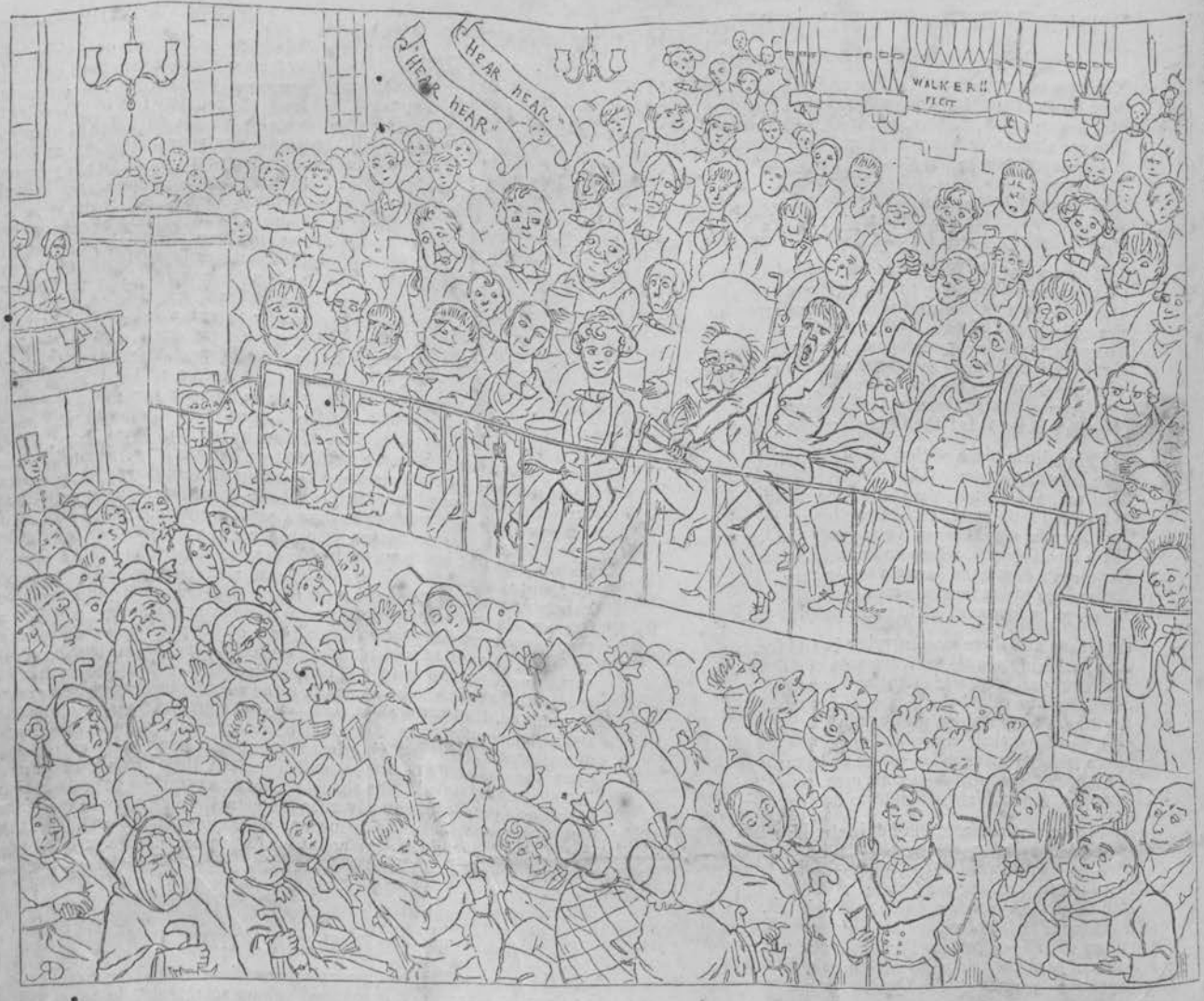
We cannot help admiring the grateful disposition of the Peer who declares himself thankful for such a very small contribution to his satisfaction, as a solitary shout of "Hear!" could have occasioned him. Had not his Lordship deliberately repudiated the imputation of anything like vanity on the subject of his speeches, we should have imagined that a cheer was as agreeable to him as applause to an actor—and, by the way, we think the introduction of a regularly organised *claque* might supply that stimulus of outward approbation which the etiquette of the house, and sometimes the non-exciting quality of a speech, prevents from being manifested by the audience.

If every Peer were allowed to write two double orders admitting four authorised *claqueurs*, their Lordships might stand by their orders as long as their orders stood by them in the interchange of mutual support and encouragement.

The Shareholder's Best Friend.

A RAILWAY Directory, done on the plan of the Post-office Directory, would be very useful, if it contained the names of all the Railway Directors. It would be very handy at the present moment, for when a public meeting takes place, it generally occurs that one or two Directors, and sometimes the Chairman, are missing, and no one knows where to find them. The Railway Directory would supply this information, and give us the name and address of every Director. The frontispiece should be a view of Boulogne, whilst the vignette might shadow forth a distant glimpse of the Central Criminal Court. The cover ought to be emblazoned with a fancy design (after LANDSEER) of "the Stag at Botany Bay." A list of the most expert Detective Officers should also be given with the Directory. It would sell "like fury." No Shareholder would be without a copy of it.

MANNERS · AND · CVSTOMS · OF yᵉ ENGLYSHE · IN · 1849 · Nº 10.



A PROSPECT · OF · EXETER · HALL · SHOWYNGE · A CHRISTIAN · GENTLEMAN · DENOVNCYNGE · Yᵉ POPE ·

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Wednesday, 1849. Went this Morning to Exeter Hall, where one of the May Meetings that do regularly take Place at this Time of the Season, and serve, in Lieu of Concerts and Shows to a Sort of People that call themselves serious. This, one of the Meetings of a Protestant Association, which I had heard much of and did long to go to, expecting to hear some good Argument against the Roman Catholiques. But instead of Argument, I did hear Nothing but Abuse, which do always go in at one Ear and out at the other. No new Point brought forward to confute Popery; but only an Iteration of the old Charges of Superstition and so forth, urged with no greater Power than more Strength of Lungs. The Commotions on the Continent last Year laid much Stress on, and the Turmoils in Catholique and Quiet in Protestant States contrasted, as though there had been no Disturbance or Trouble in Prussia or Denmark, or any Tumult or Revolution in Belgium or Portugal. I did note two chief Speakers, whom, on their rising, the Assembly did applaud as if they had been Actors, and to be sure, they ranted more frantically than I did ever see HICKS. Yet at Times they stooped to Drollery in the Height of their Passion, and one of them did make such Sport of the Roman Catholique Religion as would not have been suffered in the Adelphi Theatre. But I do find that some who would not be seen in a Play-House can enjoy their Laugh at Exeter Hall. This Orator was a Clergyman of some Kind, for he was called Reverend in the Hand-bill, and dressed in a clerical Habit, but, his Eyes and Face blazing with Wrath, did storm like a Madman against the Maynooth Grant and the POPE OF ROME; and howled as fierce as a Hyæna. The other a Clergyman too, and looked as much like one, with his sneering angry Visage, and did vehemently harangue, crying bitterly out on some of my Lords and the Members of the Commons House that had voted for Popish Endowment. His Oration a Medley of Sarcasm, Invective, and Buffoonery, and wound up with a Flourish of Patriotism and Loyalty. The Speeches received with Applause and Laughter, but also with Interruptions and crying to turn somebody out. The Speakers on a Platform, whereon they bounced backwards and forwards, having Rails in Front as if to hinder them from breaking loose on the Audience. Behind them a Crowd of dainty smooth Gentlemen in Black, with white Neckerchiefs, and to see how demure they looked, as if Butter would not melt in their Mouths! In the Body of the Hall a goodly Number of Heads, but by far the Most of them in Bonnets. The two chief Speeches lasted an Hour and a Half each, and the Chairman leaving his Seat, I away, my Head aching through the Raving. Such Violence, methinks, do only prove that there are other Bigots besides Papists; and is the worst Means of enforcing any Truth; for they that speak in Anger and Passion are commonly concluded by indifferent People to be in the Wrong. The Society complaining of want of Funds, which I do not wonder at, for I fear me the Subscribers have but few Catholiques converted for their Money.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place in the Parish of St. Pancras; and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, MAY 19th, 1849.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

MR. BROWN THE ELDER TAKES MR. BROWN THE YOUNGER TO A CLUB.

FROM the Library and Smoking-room regions let us descend to the lower floor. Here you behold the Coffee-room, where the neat little tables are already laid out, awaiting the influx of diners.

A great advance in civilisation was made, and the honesty as well as economy of young men of the middle classes immensely promoted, when the ancient tavern system was overthrown, and those houses of meeting instituted where a man, without sacrificing his dignity, could dine for a couple of shillings. I remember in the days of my youth when a very moderate dinner at a reputable coffee-house cost a man half-a-guinea: when you were obliged to order a pint of wine for the good of the house; when the waiter got a shilling for his attendance; and when young gentlemen were no richer than they are now, and had to pay thrice as much as they at present need to disburse for the maintenance of their station.

Then men (who had not the half guinea at command,) used to dive into dark streets in the vicinage of Soho or Covent Garden, and get a meagre meal at shilling taverns —or TOM, the clerk, issued out from your Chambers in Pump Court and brought back your dinner between two plates from a neighbouring ham and beef shop. Either repast was strictly honourable, and one can find no earthly fault with a poor gentleman, for eating a poor meal. But that solitary meal in Chambers was indeed a dismal refection. I think with anything but regret of those lonely feasts of beef and cabbage; and how there was no resource for the long evenings but those books, over which you had been poring all day, or the tavern with its deuced expenses, or the theatre—a young bachelor's life was a clumsy piece of wretchedness then—mismanaged and ill economised—just as your Temple Chambers or College rooms now are, which are quite behind the age, in the decent conveniences which every modern tenement possesses.

And that dining for a shilling and strutting about Pall Mall afterwards was, after all, an hypocrisy. At the time when the *Trois Frères Provençaux* at Paris had two entrances, one into the place of the Palais Royal, and one into the street behind, where the sixteen sous dinner-houses are, I have seen bucks with profuse toothpicks walk out of these latter houses of entertainment, pass up the *Trois Frères* stair, and descend from the other door into the Palais Royal, so that the people walking there might fancy these poor fellows had been dining regardless of expense. No; what you call putting a good face upon poverty, that is, hiding it under a grin, or concealing its rags under a make-shift, is always rather a base stratagem. Your Beaux Tibbs's and twopenny dandies can never be respectable altogether: and if a man is poor, I say he ought to seem poor; and that both he and Society are in the wrong, if either sees any cause of shame in poverty.

That is why I say we ought to be thankful for Clubs. Here is no skulking to get a cheap dinner: no ordering of expensive liquors and dishes for the good of the house, or cowering sensitiveness as to the opinion of the waiter. We advance in simplicity and honesty as we advance in civilisation, and it is my belief that we become better bred and and less artificial, and tell more truth every day.

This you see is the Club Coffee-room—it is three o'clock, young WIDEAWAKE is just finishing his breakfast (with whom I have nothing to do at present, but to say parenthetically, that if you *will* sit up till five o'clock in the morning, BOB, my boy, you may look out to have a headache and a breakfast at three in the afternoon). WIDEAWAKE is at breakfast—GOLDSWORTHY is ordering his dinner—while MR. NUDGIT, whom you see yonder, is making his lunch. In those two gentlemen is the moral and exemplification of the previous little remarks which I have been making.

You must know, Sir, that at the Polyanthus, in common with most Clubs, gentlemen are allowed to enjoy, gratis, in the Coffee-room, bread, beer, sauces, and pickles.

After four o'clock, if you order your dinner, you have to pay sixpence for what is called the table—the clean cloth, the vegetables, cheese, and so forth: before that hour you may have lunch, when there is no table charge.

NOW, GOLDSWORTHY is a gentleman and a man of genius, who has courage and simplicity enough to be poor—not like some fellows whom one meets, and who make a *fanfaronnade* of poverty, and draping themselves in their rags, seem to cry, "See how virtuous I am,—how honest DIOGENES is!" but he is a very poor man, whose education and talents are of the best, and who in so far claims to rank with the very best people in the world. In his place in Parliament, when he takes off his hat (which is both old and well brushed, the Speaker's eye is pretty sure to meet his, and the House listens to him with the respect which is due to so much honesty and talent. He is the equal of any man, however lofty or wealthy. His social position is rather improved by his poverty, and the world, which is a manly and generous world in its impulses, however it may be in its practice, contemplates with a sincere regard and admiration MR. GOLDSWORTHY'S manner of bearing his lack of fortune. He is going to dine for a shilling; he will have two mutton chops (and the mutton chop is a thing unknown in domestic life and in the palaces of epicures, where you may get cutlets dressed with all sorts of French sauces, but not the admirable mutton chop), and with a due allowance of the Club bread and beer, he will make a perfectly wholesome and sufficient and excellent meal; and go down to the House and fire into Ministers this very night.

Now, I say, this man dining for a shilling is a pleasant spectacle to behold. I respect MR. GOLDSWORTHY with all my heart, without sharing those ultra-conservative political opinions, which we all know he entertains, and from which no interest, temptation, or hope of place will cause him to swerve: and you see he is waited upon with as much respect here, as old SILENUS, though he order the most sumptuous banquet the cook can devise, or bully the waiters ever so.

But ah, BOB! what can we say of the conduct of that poor little MR. NUDGIT? He has a bed-chamber in some court unknown in the neighbourhood of the Polyanthus. He makes a breakfast with the Club bread and beer: he lunches off the same supplies—and being of an Epicurean taste, look what he does—he is actually pouring a cruet of anchovy sauce over his bread to give it a flavour; and I have seen the unconscionable little gourmand sidle off to the pickle jars when he thought nobody was observing, and pop a walnut or a half dozen of pickled onions into his mouth, and swallow them with a hideous furtive relish.

He disappears at dinner time, and returns at half-past seven or eight o'clock, and wanders round the tables when the men are at their dessert and generous over their wine. He has a number of little stories about the fashionable world to tell, and is not unentertaining. When you dine here, sometimes give NUDGIT a glass or two out of your decanter, BOB, my boy, and comfort his poor old soul. He was a gentleman once and had money, as he will be sure to tell you. He is mean and feeble, but not unkind—a poor little parasite not to be unpitied. MR. NUDGIT, allow me to introduce you to a new member, my nephew, MR. ROBERT BROWN.

At this minute old SILENUS swaggers in, bearing his great waistcoat before him, and walking up to the desk where the coffee-room clerk sits and where the bills of fare are displayed. As he passes he has to undergo the fire of MR. GOLDSWORTHY'S eyes, which dart out at him two flashes of the most killing scorn. He has passed by the battery without sinking, and lays himself alongside the desk. NUDGIT watches him, and will presently go up smirking humbly to join him.

"HUNT," he says, "I want a table, my table, you know, at seven—dinner for eight—LORD HOBANOB dines with me —send the butler—What's in the bill of fare? Let 's have clear soup and turtle—I 've sent it in from the city—dressed fish and turbot," and with a swollen trembling hand he writes down a pompous bill of fare.

As I said, NUDGIT comes up simpering, with a newspaper in his hand.

"Hullo, NUDG!" says MR. SILENUS, "how 's the beer? Pickles good to day?"

NUDGIT smiles in a gentle deprecatory manner.

"Smell out a good dinner, hey, NUDG?" says DIVES.

"If any man knows how to give one, you do," answers the poor beggar. "I wasn't a bad hand at ordering a dinner myself, once; what 's the fish in the list to-day?" and with a weak smile he casts his eye over the bill of fare.

LORD HOBANOB dines with me, and *he* knows what a good dinner is, I can tell you," says MR. SILENUS, "so does CRAMLEY."

"Both well-known epicures," says NUDGIT.

"I 'm going to give HOBANOB a return dinner to his at the Rhododendrum. He bet me that BATIFOL, the *chef* at the Rhododendrum, did better than our man can. HOB'S dinner was last Wednesday, and I don't say it wasn't a good one; or that taking GROSBOIS by surprise, is giving him quite fair play—but we'll see, NUDGIT. *I* know what GROSBOIS can do."

"I should think you did, indeed, SILENUS," says the other.

"I see your mouth's watering. I'd ask you, only I know you're engaged. You're always engaged, NUDGIT—Not to-day? Well then, you may come; and I say, MR. NUDGIT, we'll have a wet evening, Sir, mind you that."

MR. BOWLS, the butler, here coming in, MR. SILENUS falls into conversation with him about wines and icing. I am glad poor NUDGIT has got his dinner. He will go and walk in the Park to get up an appetite. And now, MR. BOB, having shown you over your new house, I too will bid you for the present farewell.

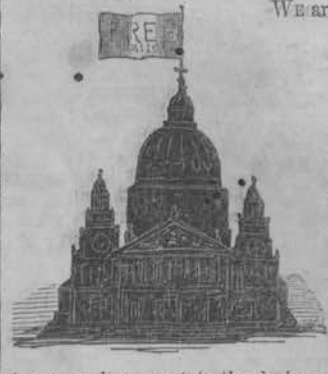
FRAGMENT OF A MAGYAR EPIC.

(Translated from the original of JAUOSCHAZACZSKY.*)*

AND now thy skin-clad warriors appear,
Blue lake Sketzsasik fair Huschquschanear!
Where rolls the Pruth his crystal wave along,
And Choczim hears the patriot's gathering song:
Nor stony Schernetescht declines the war,
Nor Szohisk spares her sons, nor stern Sztroczhar,
Whom brave TSCHATSCHAKZ from flat Rustschuckcha's plain,
Leads, bloody laurels under BEM to gain.
Serenely stern they laugh at Austrian claims,
Austria, that cannot e'en pronounce their names!
Long had they marched, since from Kaczsienjk's old tower,
They heard the tocsin toll the midnight hour;
Faintly they moved and slow, yet nothing sad,
Although refreshments were not to be had.
And now on the horizon, faintly seen,
Rise Isazecjh's grey towers, and poplars green,
Whose mouldering walls have baffled long the boast
Of SCHLICK's and JELLACHICH's united host.
Hold on, brave sons of Isazecjh! for now
Hungarian bayonets glint o'er Bozsasch's brow;
Weave, maids of Isazecjh, the conqueror's wreath
For valiant KLAPKA, and his band of death!
Near and more near, the wish'd relief draws nigh;
Przcemyst's sons their trusty rifles ply,
And Droszeg's *tirailleurs*, beneath whose hail,
Even the red-clad Szerezzaner quail,
Till back on Szalba-Egerszegg they fall,
And draw safe breath beneath its sheltering wall.
Grant to thy votary, O Magyar Muse,
The spell'd as spo'en of *Fonetic Nuz;*
While he essays to twine the civic bay,
For those who fought on red Isazecjh's day;
And bids each genuine Magyar sadly turn
To SZISKSZO's corse, and BLAGOWITZCHYEN's urn.
Hidaschnemelhi weeps her PAGOZDSCH slain;
Ne'er to Plevlicksk shall KLINDSCH return again;
And Niskiki, reft of her gallant GLIM,
Curses fierce HARDEGG, and his Honveds grim.
But dearly purchased was thy life, SZOKOL,
And thine, stout MILKOSCH, of enduring soul;
Five fell round each of FIEDLER's fierce brigade,
And drunk with blood was CNYZKSCHI's damask'd blade.

[Any person reading the above fluently, shall receive a file of the *Fonetic Nuz*.]

THE GOOD TIME MOVEMENT.



WE are afraid that the Good Time Movement is retarded by a sort of *ralentando*, leading to an *andantissimo*, which causes the Good Time to be exceedingly slow in coming.

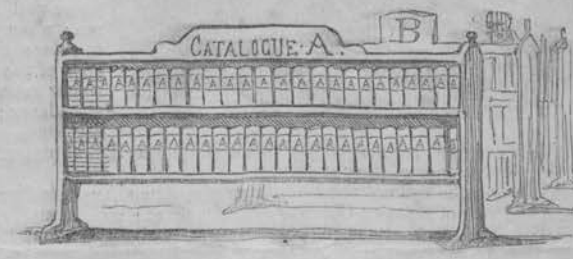
Though we have not much sympathy with anything in the shape of a fast man, we are disposed to patronise a party of enthusiasts who have, we understand, formed themselves into a Society for accelerating the Good Time which we have been promised for the last year, in a song that has been dinned into our ears in every variety of key, and in all sorts of voices. The Society in question, is exceedingly sanguine in its views, as will easily be seen when we state the designs they hope to realise.

One of their first expectations, is the completion of the *Bassi-relievi* of the Nelson Column, a project which speaks for itself as a freak of fancy almost unparalleled for its wild extravagance. This tremendous work, which has already witnessed the transformation of mature age into senility, and the ripening of childhood into adolescence—which has, in fact, "used up" the man and the boy, who figured in the early pages of *Punch*—this apparently impossible achievement the enthusiasts we have alluded to, expect to bring to completion.

Another of their grand ideas is the drying up of the Trafalgar Fountains by either the sponge of science, the mop of mechanical contrivance, or some other absorbent of equal power and efficiency. These fountains which have so often brought a tear into the eye of the spectator when the wind has been blowing in his face—these fountains to which we have given many a wipe—will be speedily wiped out if the would-be expeditors of the Good Time, are fortunate in the fulfilment of their wishes.

Perhaps, however, the most patriotic of their plans is the removal of the National Gallery, whose pepper-boxes we have so liberally peppered

—a scheme which includes nothing less than the emancipation of the Vernon Collection from the Black Hole to which it has been consigned with the utmost barbarity. The completion of the catalogue of the British Museum, now in its fortieth folio volume and second letter, is



another of the grand designs undertaken by the Society we have mentioned; who also intend agitating for the passing of an act to prevent the erection of any more statues to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. They will be satisfied to abide by the *statû quo*, or, in other words, accept every statue that is in existence; but they will set their faces against, or turn their backs upon any more of these performances. The last and not the least difficult of their schemes, is the limitation of the size of advertising vans, which have reached a height so extreme that we meet a Mont Blanc of puffs in every street, and encounter an Apennine of posting bills in every crowded thoroughfare.

If success should crown the efforts of the Associates, who have combined to promote the advance of the Good Time, we shall have to thank them for rescuing the assertion that "the Good Time is coming," from the doubt thrown upon it by its extreme tardiness in keeping its appointments.

A Cruel Dun.

WE hear a great deal said about the area of taxation; whereas the tax-gatherer, instead of ringing at the area, generally knocks at the front door with a double knock, aggravating the disagreeableness of his unwelcome errand by creating the expectation of a friendly visitor.

REASONABLE TAXATION.—Whatever doubts may exist as to the policy or justice of imposing a general rate-in-aid on Ireland, there can be no objection whatever to the general rating to which MR. ROEBUCK the other day subjected the Irish landlords.

PROPHECIES FOR THE DERBY.

Punch Office, May 19, 1849.

We had intended prophesying about the winner of the Derby, but really the thing has become as common as a "Shower of Frogs" in autumn, a "Monster Gooseberry" in spring, or a Revolution in Paris.

We do not mind venturing, however, on the following prophecies, because we are confident they all will come true, or if a few do not, they will be sure to come in next year. That is the essential beauty of a prophecy; if it is not exactly verified today, it will be to-morrow, or next month, or next year, or at all events at some period or other before you die, and leave this betting world for a better.

Out of every hundred young men who go down by the railway, not one will think of taking provisions with him, but they will all trust to the chance "of meeting with a friend on the course."

Several young men will be waiting at the Regent Circus from an early hour in the morning, bargaining with every coach to see how cheap they can go down, when, from putting it off to the very last, they will certainly be taken for one half the money, only they will reach the Downs somewhere about an hour after the Derby has been run.

A talented Jew-boy will derive a handsome profit from the sale of corkscrews to such carriages as make an annual custom of providing themselves with everything but the aforesaid article in question.

A loud cry of, "Down with that parasol!" will be heard just as the Derby is being run.

Bets to a very large amount will change hands; but it is very questionable whether a single pair of gloves, out of the thousands that will be lost by the young ladies, will ever do the same.

A little dog, as soon as the course is cleared, will immediately appear in the open space, and do a little running on its own account, in which it will be extremely well backed by every one present. The race between the little dog and the Police, will be extremely diverting, as long as it lasts, and the pace will be kept up with great vigour on both sides; but the poor animal will ultimately be beaten, and the intrepid A, (by *Chance* out of *Area*), be declared the winner.

Boys' schools will be drawn out in lines of three deep over the garden walls at Clapham, and will make wry faces at the jokes and the peas that are fired at them by the flying carriages, but will laugh under their large clean collars whenever the usher is hit, or his hat is knocked off by a particularly well-aimed knock-me-down.

The housemaids along the road, will be sure to have their best caps on, and will be cleaning the windows, or making the beds, or answering the gate-bell, all day long.

A postilion with a white hat (we forbear mentioning his name, but he will have top-boots on) will take a "little drop too much," and will cause much confusion and animadversion amongst the vehicles behind, by locking the wheels of his carriage inside those of an advertising-van, and upsetting it across the road.

The pikemen will perform prodigies of good temper; but as usual, will insist, through thick and thin, upon having their own way, and will maintain it, too, by closing the gate as often as a carriage is not inclined to pay twice over.

The fast young gentleman, who goes down with a tandem, will find great difficulty in driving it home. The leader will keep turning round, and this eccentric movement being freely indulged in, will make the wheeler very giddy, and create considerable confusion by this new mode of "spinning" home from the Derby.

Several spoons will be missing, and several clerks be absent from their duties the following day; the whole road will be strewed with that coarse, ill-grained commodity, called "chaff," as thickly as the circle at Astley's is strewed with saw-dust; gypsies will tell fortunes, and lordlings, as yet "green" upon the Turf, will lose them; the Settling Day at Tattersall's will be a day of great unsettlement to several, many a rising star of fashion will on that day sink for ever in the Levant; "noble captains" will abound, with the usual number of "my handsome ladies," "fine young gentlemen" and "Dowling's Correct Lists" of the last year sold for the present.

If our prophecies do not come true, may *Punch* be left far behind in the ruck, and no longer hold the position he has always maintained in the race for popular favour of England's Favourite!

Specimen Meanings for Irish Members.

Mountebank. A Man, who will not hesitate to eat fire, but will not swallow his own words.

Viper. A creature that attacks either the Irish Members, or any other sort of File.

Green Venom. Truth poured out upon the Emerald Isle.

Rate-in-Aid. A Highway Act to make Honest People Stand and Deliver.

Wooden Bread.—Dr. Percy does not specify distinctly the class of cases for which this new article of Belly Timber is suitable; but we should think it especially adapted to parties *on board wages*.

SHAMEFUL MISREPORTING.

What Tongue said in the House.

Seeing the noble Lord in his place, which I am very glad, and indeed I might say the country expects it at such a moment, I beg to ask the noble Lord, what the Government intends to do; that is, whether they intend to do anything: suppose, as I am given to understand it is a fact, which if the newspapers are to be believed, my Lords, and I am assured they spare no expense in procuring the best information, I have therefore to ask the noble Lord if the Russians have entered Austria, and whether they intend to do anything—I mean the Government, not the Russians,—and has any communication taken place between Russia and this country—that is, upon this subject, which is a most important subject to the peace of Europe, and is the subject of much anxiety. I trust the noble Lord will give a plain answer to a plain question.

What Pen said in the Reporters' Gallery.

A noble Lord begged to ask Lord Lansdowne if any official information had been received of the Russian invasion of the Austrian territories, and whether the British government intended to take any steps if the report of such invasion should prove to be true?

RAILWAY COOKERY.

The art of cookery has been carried to the very highest pitch during the last year or two, and we really think that a little fortune might be made by a Railway Cookery Book, under the editorship of some one thoroughly well versed in the mystery. Hashes seem to have been the favourite dishes with the Railway Cooks, but the last grand dish has been "calves' head surprised," which has been the result of a general serving out of the shareholders. What the domestic cooks call "stock," has been an important item in the railway *cuisine*, and a good deal has been done by boiling everything, until bubbles rose to the top, when all the surface was skimmed off, and though the guests swallowed it with avidity as long as there was a morsel of fat to be had, they are clamorous when they find that the steam cookery has left them nothing but hot water at the bottom.

"BULL'S NEW SYSTEM."

A lively young bull from Smithfield entered a pawnbroker's shop in Farringdon Street, and swallowed three bunches of duplicates. A dreadful contest ensued. The pawnbroker insisted upon sending the bull up the spout, and keeping him there till the twelvemonth had expired; but the butcher would not pledge himself, or his bull either, to any such proposal. It is difficult to say how the matter would have ended, if the bull had not opportunely come to their help, and tossed them all round for it. The effort, however, was too much for him. The poor animal died in the course of the same evening, and, upon his chest being examined, was found to be worth 1 warming pan, 6 pair of boots, 24 flat-irons, 1 iron bedstead, 1 brass footman, 2 dumpy levels, 1 garden roller, and no end of medical instruments; the entire amount of which had been entered in the names of the different members of the extensive family of Smith, and was valued at the united sum of £4 2*s*. 7¾*d*. The whole of this property was left to the butcher, but he very handsomely has handed it over to the pawnbroker, who at present holds it in trust for the Johns, Thomases, and Edwards of the family above named.

PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.—THE LOOSE SLATE.

Scene.—Principal barricade at Mr. Briggs's house.—Owing to the incomplete state of the alterations, Mr. Briggs is obliged to enter his house through the parlour window. The Policeman mistakes him for a burglar and acts accordingly. In Mr. Briggs's hand may be observed a fine Lobster which he has brought home to conciliate Mrs. B.

A CONSIDERATE O'CONNELL.

The members of the O'Connell family are not remarkable for their over-delicate regard to the feelings of others, but on Friday night last Mr. John O'Connell really performed an act of courtesy and philanthropy which we should never have given him credit for. Being about to speak, he actually had the humanity to put in force the standing order for the exclusion of strangers, which at once spared the reporters the infliction of having to listen to his harangue, and saved them the further trouble of taking it down, while it released the newspaper reading world in general from the bore of perusing it. Mr. John O'Connell would entitle himself to the thanks of the Press, and even of the country at large, if he would always act with the same kind consideration towards those whose duty compels them to remain in the House when he is upon his legs, unless the standing order against the presence of strangers is enforced as it was last Friday. There is certainly some inconvenience in the loss to the public of a knowledge of what might be interesting and valuable from the lips of other honourable Members, but still, to escape the infliction of one dull and empty harangue, is an advantage that is worth paying for.

WE "PAUSE FOR A REPLY."

We have seen the following in a morning paper:—"Mr. Hudson, after a series of *lucrative Provincial engagements*, made his appearance at the Adelphi Theatre in the favourite Two Act Farce of *His Last Legs*." Pray, *which* Mr. Hudson is this?

WANTED, A FEW FINE YOUNG DEFINITIONS.

We beg to furnish the following to the next Supplement or new Edition of *Johnson's Dictionary* that may be published, or perhaps "*Walker's*" would be more appropriate:—

Director. An individual systematically employed in obtaining money on false pretences for Railway or other Public Companies.

Cooking. Figuratively applied to accounts, means that process by which profit is made to figure as loss, capital as revenue, debt as increase of means, and expenses as income.

Confidence. Never asking where money comes from so long as you get it.

Want of Confidence. Finding a sudden diminution in your dividends.

Testimonial. A mark of the homage, which men whom money has made, pay to the man who has made money.

Bubble. Figuratively, a scheme for sudden wealth, which men always abuse others for running after, and always run after themselves.

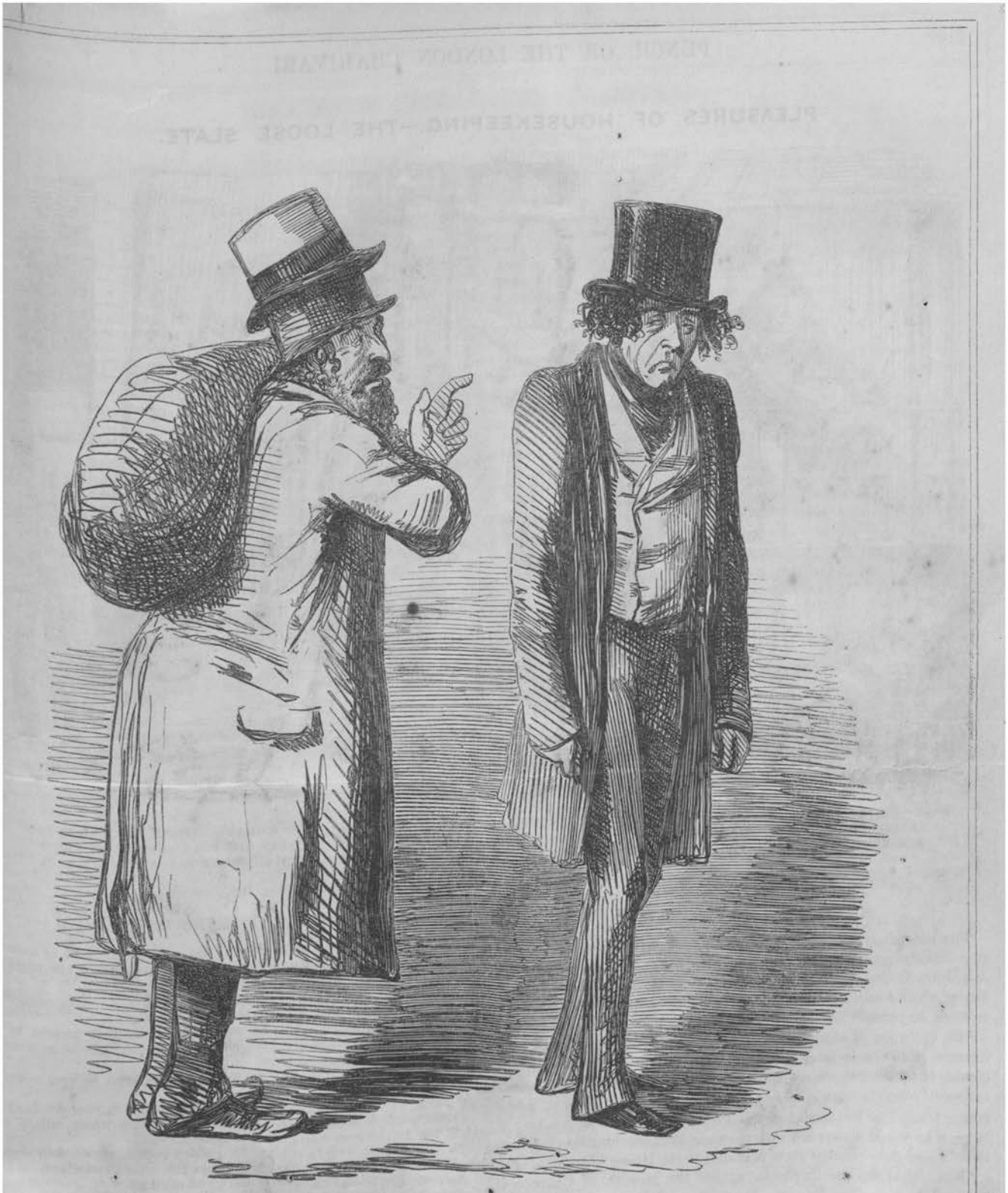
Success. The test of the virtue or vice of conduct.

Enterprise. Contempt for those considerations which prevent rogues in *posse* from becoming rogues in *esse*.

Roguery. Being found out.

A Delicate Distinction.

It has been proposed by an ingenious individual, who is fond of keeping the line of separation strongly drawn between the different ranks of society, that, in order to distinguish the nobility from the mobility, the former should continue to be termed the *vulgar herd* while the appellation of the *great unhe(a)rd* should be bestowed on the latter. This may be all very well as far as it goes, but we see some difficulty in keeping all classes distinct, while the Peers in their own House are so indistinct, that it is difficult to catch a sentence they utter.



"HAVE YOU GOT SUCH A THING AS A TURNED COAT FOR SALE?"

MISS BENIMBLE'S TEA-AND-TOAST.

PRINCE ALBERT'S GRACIOUS APPEARANCE IN THE SERVANTS' HALL. —THE OXFORD TRUMPET. — ROME AND EXETER-HALL. — LORD BROUGHAM AND THE APOLLO.—THE THIMBLE FUND.

EAR MR. PUNCH,—I couldn't think what was the matter with MR. LOVELACE, when he last dropped in. He 'd a smile on his face like a new guinea, and kept rubbing his hands one round the other, as if he was washing 'em in otto of roses. "Been anywhere partic'lar?" says I. "Why, yes, ma'am," says LOVELACE, beginning to coax the tip of his nose—as he 's a habit—with his right thumb and two first fingers,—"Yes, ma'am, I 've been on duty—and I may say the duty was a pleasure. I have been, MISS BENIMBLE, to Hanover Square."

Whereupon, my woman's heart beat with a bounce, and sent the words to my mouth. "I see it;" says I. "You 've been to St. George's Church, and the world 's no better than a cinder-heap—JENNY LIND is married. The nightingale has put her neck in the wedding-ring, and we may all go into short mourning."

"It 's very odd," says LOVELACE. "But my 'pinion is, that the third thought of every woman is, always going to the altar. It 's a crotchet of mine, that every female baby comes into the world with the whole marriage-service ready printed in it 's little head, besides all the figures of the quadrilles, the fashions of the month, the"—

"Nonsense!" says I. "And suppose it was so, what then? Marriage is nothing to you creatures. But what a weight it is upon us! You may laugh, MR. LOVELACE: I 'm sure of it. HYMEN makes fetters of adamant—if I may be allowed the word—for we women: while, for you men, they 're nothing more than a chain of buttercups and daisies. For it doesn't hold you—and you know it doesn't."

"Can't say," said LOVELACE, stirring his tea. "I 've never yet been married." (And, upon my word, *Mr. Punch*, at that little word YET—for I did suspect him to be a widower, he 's so shy of marriage—at that little word my heart went against my breast like a wild bird in a cage). "And," says he, going on—"and I hav'n't been to St. George's Church. Though, I 've heard in Scotland Yard, that *when* MISS LIND is married, the force—foot and horse—is to line the streets, with cutlasses and ball-cartridge, to awe down the mob. And the Duke, who will of course give the bride away, as Lieutenant of the Tower, has promised a small park of artillery to make rescue impossible."

"But where have you been?" says I.

"I 've been to Hanover Square Rooms, and heard PRINCE ALBERT. Upon my life, his Royal Highness is getting quite into a PITT—growing to a very FOX." (I stared, but said nothing; what *could* LOVELACE mean?) "He made a speech that was really beautiful."

"What about?" says I.

"Why, about the 'Servants' Provident and Benevolent Society.' Not a drip-drip speech, filtered drop by drop, but a flowing silver stream of sweet fine sense."

Well, *Mr. Punch*, I *did* stare. "I never thought, MR. LOVELACE, says I, "to hear you talk in this way of any Prince in the 'versal world."

"There 's the mistake, MISS BENIMBLE. It 's one thing for to go down upon one's knees and make an idol of human clay, and another to take one's hat off, and make a seemly bow to a good man, doing goodness with a grace that makes even the good the better for the courtesy."

"Go on," says I, not caring to answer him. "What 's the Society for?—not but what I shall read all about it."

"The Society is to put in the way of domestic servants—and there is a million of 'em, says LORD RUSSELL—the means of defying the Union in their old age: the means of independence"—

"It must be in a very small way," says I.

"It 's the beauty of the spirit of independence," says LOVELACE boldly, "always to double a little. It 's a wonderful spirit, quite a household fairy, and any day makes half-a-crown go as far as five shillings."

"And how did the Prince—la, bless us! to think he should come from Buckingham Palace; from the silver tea-pot of her blessed Majesty—how did the Prince speak up for the servants?"

"Beautifully," says LOVELACE, his cheek flushing. "He asked 'whose heart would fail to sympathise with those who minister to us for all the wants of daily life—who attend us during sickness—who receive us on our first appearance in this world, and extend their care even to our mortal remains—who live under our roof, form our household, and are a part of our family?'"

"Did the Prince say all that?" says I, and I do assure you I felt in such a glow just as if I 'd swallowed mulled wine. "Did he say all that?"

"And twenty times as much, and all as good," said LOVELACE.

"Well then," says I, "here 's his Royal Highness's health, though it 's only humble Twankay."

"The Prince is really a wise young man," says LOVELACE. "He 's building up a name for himself, better than all the marble busts, and bronze horses in the world. I 'm glad he 's given up the business of hatter. He 'll make a much better job of it, with hearts than hats. Why even the smallest tiger will feel himself somebody, when he knows he 's cared for in this way."

"Don't talk of tigers," says I. "Think of the cooks, and the housemaids, and the maids-of-all-work. Think of them, MR. LOVELACE."

"I do," says he.

"How they *will* love the Prince! He 'll reign in the very heart of the kitchen! For when MOLLY black-leads her grate, she 'll think of the lustre of her Prince, and the stove will be the brighter for it. When SUSAN cleans the windows, she 'll breathe a blessing on his Royal Highness, and the glass will shine like a diamond. And the speech wasn't a short one but long?" says I.

"Long," says LOVELACE. "Long, and like a silver eel, bright from head to tail. LORD RUSSELL, too, spoke well. And the Bishop of Oxford"—

"What did Oxford say? I 'm sure"—says I—"he talked a lump of honey. To hear him speak, why it 's like the gurgling out of salad oil."

"Humph!" says LOVELACE. "Why, the Bishop said that, 'if the folks present supported the Society, they would give to his Royal Highness *the best proof* that they were sensible of the great favour he had conferred on the Society by being present on the occasion!' Now the Prince's speech was so true, so manly, such a real thing, that—to my sense—this flourish of the Bishop's trumpet came in a little bold and brassy."

"The Bishop meant well," says I, taking his part.

"No doubt," says LOVELACE, "and so does my dog Fop; but he 's got such a bad habit, that though it goes against me, I 'm obliged now and then to kick him in the stomach." (It was his very word, *Mr. Punch.*)

"Begging your pardon, MR. LOVELACE," says I, with a laugh, "you 're a brute."

"Great provocation, MISS BENIMBLE. You see, sometimes when I 'm drest, and my boots shine like looking-glasses, that spaniel, Fop, to show his love, will come about my feet, and lick the blacking off. Poor thing! he may mean it for affection; but for all that, it 's only slaver."

"Why, you didn't intend to insinuate of the Bishop"—

"I insinuate nothing, Ma'am," says LOVELACE. "But I will boldly say this: when the Prince next presides, I hope the Bishop will leave his Royal Highness alone. I 'm sure the thing is much better simple; *without* the Oxford mixture."

"Talking of Oxford," says I, "it leads one nat'rally to Rome. Dreadful state of things there, MR. LOVELACE. All sorts of bombs firing into St. Peter's. Pictures riddled like colanders; and statues with their limbs knocked all to pieces."

"Why, they do say, but I don't believe it," says LOVELACE, "that the head of the APOLLO BELVIDERE has been knocked off by a French cannon-ball; and that LORD BROUGHAM, in the handsomest way, has offered his own bust to repair the damage. Only think, BROUGHAM to be continued in APOLLO."

"Dreadful," says I. "But, altogether, what a shocking thing! They 've burnt the cardinals' carriages, and"—

"Humph!" says LOVELACE. "I wonder what sort of carriage PETER rode in—if any, I suppose, a fish-cart."

"Now, MR. LOVELACE, I won't have any such dispersion. But the fact is, you go to Exeter Hall so often, that you haven't a bit of respect for anything that 's of Rome. I *do* think even a Roman nose is a sin in your eyes."

"Quite a mistake," says LOVELACE. "Besides, Rome is now quite the pet of Exeter Hall. Or if it isn't, it ought to be. MR. PLUMPTRE himself wouldn't give it the Pope more lustily than MAZZINI. What says the triumvir to the French? Why, I 've heard the same thing—though by no means in such noble, drum-beating words,—a thousand times in the Strand. What does he say? He says—'Ask those time-honoured monuments of the ever glorious past, and they will tell you they have been soiled and too long sullied by a sacerdotal despotism. Question our women and our youth, and they will tell of the seductions, of the debaucheries, of the barter and sale of consciences and of chastity, of which a black clerical band of impostors has made them the victims.'"

"Well," says I, "how could I have missed that? Why, MAZZINI beats NEWDEGATE to bits! The Scarlet Lady"—

"The Scarlet Lady," says LOVELACE, "may send her robes to be dyed in LUTHER's ink, Rome seems to give her up. What do you think? I read in the *Daily News*—(and, by the way, all the letters in the *News* are capitally written; penned by a strong Roman light)—I read that the church confessional boxes—the places where folks poured their sins into monks' gaping ears—those very boxes go to make barricades."

"I 'm delighted to hear it," says I. "Only to think of those boxes, makes me shiver."

"'Twould be droll, wouldn't it,—if in one of 'em, King Bombastes of Naples—LORD BROUGHAM's cheerful friend—if just by the fortune of war, his Majesty was shriven by a Roman bullet, and made a clean breast of it to Father Death. Very droll, eh, MISS BENIMBLE?"

"Don't talk in that horrid way," says I, "I 'd rather have him put

into a comfortable horse-hair shirt; his head clean shaved, and made a respectable friar of for the rest of his days. If I could only do what I wished"—

"Talking of doing. What will you do in the new crusade? What will you give?"

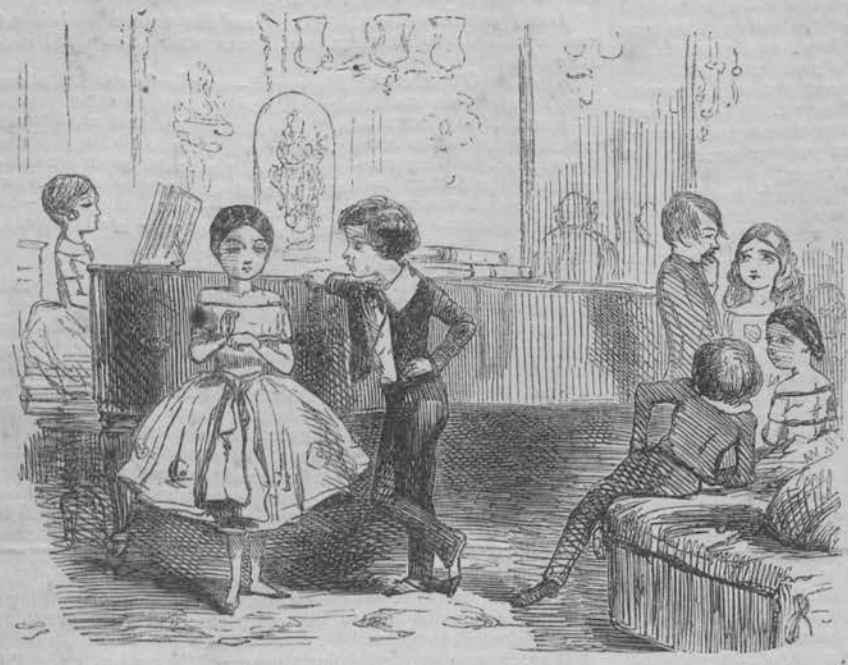
"Give!" says I.

"Give," says LOVELACE. "Why, there's a meeting to be held at Exeter Hall, to subscribe for the defence of Rome against the Pope. The women are expected to send all their precious metal, down to their very thimbles, and the children their gold ear-rings. Now, what will you give?"

"I'll not be behind," says I, "but send in a spoon like my betters." Which there and then I did, handing the fiddle-head to LOVELACE, and for the defence of Rome, spoiling my half-dozen.

M. B.

NOTHING LIKE PRUDENCE.



Maria loq. "MY DEAR CHARLES, BEFORE WE THINK OF MARRYING, I MUST ASK YOU, WHAT YOU HAVE?"

Charles. "MY DEAR MARIA. I WILL TELL YOU FRANKLY THAT ALL I HAVE IN THE WORLD IS A DRUM AND A CRICKET-BAT; BUT PAPA HAS PROMISED ME A BOW AND ARROWS, AND A PONY, IF I AM A GOOD BOY.

Maria. "OH! MY DEAR CHARLES, WE COULD NEVER LIVE AND KEEP HOUSE UPON THAT!"

PANTOMIMES FOR THE PEERAGE.

THE Lords are getting more inaudible every day, and the Debates have at length become such mere whisperings—as far as the public ear is concerned—that if there are to be any reports at all, some new mode must be hit upon, for carrying on the business of the upper House of Parliament.

There is some idea of adopting the practice of talking with the fingers, and thus enabling the reporters to guess at what is going on, by a show of hands, which might be made very expressive by a body of a-wrist-ocrats. Some have proposed that their Lordships should be provided with speaking-trumpets, similar to those through which we are assured at fairs, that certain monsters painted on the outside of caravans, are "Alive! alive!"—an assertion we are invited to test, by proceeding to "Walk up," upon a hoarse promise that we are "Now in time," added to a most foggy, most Novemberly, and most Influenza-choked intimation, that "The charge is only a penny!"

We should be extremely shocked at the Peerage being driven to these expedients for making themselves heard, and we should prefer, therefore, the experiment of carrying on the business of legislation, by means of scrolls, after the manner formerly in vogue at the minor theatres in the Metropolis, before they were honoured by the recognition of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

We remember "10,000 Ducats" being offered in black and white on a yard of calico for "the PROSCRIBED ALMANZOR," and we have a perfect recollection of SEEDY KHAN aiding the great interests of justice, by unrolling a piece of long cloth in the face of AMROU SADI, and confounding the humiliated A. S., by poking almost into his eye the bold assertion in six-inch letters, "THERE STANDS THE MURDERER!"

We have a vivid reminiscence of a whole dialogue of these scrolls, commencing with the comparatively harmless "Say'st thou?" and terminating in the decisive "This, then, to thy heart!" accompanied by a terrific lunge with a wooden scimitar planted under the victim's arm-pit, and we feel convinced that this sort of thing told its story better than any other method that could have been pursued. We beg leave, therefore, to suggest that the inaudibility of the spoken Debates in the Lords should be provided against by the use of scrolls, and we should recommend that a few should be at once prepared, inscribed—

"Adjourn the Debate."	"Divide."
"Second the Motion,"	"I rise to order."
"Read it this day six months."	"Spoke."
"The order of the day."	"Question,"

and a few other terms in common use, which would be found suitable to general purposes.

Of course every member anxious to "fling back the insinuation with scorn," or to give "a flat contradiction to the noble Lord" should be expected to provide his own stuff, and come prepared with his own abuse or sarcasm at his own expense on his own calico. It would be unfair to provide the groundwork of mere personal altercation at the public expense, and it would be quite sufficient for the country to furnish the cotton for the thread of a regular debate, leaving their Lordships to spin their own yarns at their own cost when they are in the humour to indulge in personalities. The species of scroll-work which we have recommended, would be in some measure ornamental as well as useful, and a debate kept up by the constant hoisting of banners or flags would give it—paradoxically enough—an unflagging interest.

THE ROW IN CANADA.

IT appears from our most recent "advices" that the row in Canada, has arisen out of the desperation of the Tories at being deprived of the good things, in which long enjoyment had seemed to give them a "vested interest." The MAC NAB party had been so long accustomed to nab everything, that they appeared to have acquired a-nab-solute right to everything they could lay their hands upon. Recourse has been had to the Red Republican school of argument, and by setting fire to property the rebels have tried to show themselves a match for their opponents. The governor has been pelted with eggs, at the instigation of some leaders who have been egging the rabble on, and though this sort of thing may be compared to getting in a word egg-ways, it is certainly the poorest possible style of argument. When the pretended friends of freedom take to throwing eggs, we may presume there is something rotten in their cause, and we cannot sympathise with their attempt to throw off the yolk in this disgraceful manner. LORD ELGIN was fortunately not much hurt by the battery opened upon him, with this comparatively harmless species of batter, but there is something very chicken-hearted in the act of pelting a Governor with eggs, supplied no doubt from certain mare's nests discovered by the rebels.

The Political Touchstone.

ON great questions, such as Free Trade, Universal Suffrage, or Vote by Ballot, much difficulty is experienced by Governments in determining what is the real sense of the country. To ascertain this important point, we have invented an instrument, which we are confident will act more cleverly than the aneroid barometer. The apparatus is exceedingly simple, consisting merely of a moderately sized iron box with a chink in the lid. It is to be fixed up in some convenient situation in every parish in the kingdom, and HER MAJESTY'S subjects are to be invited to drop their opinions on all political matters whereon they have any, into it: the opinions to be written on a small piece of paper inclosing the sum of one farthing. A considerable addition to the revenue might be derived from this source: at all events it would be clear that there was some sincerity in the opinions of those who would give one farthing in support of them.

FRENCH AND ROMAN REPUBLICANS.

ODE TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Louis Napoleon—I won't say that he
"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,"
But a Republic's President should be
Republican himself—I *will* say that.
When Rome shook off her priestly yoke,
What right had you to put your spoke,
I beg to ask you, in her common weal?
What ground had you for interference,
When of the Pope she made a clearance?
Pray, who call'd you with her affairs to deal?
The Romans may be right or wrong,
I don't care which, in turning Pius out,
And sending all the Cardinals along
With that good Pontiff to the right about;
But let them choose their form of government,
And what 's the odds, so long as they 're content?

Are you to cram down their reluctant gullets,
The kind of Constitution you think best,
By means of swords, and bayonets, and bullets?
Against such tyranny I must protest.
I really wonder you 've the cheek
To talk about your *République*.
In dignity you merit an advance;
There is a post which you are fitter far
To fill than to be President of France;
Instead of that, you ought to be the Czar.
The Roman people to coerce and menace,
You send your howitzers and bombs,
With Oudinot to play the modern Brennus—
What of this intervention comes?
Disgrace, defeat,—in point of fact,
Your troops got regularly whack'd.

How could they stand against a foe that sung
The *Marseillaise*, or fail to be
Taken aback, dumbfoundered, and unstrung,
Met with *Mourir pour la Patrie?*
To chaunt such strains till they are hoarse,
The citizens of France must know their brothers
Of Rome, possess the right, of course,
As perfectly as any others;
Also to dance and caper at their pleasures,
Round Trees of Liberty in sportive measures:
In short, their own Republic to enjoy,
So long as other folks they don't annoy.
All well for you, if France shall acquiesce
Quietly in her own stultification;
If not, you 've got yourself into a mess,
From which I wish you happy extrication.

THE COOLEST THING IN THE WORLD.

We have at last met with what strikes us as being literally about the coolest thing we ever met with in the course of our life. Our old friend the Cucumber, that has stood "framed and glazed" as the picture of coolness for many a long year, and has given rise to the standard comparison "as cool as a cucumber," must now retire into private life, and we have no doubt the Cucumber will be very much cut up at what we are about to communicate.

The extreme coolness to which we have to call attention, is the coolness of a gentleman at the bar of the Central Criminal Court, who being wanted unfortunately in two Courts at once—because he had taken briefs that required his attendance in two Courts at once—coolly observed that, "he couldn't help it; his client in the other Court was perfectly innocent, but must be convicted, and the Home Secretary must be applied to for redress." All this seems to us astonishingly cool, when we reflect, that, by simply declining to take more briefs than he could attend to, the learned gentleman might have prevented the conviction of the innocent man, and the necessity of an appeal to the Home Office, to remedy an evil which would appear to have been caused by counsel having given an implied pledge of ubiquity, which of course could not be fulfilled.

There may possibly be some mistake in the report of the proceedings; but as they stand recorded in the daily journals, the circumstances amount to this—That a barrister accepted briefs requiring him to be in two places at once; but being unable to accomplish that duality of body, which would be very convenient in conjunction with the alleged duality of mind which is said to exist, he coolly avowed that his innocent client in the next Court must be found guilty, and that the Secretary of State must repair the injury inflicted by a barrister taking two fees, when he could only earn one of them.

The coolness of this proceeding, if true, is really almost Wenham-ous in its character; for we doubt if even Wenham ice could equal it in its own peculiar way; and we think the Hill Coolies themselves scarcely deserve their name so completely as those extraordinary Coolies of the bar, who take briefs in several Courts, without the possibility of performing the services for which the *quiddum* is paid to them.

A PROTECTIONIST CHANT.

(DEDICATED TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.)

Fellow Countrymen awaken, if you wish to save your bacon, and retrieve your credit shaken, by Whig and Peelite policy so dreadfully mistaken.

Your affairs in dire confusion, show Free Trade a delusion, and justify the system of a rigorous exclusion,

By recurring to Protection; yes, returning to Protection; the good old-fashioned system of Protection.

Here you 've Agriculture pining, for I will not call it whining, with manufactures and mining, in a condition which, to use the mildest term, is the reverse of shining.

With labourers out of employment, void of comfort and enjoyment, through measures British Industry to ruin to decoy meant,

By abandoning Protection; oh, by giving up Protection, &c.

Don't account for our distresses, our disasters and our messes, by your liberal and enlightened but quite speculative guesses.

Don't believe it was the famine, or the Railway rage for mammon; rely upon our word for it this argument is gammon.

'Tis the absence of Protection; ah, the want of due Protection, &c.

Now here I stand to proffer a truly liberal offer, at which I hope that none of you will prove an empty scoffer.

If you 'll follow, follow me all, protected you shall be all, and then I 'll undertake that soon you 'll see what you shall see all,

When all ranks enjoy Protection; yes, the blessing of Protection, &c.

I 'll protect one from another, the sister from the brother, the wife from husband, and *vice versâ*, father and mother from son, son from father and mother,

Tinkers from tailors, soldiers from sailors, colliers from whalers, insolvents (if there are any remaining still) from gaolers.

Each from each with fair Protection; by a wise plan of Protection, &c.

Butchers from bakers, carpenters from cabinet-makers, Jack Ketch from Quakers, and Her Majesty's subjects in general from undertakers.

Farmers, as may be expected, against the world shall be protected, except their friends, ourselves, with whom as tenants they 're connected.

From Landlords they need no Protection, not a rag of Protection; oh no, deuce a bit of Protection!

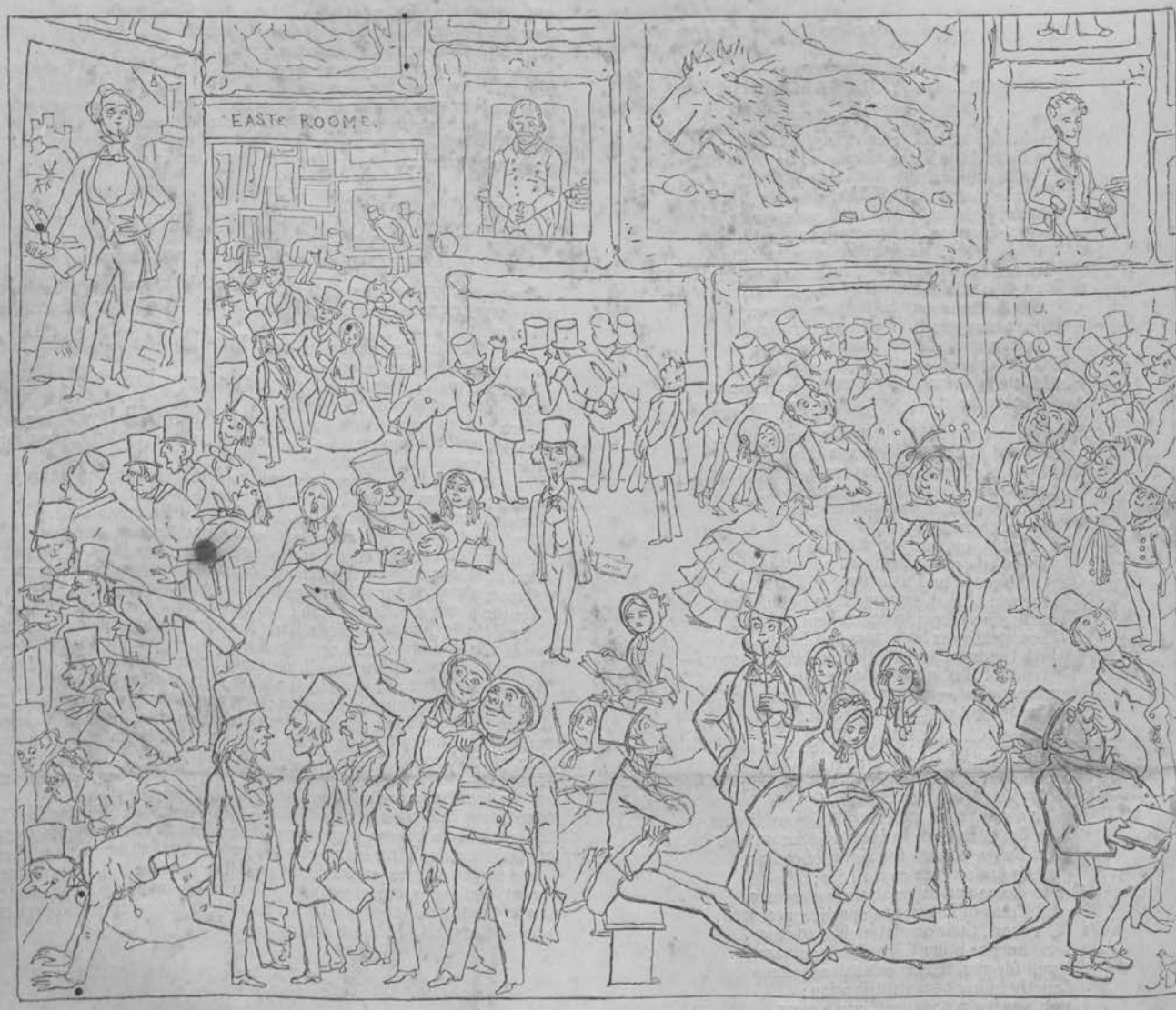
PROTECTION.—A COMPANION PORTRAIT TO BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

EARLY SIGNS.

The first sign of a man growing old is when he is asked "to stand godfather."

The first sign of a woman growing old is when she gives up the habit of writing long letters.

MANNERS AND CVSTOMS OF Ye ENGLYSHE IN 1849. No. 11.



Ye EXHYBITYON AT ye ROYAL ACADEMYe

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Monday, May 21, 1849. This Morning with my Wife to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, where 611 Paintings, besides Miniatures and other Drawings, and Pieces of Sculpture, making altogether 1341 Works of Art, and methought it would be strange if there were not some Masterpiece among so many. The whole to be seen for the small Sum of 1*s.*, and the Catalogue cost me 1*s.* more, but should have known all the old Hands as well without it. To see how easy it is to distinguish them by their Styles after two or three Years' Experience: as one by his Dogs, that might be expected to bark, or to talk rather, with their Looks and Ways like human Creatures. Then another by his Colouring that do resemble a Mash of sweet Omelet with all the Colours of the Rainbow and many more; which methinks is a strange Fancy; but now he hath a Picture out of his trite Fashion; done after the Manner of the antique Masters, and a good Imitation. A third also by his unadorned Beauties with their glowing Eyes and Cheeks and plump swarthy Flesh, and a fourth by his never ending Perspectives, and Gulfs of Darkness, and Mountains of Blue. But this year I do mark fewer of these old Acquaintances, and more of the Works of younger Men, wherein there is less of Knack and more of Freshness, which I do esteem a hopeful Sign. The Exhibition at large I judge to be a very excellent middling one, many Pictures good in their kind, but that Kind in very few Cases high. The Silks and Satins mostly painted to Admiration, and the Figures copied carefully from the Model; but this do appear too plainly; and the Action generally too much like a Scene in a Play. In the historical Pictures the Characters dressed strictly in the Fashion of their Time, but in the best of them a lack of Fancy and Imagination, though seeming original through a certain Quaintness that do smack of Church-window Saints and illuminated Missals. The Landscapes better, and a most brave Morning on the Lake of Zurich by one that hath the right Stuff in him, and some sweet melancholy Shades and solemn Groves, and a Solitary Pool that did please me mightily, and my Wife do say that the Artist should be Commissioner of Woods and Forests. Some Pictures of common Life pretty enough, and a little Crowd before a pleasant sentimental one called the Duet. One or two droll ones, as the Slide, and Drawing for the Militia, did make me laugh: but to think how many Woodcuts as good as the best you can get in a little Miscellany published weekly, cost you 3*d.* Fewer silly Portraits of Gentlemen and Ladies than formerly, which is a Comfort. The Pictures fairly enough hung, and strange to see a dead Lion between Monsieur Guizot and Prince Metternich, as though to represent absolute Monarchy, and seemed meant for a Joke. Some Pictures in the Octagon Room, which could not tell whether they were good or no for want of Light, and the same with all the Sculptures in their Lumber Hole. This is how we treat Art in this Country, and with Paintings presented to the Nation buried in a Vault, but sorry Encouragement is given to Genius; and no wonder that Artists do Pictures for Furniture to sell to the great and small Vulgar, and so produce the kind of Works that make up the greater Part of the Exhibition.

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RECREATIONS IN SPAIN.

JUST glancing over the *Morning Post* we saw a rather pleasing picture of the innocent enjoyments of the people of Spain, in the shape of a paragraph, the best part of which we subjoin, piecemeal, stringing Spanish waggeries together like Spanish onions.

"The long talked-of match between the Bengal tiger and the bull, which has occupied so much attention, even of royalty, has just come off, and ended in the defeat and death of the Eastern savage."

Now the idea of calling the Bengal tiger a savage in comparison with such a public and a Court as the Spanish, is droll indeed.

"A vast multitude assembled to witness the extraordinary spectacle, at which the King and Queen were also present."

Fine sport for their Majesties; finer for their Majesties' subjects. Some idea may be formed of the intensity of the fun, by imagining our Gracious QUEEN and PRINCE honouring the "canine" arena with their presence.

"On being released from its cage, the tiger made a few steps, and then crouched down as if about to spring."

A pretty little piece of pantomime by the Spanish clown in the ring—the buffoon in stripes instead of motley. But, as usual elsewhere, the clown was the butt of the jest.

"The bull advanced boldly towards him, paused for a moment, and then rushed at him. The tiger made a spring at the bull, but the latter plunged his horn into his adversary's head, and laid him sprawling on the ground completely defeated."

Having made this facetious hit at the tiger,

"The bull then walked round the circus, regarding the public triumphantly."

The bull fancying, in his presumption, that he was a greater brute than his beholders, which was a most ludicrous mistake on the part of the animal. But the best joke, in the Spanish sense of the word, is yet to come.

"The tiger was despatched with dogs, and the public, rushing into the circus, divided its remains among themselves."

And probably ate them; tiger eating tiger, like true cannibals. In the meanwhile, Spanish royalty looks on delighted, never thinking, of course, of the encouragement it has been giving to that spirit of cruelty which has earned for the land of the *auto-da-fé*, of murders, and military executions, the character of being the most bloodthirsty nation in Europe.

THE CUR-RIBS OF NEW YORK.

A FEW remnants of the aboriginal savage occasionally visit New York. By the last accounts from America, we learn that some of the tribe of Cur-ribs—(a most despicable and degraded specimen of the wild man)—held a war-meeting at the Astor Place Opera House, on the occasion of MACREADY'S appearance as *Macbeth*.

It must be known, that the chief of this tribe of Cur-ribs is EDW INF OR REST, or WHITEFEATHER, a sinewy savage of indomitable face, who has had the advantage of several visits to Europe; but who, it seems, has returned to America, if possible, a greater savage than he quitted it. Now, it would seem that WHITEFEATHER believes in an old Indian superstition; namely, that to kill a man of genius, is to become the possessor of his departed power. To this end, WHITEFEATHER laid on the war-paint, shaved his head for the war-plume, and resolved to slay the English MACREADY.

We regret that we cannot give the speech verbatim as delivered by WHITEFEATHER to his tribe. It is, however, acknowledged to have been a marvel of eloquence in its way, calling upon the tribe (paid for the occasion) to bury the axe, but to lay in a plentiful supply of rotten eggs, wherewith to assail the pale-face MACREADY. WHITEFEATHER, moreover, dwelt with passionate earnestness upon the significant use of a bottle of assafœtida hurled at the proper moment at the pale-face. "Even as the stench," said WHITEFEATHER, "will fill the nostrils of the pale-face, so will my name smell among the nations."

The Cur-ribs, duly wrought upon by WHITEFEATHER, and filling their blankets with eggs, apples, and other missiles, then made their way to the Opera House. A New York Paper, at some length, chronicles the energetic doings of the Cur-ribs.

"Then arose louder yells, and these were accompanied with showers of rotten eggs, apples, and a bottle of assafœtida, which diffused a most repulsive stench throughout the house. MR. MACREADY endured all this, without flinching, for some time, and at length commenced his part, which he went on with in dumb show through two acts and a part of the third. But, as the play proceeded, the fury of excitement seemed to increase; until the mob began to shout to the *Lady Macbeth* of the evening to quit the stage; and, on MR. MACREADY'S next appearance, a heavy piece of wood was flung from the upper tier."

The New York *Courier and Enquirer* thus speaks of the triumph of EDW INF OR REST, or WHITEFEATHER:—

"He is safe for ever, not only from rivalry, but from that envy from which it often springs. He succeeded last night in doing what even his bad acting and unmanly conduct never did before,—he inflicted a thorough and lasting disgrace upon the American character."

As *Punch* has artists—scattered like flowers all over the world—he is enabled to present, at the shortest notice, a portrait of EDW INF OR REST, or WHITEFEATHER, in his war-paint. It must not, however,

be imagined that the warrior personally headed his savages; certainly not. He kept away. There needed nothing to the worst brutality of WHITEFEATHER, but the worst of cowardice,—and this he has. In a word, his character is complete; his portrait perfect, as though painted in the hue and substance of one of his own foul eggs. And, as he prophesied, his reputation has become as assafœtida.

CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING LITERATURE.

GEMS in this department of Letters continue from time to time appearing in the public prints, and among the last we have an announcement of "a very delightful residence to let, making up ten beds, within the Regent's Park." We presume that the beds in question, being within the Park, are either flower-beds, asparagus-beds, or strawberry-beds, but any of these would, we imagine, be rejected by any but a thorough Bedlamite. The same day's paper contains the particulars of a place in Dorsetshire, which "combines the advantage of fishing, with a particularly dry situation;" but we presume there must be some patent process for hooking the finny tribe, since it seems rather difficult to fish in a situation whose dryness is remarkable. We imagine that the sport is intended to be limited to that unhappy class of the Animal Kingdom, known as "fish out of water," who would fall an easy prey to the designs of the angler. Another advertisement commences with the startling words, "Scotland—To be let furnished, for any period that may be required," and a little further on we find an intimation that there is "Bath—To be let with immediate possession."

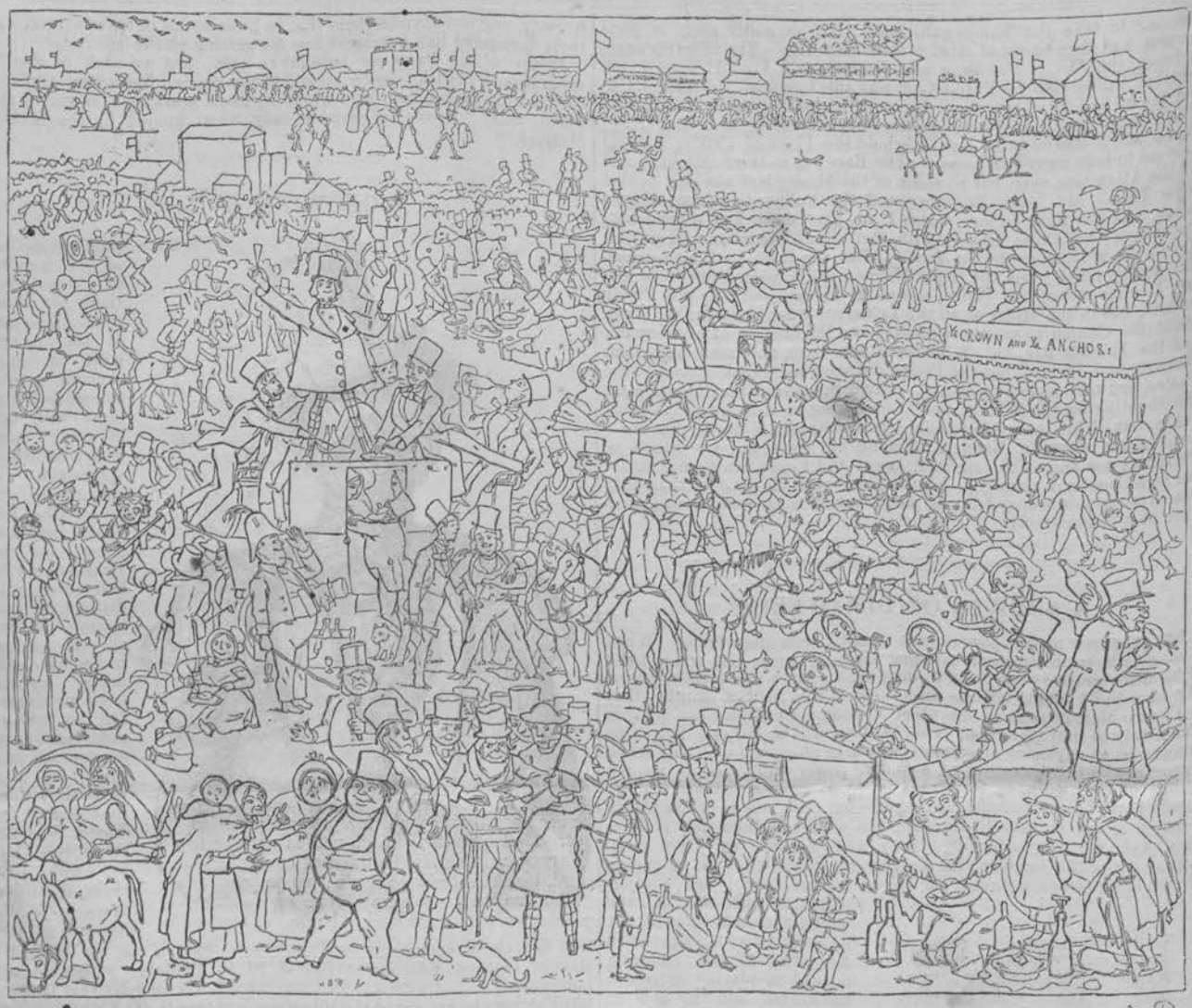
A SMALL JOKE FOR SMALL JOKERS.

WHAT light should a Pilot use at night?

Why, a stearin(g)e candle, to be sure. (*A loud cry of "Oh!" bursts from the Reader.*)

A SADDENING REFLECTION.—Young actresses generally make their first appearance in *Perfection*, and are never heard of afterwards. It is just like the sex. What woman ever thinks of performing what she promises? [We are ashamed of our Contributor.—*Ed*].

MANNERS AND CVSTOMS OF Ye ENGLYSHE: IN 1849. No. 12.



A. VIEW. OF. EPSOM. DOWNES ON Ye DERBYe DAYE.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Wednesday, May 23, 1849. (Derby Day.) To Epsom Downs to the Races, this being the Day of the Great Derby Race, for Stakes to the Value of £6,700.—In a Barouche, with a Party of four Friends, over Vauxhall Bridge, and through Clapham, Tooting, Mitcham, Sutton, and Banstead, and so on to the Downs, and very merry we were, the Day being glorious, and we carrying Hampers with store of cold Meats and every other Thing needful for a brave Lunch, whereof the Forethought do always raise a Company's Spirits. The Windows and House Fronts crowded all the Way with young and old, and School-boys mounted on Walls and Gates, and they and the Urchins in the Street cheering with all their Might, as though we were going to the Races for their Amusement. But what did most delight me was the Number of pretty Damsels, with their smart Dresses and smiling Faces come out to look at us, or peeping behind Blinds and Curtains, all in high Glee, as if they were glad that we were taking our Pleasure, and very happy they looked, and it is certain that good Humour do wonderfully heighten Beauty. The Road very beautiful too, through Trees and Orchards, and the Sun shining through the tender Leaves and on the Horse-Chestnut Blossoms, and could not tell whether they looked brighter or the Lasses. So we on, with Mirth and pleasant Discourse, till into the Ruck, which is the Jam of Carriages caused by the Stoppage at the Turnpike, but less tedious than formerly by Reason of the Railway. Across the Course to the Hill, the Admission cost us £1, and there took our Stand to behold the Race. Good Lack! what a Crowd of People collected to see which out of six-and-twenty Horses should run the fastest, and what a Medley of Vans, Omnibuses, and Taxed Carts on either Side of the Course with the People in Front of them, and the Grand Stand crowded with Heads, plenty as Blackberries, and seeming, indeed, with their Hats on, like a huge Mass of them. A Throng of Carriages about us, mostly four-in-hand Coaches, whereon young handsome rakish-looking Gallants with Moustaches and Cigars. Here and there, in open vehicles, Ladies in lilac and blue Dresses, and pink Bonnets, and gay Ribbons, all Manner of Colours, which with the parti-coloured Flags flying over the Booths, did look mighty lively. Presently a Bell rung and the Course cleared, but then to see an unlucky Dog running to get out, and the Mob yelling at him, and the poor Dog in his Fright rushing straight on like mad! Then the Horses with the Jockies on them in their brave Colours prancing up and down before the Grand Stand, to show their Paces to the Folks in the Betting Ring. At last, they taken to the Post, and so started with much Cheering, and came round Tattenham Corner,

seeming to take the Thing quite easy; but presently away in good earnest, and then to see at what a Rate they flew. The chief Struggle between the *Flying Dutchman* and *Hotspur*, and I could hardly tell whether Yellow-Cap or Purple-Cap was the foremost, but Yellow-Cap did win by half a Length, albeit Hotspur did battle it with him bravely. The Winner declared by his Number, hung out in Front of the Grand Stand, and it did surprise me to behold the Flock of Carrier Pigeons sent up to bear away the News. The Race run in three Minutes, and all the Attraction over, but to think of the Money lost and won in that little Time. My Lord Eglinton and the Public, as I hear, do gain much, and the Ring do lose, which I am glad of, for I do esteem true Sportsmen; but those Knaves with their Cant Language and roguish Tricks are a Disgrace to the Turf. After the Race, to Lunch, which did greatly relish; but the Gipsy Women and Children did come and beg Morsels out of our Plates, as well as Money, and they got Plenty of both, but in the Midst of all the Luxury it was a sorry Sight. Then about the Course to see the Company and the flinging at Snuff-boxes, and the Thimble-Rig, but of the last I saw none, only some playing at Roulette and Hazard, but the Police did seize and break several of the Tables, and take away the Stakes. Great Sport returning Home, with the Shouting for the Winner, and trumpetting on Horns, and bandying Jokes, but all in the best Humour; and methinks I do spy Improvement in the People's Manners. Seeing all Sorts and Conditions of Persons, great and small, joining in Sport and Frolic, made me compare our own Country with foreign Nations, and much as some of them may talk of their Fraternity, I doubt me if any of them could show such a Case of it as the Derby.

A SHOWER OF DISCOVERIES.

Several new motive powers have recently been discovered. When a man fails in discovering anything else, he turns the whole force of his discoverative powers on to the discovery of a new motive power. We have had a couple of these discoveries within the last month. One is Electro-Magnetism, and the other Xyloidine, which, we are told, is completely to shut up steam. This, we fear, will be rather a dangerous process, as an explosion must necessarily take place, and we would much sooner not be the discoverer of a motive power which sent us into the middle of next week, or forwarded us to so great a distance that we should never be able to come back again—but every one to his own taste—for it is not so easy to discover the motive of these new powers. This Xyloidine is wonderfully strong, and in time must drive every railway out of the kingdom: the discoverer tells us that, "for an engine of two-horse-power, a thread, not larger in size than ladies' sewing-cotton, is sufficient; and the working machinery need not be larger than a man's hat." According to this, children, instead of playing at coach-and-horses, will be able to turn stokers, and whip their Ætnas and Fire-Kings round the nursery, and ladies will walk about with a live locomotive stuffed in their reticules. Omnibusses and cabs will be fit for nothing but bathing machines, and horses must fall to that insignificance eventually, that they will only be bred for the general improvement of cats'-meat. There is no knowing where these new discoveries will carry us. New motive powers will fall, just like April showers, upon us, and next year will probably see the following discoveries in daily practice:

A new motive power—to push the Whigs on a little faster; so that they may be better able to keep pace with the times, and not to lag so much behind.

A new motive power—that will drive all the beasts from Smithfield Market, and cleanse the City of the filth and abomination caused by it.

A new motive power—to force the Gas and Water Monopolies to lower their high charges, so as to bring them down to the level of most persons' means, instead of keeping them up merely to elevate the Shareholders' dividends.

A new motive power—that shall knock down Battersea and Putney bridges, and so prevent the numerous accidents they occasion every year.

A new motive power—to impel Ireland to work more and talk less, and to regenerate itself by its own Acts, instead of relying upon those of the House of Commons.

A new motive power—to turn Railway Directors into the path of honesty, and to convince them that in business, as in railway travelling, there is nothing like a straight line for getting on the quickest.

If any of the above are brought to light, then we shall be able to congratulate British science upon having realised the grand truth of the Grecian philosopher, who dropt it, like a pearl, into the ear of the world, that, "Power is enviable only, when guided by the noblest Motives."

A GROWING EVIL.

We are quite astonished at the number of moustaches there are about town. The face of the metropolis is quite overrun with moustaches. You meet with one at every turn. This continental appendage is threatening to invade the English physiognomy, and the British upper lip will soon lose its distinctive cleanliness. Where all the moustaches have suddenly sprung from we cannot tell, as we are not particular amateurs in hair skins, but it is very clear that the course at Epsom was covered, this Derby, with four times its usual average. We begin to suspect that the cheap excursions to France have done it all, for it is very strange that an Englishman cannot go to Boulogne without being immediately seized with a violent moustache. We propose that government barbers be appointed at Folkestone, and that they be invested with peremptory orders to take everybody by the nose who lands, and give the batch all round an easy shave for a penny. If some such Order in Council be not immediately issued to meet this growing evil, England will be so much put upon by France, that she will soon have not a feature left on her face that she will be able to call her own. These cheap excursions must be stopped, or else there must be a bye-law instantly passed that any one who comes back with a moustache, forfeits his return ticket.

Jenny Lind.

"We hear that Mademoiselle Jenny Lind remains in Paris for the present, and that her marriage is broken off."—*Vide Morning Chronicle, May 21st.*

Dear Jenny Lind has changed her mind,
And run away to Paris:
So *Betsey Prigg* was right we find—
There is no *Mrs. Harris!*

DIVISIONS WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

The newspapers talk of the "Grabbe division of the Prussian army." We suppose this "Grabbe Division" is synonymous with the First Light Fingers, which, we are well aware, follow every army, and are ready to turn their hands to anything; or very probably these Prussian Grabbes are only the same corps as our English Rifles?

Missing, a Little Child, aged 7 years. It was lost sight of the moment it was taken into the Octagon Room of the Royal Academy, and has not been seen since. It is strongly supposed to be there still. Any of the keepers that will look for it will be handsomely rewarded by its disconsolate Mother. Apply to the Dovecot, East Dulwich.—N. B. Candles no consideration.

A VERY ODD FISH.

We have seen the Sea Serpent meandering along the columns of our illustrated contemporaries, and we have been referred to a subsequent page for the continuation of his very elaborate tail. But a novel attempt to realise this ideal monster of the deep has been made at the Cosmorama Rooms in Regent Street, where a very Odd Fish is being exhibited.

In order to give a genuine air to the *soi-disant* Sea Serpent, the bills intimate, in letters of appropriate length and blackness, that "A sailor who was present when the creature was captured will attend in the room." The honest tar looked a little awkward; and there was evidently a doubt in the minds of some of the spectators, whether the sailor was part of the exhibition, and whether he was not a more interesting object than the Sea Serpent himself, who looked as if he had been rather overboiled, and as if the cook had broken his head in taking him out of the fish-kettle.

In saying that the Sea Serpent appeared overboiled, we must not be accused of roasting him, for he undoubtedly will present a rich repast to those who are always ready to devour anything in the shape of a natural curiosity. We should, ourselves, be somewhat puzzled to class him; but we are disposed to rank him as a superb specimen of the *Nauticus Gallus-a-duo*, or Sea Cock-a-too, if we may be allowed to judge by the chicken-like crest on his forehead, which imparts to him a rather Cocks-combical aspect.

THE DOOMED TRAVELLER.

We have been favoured with the annexed fac-simile of an Annual Ticket for the London and Richmond Railway.

LONDON AND RICHMOND.

Mr. John Smith

TO EXPIRE

ON THE 25TH OF MARCH, 1850.

There is something quite awful in the style and tone of this document, which seems to intimate with fearful precision that the directors will not be answerable for the safety of a traveller on their line, beyond a day specified. This 25th of March must be as fatal as the popular Ides of that well-known month, if the life of John Smith is not to be considered secure for a longer term; and we can only conceive that the day mentioned may be intended for a general holiday among the servants of the Line: so that, if John Smith, or any other individual, chooses to travel by rail to Richmond on that day, it is understood that he may calculate on being compelled to expire. Should any fatal accident happen on the 25th of March, we do not see how the Directors of the Company could avoid an imputation of *malice prepense* in the face of such a document as the one before us, inasmuch as it fixes the very date at which John Smith is "to expire."

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

The public has been lately amused by a difference—somewhat unintelligible—between a noble Lord and an Italian *Ministro delle finanze*. We are happy in being able to explain the matter in question, which is simply a difference between Manzoni and Man-zany. That's all.

AN EXTRAVAGANT CHARGE.

Every man likes being taken for a gentleman, and yet no man likes being charged as one—in a Railway Hotel bill.

"PUNCH" TO "The Times."

Dear Times.

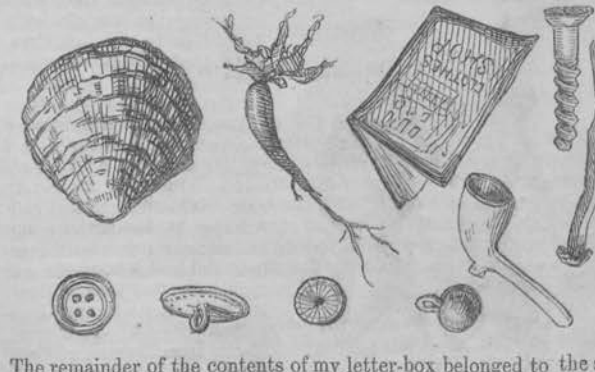
It has become the fashion for every one with a grievance to write either to you or to me, and without any disrespect to the Peers, it may be said that we are looked upon as constituting jointly, or severally, a court of appeal much more rapid in its working, if not more satisfactory in its judgments, than the upper House, when it "sits in error," as some of its members are apt to do when they are sitting anywhere. If anybody, including all sorts of nobodies, can take the liberty of writing to both of us, we may surely exercise the freedom of writing occasionally to one another. You may perhaps be rather busier than I am, and so I shall not be offended if you do not always answer my letters, for whether you do or not, there can be no charge got up against you for not answering, since it is well known that there never was a journal in the world which answered half so well.

I don't, however, mean to say you have deserved what you have got, for it is not my practice to be complimentary. My object in writing to you on this occasion is to complain of the result of my having followed the Government recommendation to establish a slit in my door, with a letter-box attached to it, to prevent the Postman from having the trouble of knocking and waiting for the opening of the door, when he comes with the letters.

Unfortunately, though the system keeps the door shut to the Postman, it opens the door to a number of disagreeables, which it would require the whole of one of your Supplements to enumerate. Being in the habit of looking at the whole of my private correspondence at the close of the day, I sought my new letter-box on the first evening of its having been put up, and the contents formed a miscellany such as the Postman would never have been allowed to leave had he knocked at the door with it, in the ordinary manner.

The first article was an oyster-shell: but as I know all sorts of things are sent by Post, I began to examine the shell, thinking it might be an ingenious way of advertising a new edition of Shelley; or that I should find inscribed upon it the price of oysters, with the address of some enterprising monger of fish, who had taken this mode of attracting customers.

Turning, however, to the next article in my letter-box, I found a miserable outcast from the vegetable kingdom, in the form of a decayed radish, who had evidently been banished from some halfpenny bundle of his fellow-vegetables, as unfit to be their associate. He had lost the freshness of early life, and I consoled myself by reading in his withered leaves a lesson of morality, until my hand lighted on some leaden substance which had been dropped into my letter-box. Judge, Sir, of my indignation when I drew out several dumps, and I could not help exclaiming to myself—the only person I can get to listen to me patiently when I am in an exclaiming humour,—"And has practical joking fallen to this very dumpy level?"



The remainder of the contents of my letter-box belonged to the same class of voluntary contributions from the public hand, and I grieve to say the collection included the bowl of a tobacco-pipe, to which I think the police—or perhaps you, Sir—may put a stopper.

I remain, Sir, one who represents a countless host of old subscribers, and who begs to subscribe himself,

PUNCH.

The Price of Buttons.

An insidious attempt to deprive every single man in the country of a baker's dozen of the heads of our beloved Queen has been made by some schemer, who lately put the subjoined advertisement in the *Times*:—

Important to Bachelors.—The advertiser will, on the receipt of 13 Postage Stamps, forward a simple, easy, and certain Plan for obviating the necessity of Strings and Buttons on shirts and collars, saving gentlemen the annoyance of constantly finding themselves minus the two former.

It is an established fact in economic philosophy that the only remedy for a buttonless breast is a partner of the bosom—a wife.

RAT! TAT!! TAT!!!

Our old acquaintance, *The Builder*, raps away most vigorously this week, at a new knocker, which he has been at the trouble to bring from Paris, and set up over his own door.

The *motif* of the knocker in question is an exaggeration of one of the Labours of Hercules. The Van Amburgh of antiquity is shown in an engagement with the forest monarch—only in this case the designer has designedly set Lemprière at nought, by impressing into his service *two* lions.

The *bit* of ironmongery under review is one of a series of attempts to throw an æsthetic air over every-day life, to bring poetry into our door-mats, and sentiment into our scrapers; attempts which *Punch* would be the last to frustrate by a discouraging poke with his *bâton*. But upon the present occasion he declines to take the noble animals by the paw.

The introduction of a lion among ladies has been considered *mauvais goût;* and two lions at the street-door are, he thinks, two too many. Our thresholds are not usually associated in our minds with the king of beasts, and perhaps the substitution of a postman *froppant*, with two runaway knockers, embodied by two urchins *courant*, would be a preferable arrangement to that of our usually judicious contemporary.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

"My dear Punch,

"Like other beaus, you rejoiced to see that the long-winded deeds in Westminster Hall were to be for ever cut short by Mr. Drummond's Bill. Weep then with me now, my dear fellow! This senseless verbiage has taken refuge in Cambridge! Alas! our Senate imposed on us a tripos of Civil Law! The poor wretches who are reading for this Law Examination—seeking distinction 'at the Canon's mouth'—think, and speak, and write nothing but dull, stupid, wordy, legal lingo.

"I used to come back from the river, and find a note scribbled on a card, like this:—

"'Dear Tom,—Wine with me after Hall. Bob Cloister comes after Chapel. I've lots of weeds, but you may as well bring your clay with you, like a brick.

"'Yours, A. A. Smallcollege.'

"Now, just look below at the summons the same man sends me—engrossed on vellum, and sealed too—melancholy change!—

"'To all persons to whom these presents shall come. Augustus Arthur Smallcollege, of Muffin Hall, sends greeting:—

"'Whereas Robert Cloister, of College S. and Indiv. Trin. hath covenanted and agreed with me, the said Augustus Arthur Smallcollege, that he will proceed or adjourn to my Rooms or Chambers immediately after the due performance and finishing of Service in the Chapel of the aforesaid College:

"'And Whereas I am at present supplied and furnished with a sufficient and ample quantity of cigars, cigarettes, cheroots, and other fumous articles commonly called "weeds," the same being in my own right and property:

"'Now these presents Witness that I, the said Augustus Arthur Smallcollege, do invite, implore, and beseech Thomas Trinity, of the aforesaid College, to enter and abide in my said Rooms or Chambers as a guest or pal, after the termination of the diurnal prandial feast in the Hall of Repast of the said College, for the purposes hereinafter mentioned: that is to say, for the imbibing of port, sherry, madeira, claret, punch, and other wines and liquids; for the consumption of pears, apples, melons, oranges, nuts, biscuits, figs, ices, biffins, and other edibles and comestibles, by whatsoever name or names the same may be known or called. And for the further intent and purpose of "making a jolly evening of it," by the inhalation of tobaccaceous fumes, and the performance of a game or games commonly known as "loo," "blind-hooky," "tiddiliwink," or "whist."

"'Provided always that the said Thomas Trinity shall be at liberty to import or bring his own pipe, tube, and appurtenances, whether the same be of gold, silver, iron, meerschaum, or clay, in such manner and for such intents and purposes as are generally and commonly known and reputed to be the manner, intents, and purposes of what is vulgarly termed "a brick."

"'Signed, sealed, and delivered by me, the said Augustus Arthur Smallcollege, on this 21st day of April, 1849.

"'Grab. Corkscrew, Gyp, witness.

"'Tea-caddy Counterpane, Bedmaker, witness.'

"My dear *Punch*, isn't this too bad?

"Yours, &c., Tom Trinity."

PUNCH NEVER WRITES IN VAIN.

Only last week we used our *bâton* to draw attention to the acoustics of the House of Lords. Lord Lansdowne, when he got his usual weekly copy, read, pondered, and was convinced.

That very evening he went down to the House and proposed an adjournment, "for the purpose of allowing the architect to improve the arrangements for enabling noble Lords to make their opinions known to the House." The motion was carried—his Lordship, with *us* in his pocket, left the House, and instantly sent us the following proposed new "arrangements."

They have been invented by Captain Semaphore, of the Telegraph Department, and this gentleman has nobly volunteered to teach the Peers, gratuitously during the Whitsun holidays, the new mode of addressing their brother legislators. One week's lessons will enable apt pupils to make a motion, two weeks' will qualify them for a simple amendment, and three weeks' hard work, he says, will make them eloquent.

All the *speeches* are to be made by signals: arms, legs, and head, being available as the parts of a Telegraph.

In order to save the dignity of the Lord Chancellor, he will have the privilege of working an Electric Telegraph, which is now being erected round the benches. In conjunction with this excellent plan, an additional contrivance will be adopted, borrowed from the Americans, to whom it was lately of great use when expressing their opinion of a countryman of ours, who appeared on the stage at New York. Each Peer will be furnished with a large black board, and may inscribe on it the groundwork of his speech with chalk, meanwhile giving force, life, and energy to the same by pantomimic gesticulations, as he stands beside it.

An immense advantage will be gained by this admirable invention. Several debates can be conducted together. Whole political parties can rise and act the same sentiments at once, by taking their cue from a fugle-lord; and, lastly, the reporters will need only to sketch the contortions of their lordships, in order to publish their transactions to the country.

Here, for instance, is the peroration of the Duke of Richmond's Protectionist Speech, as it would appear thus reported.

A Game of Knock-me-downs.

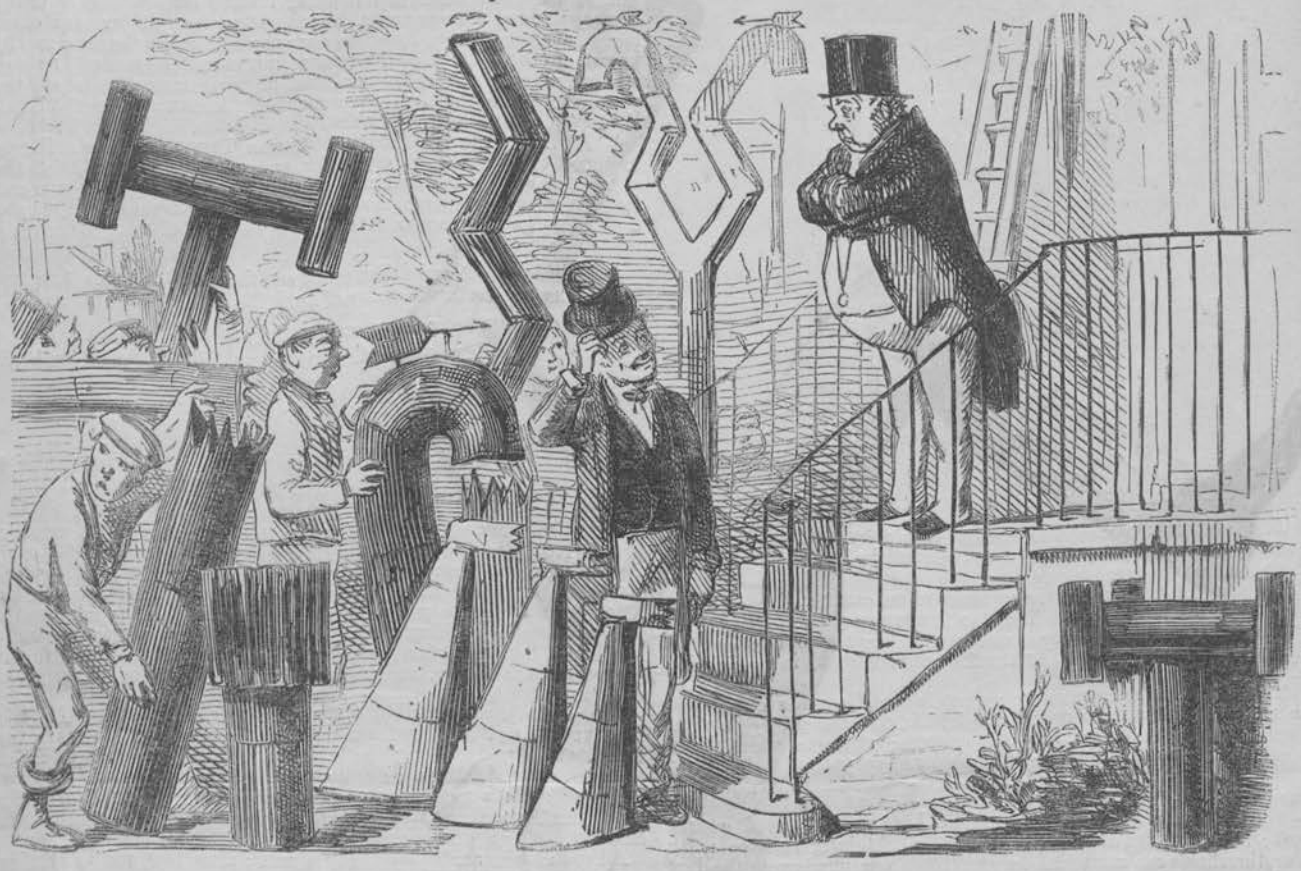
(As not played at Greenwich Fair.)

There is a small instrument, which proposes to do everything in five minutes, called "The Bachelor's Dispatch." Mr. Grantley Berkeley, however, who declares that "every Bachelor ought to be knocked down," is much more worthy of the title, for he would evidently wish to do for the Bachelors by dispatching them altogether.

IGNORANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A Sporting paper wrote to Meyerbeer's "*Prophète*," to ask him for the name of the winning horse of the Derby.

PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.—THE LOOSE SLATE.

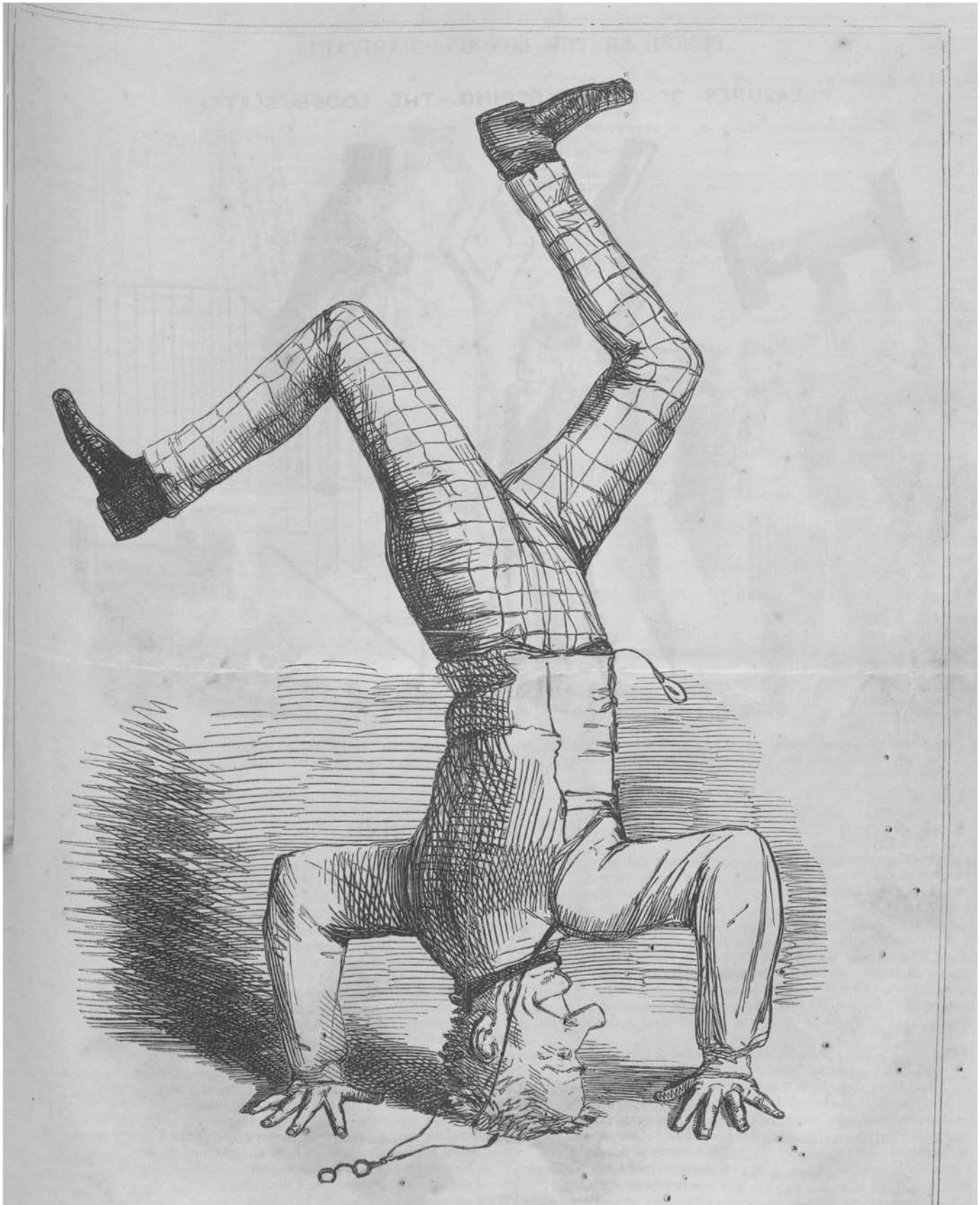


SOMEHOW OR OTHER, EVER SINCE THE ALTERATIONS THE CHIMNEYS HAVE TAKEN TO SMOKE INTOLERABLY. THE BUILDER IS ASSURING MR. BRIGGS THAT BY SOME VERY SIMPLE CONTRIVANCES THEY CAN BE EFFECTUALLY CURED.

AN H. B. SKETCH OF A MIND.

Of all the things ever held to be confusion the most rich in,
Such as an old lady's pocket; the table-drawer in a kitchen;
A Wardour Street curiosity shop; a sale at the Customs' Warehouse;
Or the chaos that Jew-brokers get up at auctions in a bare house;
A carpet-bag packed in a hurry; a San Francisco location;
The "Missing Articles' Depôt" at the Birmingham railway station;
A Lord Mayor's ball; a Derby day; a Whitsun Greenwich steamer;
A *Times'* advertising column; or the Note-book of a schemer;
The bedfellows with which misery makes a man acquainted—
In short, of all the jumbles ever sung, conceived, or painted,
There's none that crams so much, and so strange, into so little room,
As that thing, which, combined, we call the mind of that wonderful man
—LORD BROUGHAM.

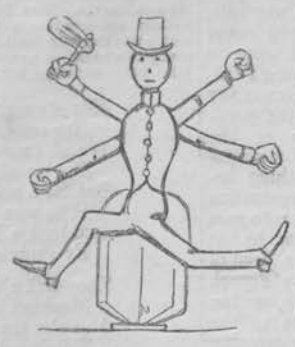
And here follows a sample of what that knowledge-box contains,
Tumbled, jumbled, and rumpled about its nest of brains.
Imprimis; all the useful knowledge and useless, of every variety,
Which hasn't yet been diffused by his Lordship's pet society—
Six "stingers" for LORD CAMPBELL—half a theory of equations—
A fashionable novel, *à l'*EUGENE SUE—a fragment on Law of Nations—
Something, that, when it's finish'd, will be a new planetary system;
With arguments *con*, and machinery into arguments *pro* to twist 'em—
An impression of the seals in wax—a bon-mot, that's not the lightest,
A pamphlet on Navigation Laws, containing his Lordship's brightest
Discovery that black is white, and the worse the better reason—
A Patent of French citizenship—Russ fashions for the season—
A bran-new Criminal Code—a manuscript prospectus
For a Universal Biography (from which, O publishers, protect us!)—
An argument in favour of freedom of opinion—
A letter to METTERNICH on the blessings of absolute dominion—
A people's Charter, with two new points—a scheme of ventilation—
Punch's portrait of his Lordship in costume of every nation—
An attack on the Corporation—a speech at a Guildhall dinner—
A prophecy for the Derby, with a portrait of the winner—
A national Education Scheme, and with it oddly mated,
Sixteen conclusive reasons why folks shouldn't be educated—
Thoughts on sanitary humbug—a project for London sewerage—
A receipt for the Philosopher's stone, and the elixir to cure age—
Sixteen Bankruptcy Acts, of which one half with the other jangle—
And a Consolidation Act that lumps the whole sixteen in a tangle—
A protest against Socialism—a card and bill of fare
For a dinner to be given LOUIS BLANC and CAUSSIDIÈRE—
A tirade against MAZZINI—a plan meant for next year,
Smuggling over to England the Apollo Belvidere—
A Puff for the reporters—a fling at MR. BARRY—
A proposal for sending everything, everywhere, to the LORD HARRY—
A string of fulsome compliments to F. M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON—
Plans for checking railway mania, and others for impelling 't on—
A work on the Lunar theory, and the influence of the Moon,
With personal illustrations (to be published very soon);
With a lot of odds and ends—old friendships and such lumber—
Old opinions that quietly in old *Edinboroughs* slumber—
Old reasons, old experiences, flung aside for new ones—
Mock convictions hastily huddled on o'er true ones—
All these mixed together, in a bother and a fume,
Are jostling each other in the brains of HARRY BROUGHAM.



WHAT HE *MUST* DO NEXT.

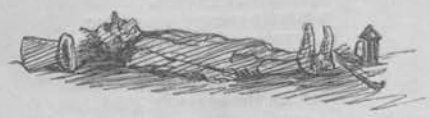
POLICE BY ELECTRICITY.

A PLAN has been partially carried into execution for watching premises by the aid of electric sparks, instead of those more dangerous sparks, the regular police, whose bull's-eyes have a too fatal fascination for our cooks in general. The project in question is founded on the principle of administering a galvanic shock through the medium of a shutter; and instead of being regularly given in charge, the would-be burglar finds himself suddenly charged with electricity, while a somewhat milder stream of electric fluid serves to rouse the family. This plan will be found very efficacious against housebreakers, for it will avert the disagreeable necessity of a personal encounter; and indeed, by having figures of policemen stationed at intervals, and keeping them *en rapport* with an electrical machine, it will be easy to meet a case of assault with a little scientific battery.



ELECTRICAL WATCHMAN.

We are not aware whether galvanic battery falls within the law relating to common assault, but there can be no question of the utility of the plan that is being adopted for setting traps of electric wire to catch evil-doers.



THE THIEF.

LOOK TO YOUR SUGAR BASINS.

LET every one before using any of that material which "sweetens the (tea)cup of life,"—let every one, we say, be careful to examine his sugar basin, which is too often a lead mine disguised under the seductive form of a portion of our breakfast equipage. We know that our coffee is adulterated with chicory, we are prepared to swallow in our sugar a spade or so of sand—before the sand of life has wholly run out—but we do not bargain for filling our veins with lead, introduced into them under the deceptive guise of saccharine. It appears, however, that so common is the practice of using lead in refining sugar, that one of the largest refiners in London attaches to every package of sugar he sends out, a printed label announcing the absence of lead from his manufacture.

We shudder to think of the quantity of the heavy metal we may have imbibed, and we cannot wonder at the stupidity of the world in general when we think how much lead must have been "taken up" into the system in this age of tea-drinkers. Whoever reflects on the amount of lead that must be in circulation in the blood of the people at large, will be horrified to think of the vast amount of this new metallic currency running through all our arteries and our veins, with a constancy which we might almost expect to convert our blood-vessels into leaden pipes, by the quantity of lead that must be continually deposited.

THE MUSIC OF THE PIERS.

As the Summer Solstice waxes near, the Watering Places begin to feel their mouths watering for that supply of Company which they so much prefer to their own room, and the aristocracy of Lodging-Letters—for whom there ought to be a *Lodge's Peerage* expressly compiled—commence their preparations for the annual Campaign.

The competition between the various places on the Kentish Coast grows every year more *acharné*, or inveterate, and each locality tries to outdo each other in its efforts to "woo the wavering Cockney to its shores." Conscious of the old truth, that "Music has charms," the Kentish watering places are in the habit of securing the assistance of those bands of green baize which gather laurels, by puffing and blowing through brazen instruments on the storm-washed jetty, to the frequent promenading of Margate-slippered or Holborn-highlowed feet.

Herne Bay once attempted a band, but even the performer on the Serpent found it impossible to make himself heard half way down the pier, and declared that his task was hopeless, unless he could have the original Sea Serpent to play upon.

Margate was, however, determined to be early in the field, and in the hope of securing the first talent in the country, put forth in the *Times* the following spirited advertisement:—

TO THE MUSICAL WORLD.—The Directors of the Margate Pier and Harbour Company invite TENDERS from Musicians willing to SUPPLY an efficient BAND, to play upon the Pier Promenade daily (Sundays excepted), for about 10 weeks, commencing on the 2d day of July next, &c.

We are rather curious to know what portion of the "Musical World" will send its tenders in tender response to this announcement. If in these days of royal abdication the DUKE OF DARMSTADT has not been abandoned by his once faithful (brass) band, it is probable that, should the advertisement meet his eye, his Royal Highness would jump at it.

We do not anticipate that JULLIEN will send in proposals; but we understand that the Blind Scotch Classical Quartette party will shortly send in a tender if the party can be extended to the requisite number of eight, by the addition of four instruments to the double basso, the Flauto-Magico—whose magic consists in the wonder that the poor old "executant" can get a sound out of it; the flageolet, whose professor sometimes plays so carelessly as to deserve flagellation; and the tambourine, which serves the double purpose of completing the quartette, and catching the money.

We trust that these artists will be successful in their application, should it be made, for we have seen them go through some very difficult passages—particularly that leading from Leicester Square to St. Martin's Lane—and we have heard the Staccato of Bonny Laddie very "conscientiously rendered," (as the classical critics say), by the double *basso*, who is quite a *basso relievo* from the monotony of the flageolet we have already alluded to. In the *legato*, where the executants all take hold of the skirts of each other's coats in a running passage—to get out of the way of a 'bus—the effect is so pathetic as to be almost unbearable.

PUNCH THE "STRANGERS" FRIEND.

A Vision of Parliament. House of Commons, Thursday, May 24th, 1850.

EXCLUSION OF STRANGERS.

MR. PUNCH moved, "that the House will take into consideration the rule or practice whereby strangers have been excluded on the motion of any single member, with a view to alter the same, so that it shall not hereafter be in the power of an individual member to make an ass of himself, and commit a public injury, by causing, at his own ill-will and silly pleasure, the exclusion of reporters." He would admit that the House should reserve to itself the power of excluding strangers by a vote of the majority; for he was free to confess that in some inconceivable conjuncture of circumstances such a step might be necessary. But on the expediency of that step he would say that the sense of the House should be taken. (*Hear, hear!*) He did not think that the folly of the House (*Oh, oh!*)—he meant offence to no individual—ought to be suffered to dictate so serious a proceeding. (*Hear, hear, hear!*) It took a wise man to play the fool. (*Laughter, and cries of Question!*). He was speaking to the question; as perhaps they might presently find. The existing rules of the House empowered any fool—or wise man who chose to play the fool—to deprive the public of all knowledge of what took place in that House, so long as he remained a member of it. *Verb. sat. sap.* (*Laughter*). He should say no more, for argument was unnecessary in a case of which the merits were self-evident.

MR. PHAGAN seconded the motion.

SIR GEORGE BROWN was not prepared to say that some of the Rules of that House ought not to be reconsidered and revised, and he was free to confess that he was not positively certain that this particular Rule should not be considered one of them. (*Hear, hear!*) But he hoped the honourable and facetious Member would not press his motion. It was now late, and he deprecated hasty discussion with reference to what might have taken place the other night in that House, and which, he trusted, would not be drawn into a precedent; so that there, at any rate, the saying that one unwise person makes many would not be verified. (*Hear, hear, and laughter*).

MR. JOHN O'DONNELL thought the proverbial—he might say, personal—allusion of the Right Hon. Baronet extremely uncalled for. (*Much laughter*).

The House then divided, when the motion of *Mr. Punch* was lost by a majority of thirty to twenty. On our return,

Mr. Punch immediately observed that there were strangers in the Gallery; when, of course, we were ordered instantly to withdraw.

During our absence we cannot venture to state positively what took place; only we heard a great clamour, above which rose the unmistakeable squeak of *Mr. Punch*, declaring that he would no longer be a party to inconsistency, and that he intended to "take notice of the presence of strangers" every night, until the Rule respecting their admission shall have been placed on a rational footing. It remains to be seen how Members will like to have their speeches unreported, and how the Public will put up with the privation of Parliamentary intelligence.

DEEPER AND DEEPER STILL.

OUR neighbours the Parisians must be very hard up for a new idol, or they would never have pitched upon a non-commissioned officer, one SERGEANT BOICHOT, as the popular favourite of the hour. This individual has done nothing beyond the perpetration of a few laxities to gain notoriety, yet he is already at the head of a party in the French capital, and has written a note to one of the journals, correcting some erroneous impression as to his political sentiments. The thing is about as absurd as a letter in the *Times* from SERGEANT SPOONEY of the Marines intimating his adherence to the principle of the ballot, or a manifesto from the Beadle of the Lowther Arcade stating the course he proposes to steer on the Navigation Question. Sergeants, Beadles, and all other subordinate officials are excellent in their way, but a nation must be in a sorry state when it looks for its luminaries in such quarters, and accepts political guidance from one who has no other merit than having disobeyed the orders of his superiors.

Happily for Englishmen, we have too much common sense among us to admit the possibility of a refractory subordinate—without some other qualification than his refractoriness—obtaining a seat in the legislature, and drawing up a statement of his political opinions for the edification of the world in general. If the Revolution continues its career of progressive sinking much longer, we shall expect to see some communist *Chiffonnier* a candidate for the Presidential Chair, or to find LOUIS NAPOLEON superseded by the *conducteur* of some socialist omnibus.

WHAT'S IN THE WIND NOW?

IF we are to judge by the groans that occasionally issue from the Courts of Law, and the murmurs that reach us from the Committee Rooms of the House of Commons, DR. REID is still aiming his hostile blows at some of the most cherished institutions of the country. It is not long ago since MR. CLARKSON piteously announced the freezing condition of his "poor cold legs" at the Old Bailey, and CAPTAIN BOLDERO objected to the deliberate shivering of his timbers, through the shafts aimed by DR. REID at the Committees sitting in the lower house of Parliament. MR. JUSTICE WIGHTMAN, after having once or twice requested to be supplied with a moderate amount of fresh air, and having been nearly blown off the Bench by a sudden hurricane, which was changed into a species of Sirocco in an instant, on the mistake being found out, very wisely gave orders that the REID Apparatus should be thrown overboard for the time being, at all events, and that a little fresh air should be admitted in the old-fashioned way, by opening a window. CAPTAIN BOLDERO complained with much justice, of the necessity imposed occasionally upon members to wear great-coats in the Committee Rooms, and we may expect to see the time,—if the REID-ventilation goes on,—when the Speaker will have to preside in a sou'-wester, the members appearing in dreadnoughts, and the whole House will have to make itself fast to the benches, in consequence of the most ordinary debate being rendered literally a stormy one through the operations of the modern ÆOLUS. The difficulty in distinguishing parties will become greater than ever, when the winds of ventilation throw everything into a state of pitch and toss, nor can we wonder at some members deserting their colours, when it is impossible to say where their colours may be blown to, unless they can be literally nailed to the mast. The vessel of the State is exposed to a sufficiency of adverse winds, without letting in a quantity of scientific hurricanes to add to the violence of the storms it is ordinarily liable to encounter, and we therefore emphatically demand the allaying of a wind which appears to have the singular characteristic of blowing nobody good.

SUPPING FULL OF HORRORS.—We see a gentleman has been publishing a book, called "A Dream of Europe." His slumbers must have been one rapid series of disturbances. If we knew his address, we would send to inquire after his "Constitution." "A Dream of Europe!" We beg he will keep his dream to himself; the reality, at present, is quite bad enough.

AN M.D. IN A GOWN.

[The *Medical Times* of the 21st ult. contains a full, true, and particular account of the admission of a young lady, MISS ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, by the General Medical College, in the State of New York, to a physician's degree. MISS BLACKWELL had duly attended Lectures at the College, and received a formal diploma, under the title of "Domina," which was the only feminine that the Senate could find for Doctor. *Punch* really thinks this is a case for a copy of verses, which he accordingly subjoins, in honour of the fair M.D.]

NOT always is the warrior male,
Nor masculine the sailor;
We all know ZARAGOSSA's tale,
We 've all heard *Billy Taylor;*
But far a nobler heroine, she
Who won the palm of knowledge,
And took a Medical Degree,
By study at her College.

They talk about the gentler sex
Mankind in sickness tending,
And o'er the patient's couch their necks
Solicitously bending;
But what avails solicitude
In fever or in phthisic,
If lovely woman 's not imbued
With one idea of physic?

Young ladies all, of every clime,
Especially of Britain,
Who wholly occupy your time
In novels or in knitting,
Whose highest skill is but to play,
Sing, dance, or French to clack well,
Reflect on the example, pray,
Of excellent MISS BLACKWELL!

Think, if you had a brother ill,
A husband, or a lover,
And could prescribe the draught or pill
Whereby he might recover;
How much more useful this would be,
Oh, sister, wife, or daughter!
Than merely handing him beef-tea,
Gruel, or toast-and-water.

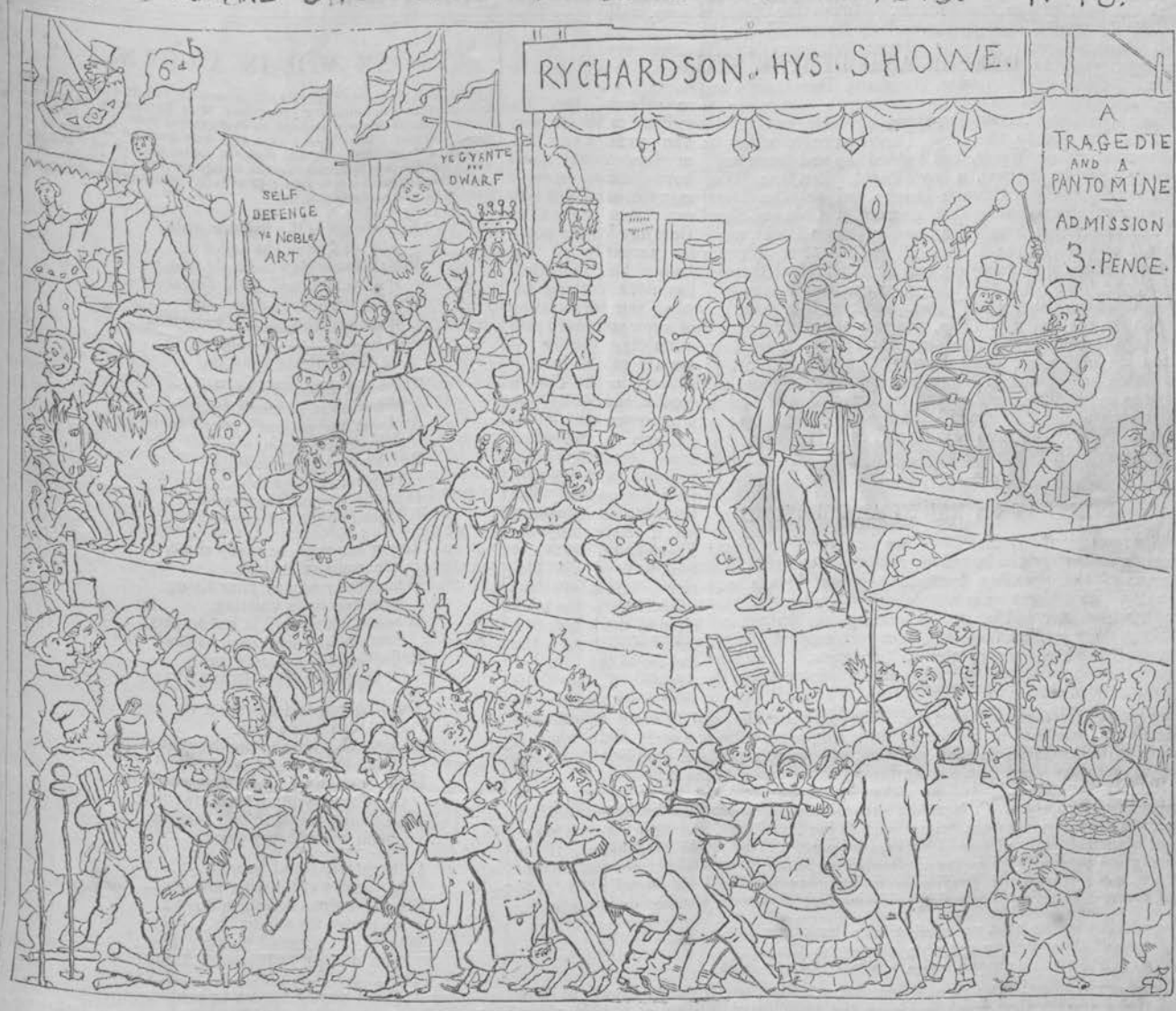
Ye bachelors about to wed
In youth's unthinking hey-day,
Who look upon a furnish'd head
As horrid for a lady,
Who 'd call a female doctor "blue;"
You 'd spare your sneers, I rather
Think, my young fellows, if you knew
What physic costs a father!

How much more blest were married life
To men of small condition,
If every one could have his wife
For family physician;
His nursery kept from ailments free,
By proper regulation,
And for advice his only fee,
A thankful salutation.

For DOCTRIX BLACKWELL—that 's the way
To dub in rightful gender—
In her profession, ever may
Prosperity attend her!
Punch, a gold-handled parasol,
Suggests for presentation,
To one so well deserving all
Esteem and admiration.

"OH, HOW VERY COMFORTABLE!"—exclaim all the reporters, when they are ordered out of the House when MR. JOHN O' CONNELL begins to speak, and they have nothing to do. For their express convenience a new easy chair has been invented,—which has been called, the "Invalid O'CONNELL Chair," and is luxuriously adapted for repose when the Honourable Member is talking. It is deliciously soft, being well-stuffed with the Honourable Member's former speeches. It can be viewed at the Reporter's Gallery in the House of Commons, and can be had by order, by sending sufficient postage stamps to the Honourable Member for Limerick, under cover to "O' TACITUS," Reform Club.

MANNERS AND CVSTOMS OF YE ENGLYSHE IN 1849. No 13.



A PROSPECT OF GREENWICH FAIR.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Tuesday, May 29, 1849. Down the River with BROWNE by Steam to Greenwich to view the Fair, which is holden there yearly this Day, being Whit-Tuesday. We first to a Tavern, being hungry; but with Stout and Sandwiches that Complaint soon cured, and while there it did astonish me to see the Numbers of People landed continually, Cargo after Cargo, on the Pier, and no doubt the Railway brought down as many more. Methought any Foreigner among them would expect rare Diversions and Pastimes in a Scene that could draw such a Concourse to witness it, judging from the Fun and Gaiety of their *Fêtes* and Merry-makings abroad, and not being acquainted with the Manners and Customs of us English. After leaving the Tavern, to the Park, where young Fellows and Hoydens at Archery, Donkey Riding, playing at Kiss-in-the-Ring, and running down the Hill, romping, tripping, and tumbling over Head and Heels, with Shouting, Screaming, and Laughter. Then down to the Fair, which is made in a narrow Space in the Town by a Couple of Rows of Booths and Sweet-Meat and Toy-Stalls, with Raree Shows at the farther End, and Swings and Roundabouts on the Outside. The Lane between the Booths and Stalls most intolerably crammed; and we having to force our Way through the Throng, and between Walls hung with Dolls and gilt Ginger-Bread. The Stalls and Booths crowded also, and the Tobacco Smoke rising from the Drinking Places like a Fog. Young Prentice-Blades and Shop-Boys pushing about with large Masquerade Noses, but whether for the Entertainment of the Public or their own, I could not tell. But the chief Amusement of these Roysterers and the frolicsome Wenches do seem to be scratching one another, and the Company in general, behind, with a Scraper, which is a notched Disk of Wood, that turns on an Axle in a Mortise, with a Handle some six Inches long, and being dragged down a Man's Back, do make him believe that his Coat is torn, as I thought mine was, when first served so, which did trouble me. With this Noise of continual Tearing, and the Squeaking of Tin Trumpets, and Blowing of Whistles, and Half-a-Dozen different Bands playing as many Tunes, is altogether made a most discordant Musique; amid which the Showmen bellowing to the Spectators to walk up, do complete the Babel. It was strange to see the Holiday-Makers, Lads and Lasses, heaved up and down, over and under, in the Swings, and to think what Pleasure they can take in such a Motion, which did make me giddy only to look at; but methinks a Physician might prescribe it in Lieu of a Sea Voyage. With much Ado, for the Throng, to RICHARDSON'S Show, where a Tragedy, a Comic Song and a Pantomime all in Half an Hour, and the

Tragedy accompanied in its deepest Parts on Whistles and Penny Trumpets by the Audience, and droller than the Song or the Pantomime. But the best of the Fun outside, between the Performances, with the Beef-Eaters' Band playing, and the Show-Girls in their Spangles and Paint, dancing, and the Clowns grimacing and flinging summersets, and the Robber Chief standing in an Attitude in the Corner. Store of Fat Ladies, Wonderful Pigs, Giants and Dwarfs to see, and Conjurors in plenty; of which last more than enough among the Crowd, conjuring Handkerchiefs out of Coat Pockets. In the Evening to the great Dancing-Booth, which is the grand Attraction of the Whole, and lighted up and hung with variegated Lamps, was, to be sure, a brave Sight. But the Behaviour of the Company uproarious through Drink; and yet the Dancing without Liveliness, being mostly that ungraceful Chin-and-Shoulder French Dance, gone through with dead and unjoyous Looks, and little Happiness, I suspect, in the Hearts of the Dancers. Here again almost the only Merriment going on, was that perpetual Scraping down the Back, and I did mark that they who sold the Scrapers, did cry, "All the Fun of the Fair for 2*d*;" and, methinks, they were near the Truth. Home by the Railway Train, wherein the Passengers bawling and singing the whole of the Way—nearly all tipsy. They do say that these Fairs are falling off, which I am not sorry for; for they are a great Nuisance in a populous Town, and do draw together a Multitude of Rogues and bad Characters; and methinks, that the more good cheap Concerts are encouraged, and Museums and Exhibitions are thrown open to the Public, the less will the People frequent such Places as Greenwich Fair.

WHAT ON EARTH ARE WE TO DO?

This question, to which Echo has been sending a series of impertinent answers for the last four weeks, has occurred to us in consequence of the directions continually issued by the song-writers of the day, who address us in a style so contradictory that we can make neither head nor tail of it. In one column we are called upon to "Weep no more," and we have scarcely mopped the tear-drop from our eye, before we are requested to "Weep on. Price Two Shillings!" Scarcely have we recovered from our bewilderment on the subject of sympathetic moisture in the organs of vision, and our mucous membrane has hardly been restored from the effects of the shock, when our powers of memory are apostrophised with a recommendation to "Remember her whom once," followed by a most inconsistent entreaty that we should "Forget, forget, for ever!"

It is really a most embarrassing thing for those who are willing to look upon poets as great moral teachers, when a different code appears to be adopted in every separate advertisement.

We pity any one who tries the experiment of following the perplexing and antagonistic directions of the lyric poets of the age, as far at least as their systems may be gathered from the advice they convey in the advertising columns of the newspapers. By one poet we are told "How cherished is the token!" when another somewhat rudely and ungratefully insists that we shall "Take back the Gift. Price Two Shillings;" thus casting a double slur upon the donation, by meanly ticketing it with its alleged price, while insisting on its being taken back again.

We confess we shall not feel very much disposed to look up to the poets as moral teachers, until they are somewhat better agreed as to the kind of advice they address to us.

The Break up at Baden Baden.

The downfall of this little Dukedom has involved no less than two families, that of the Grand Duke and his Prime Minister, in irretrievable ruin. The season upon which the ducal revenue depends had not yet commenced, but the Government had laid down two hundred dozen of ginger-beer, and nearly as much lemonade, which would have been a great aid to the treasury. By the revolution that has just occurred, the whole of these vast resources fell into the hands of the populace, who have declared the establishment of a public—not a republic—from which any one is served out with the utmost promptitude. The Grand Duke managed to secure the ducal treasury—the till—with the whole of its receipts on the day of the outbreak.

The Lost Senses.

The Blind Asylum,—The Vernon Gallery.

The Deaf Asylum,—The House of Lords.

The Dumb Asylum,—The House of Commons, when strangers are ordered to withdraw, by order of the wounded vanity of Mr. John O' Connell.

Either Way it 's Pleasing.—The first time a woman marries is generally to please another; the second time is invariably to please herself.

SPORT FOR YOU, DEATH TO US.

The *Times* has inserted a complaint from a Chancery suitor, who grumbles piteously at the delay occasioned by the frequent holidays in the Masters' Offices. We, as unprofessional and uninitiated individuals, can only suppose that the Masters in Chancery are Masters in the juvenile sense of the term, and that these young gentlemen, on the principle of "all work and no play" making "Jack a dull boy," require a good deal of play to brighten them up, and hence the necessity for a number of holidays in the Masters'—that is to say the young Masters' —Offices. We are not aware how the holidays are passed, but whatever may be the nature of the sport, it is certainly death to the unfortunate suitors whose interests are sacrificed by the delays that this practice of holiday-making among the Masters is continually occasioning.

AN AWFUL RISE IN BEARS.

Colonel Lindsay observed in the House of Commons that "the reason why the bear-skin caps were taken from the Fusiliers was, that the price of Bears had risen;" We cannot understand this. Only look at the price of bear's-grease!! Can it possibly be cheaper? Again, does not the announcement of "Another Fine Bear Slaughtered" startle us at almost every corner? These facts sufficiently prove that Bears are plentiful enough, to say nothing of the immense quantity that may be caught at any time outside the Stock Exchange. Why does not Government contract for its Bears? It would have tenders showered in more than sufficient to smother the whole army.

We are sure that the spirited hairdresser of Bishopsgate Street, whom we may well call the *Ursa Major* of the tonsorial firmament, would compete for one. We can never forget the intrepidity with which he was cutting through an ice-berg to meet a Bear, who was quietly waiting for him with open mouth, on the other side. A gorgeous fresco, commemorating this wonderful bit of tunnelling, ran round his corner shop. We remember it was a private view of the North Pole, (which after all is the true barber's pole,) and that Bears were dancing upon it as plentifully as shop-boys at the Casino. Give this intrepid barber an order for 1000 Bears, or even ten times that amount, and we are confident they would be all delivered at the Horse Guards long before six months had passed over the heads of the Fusiliers. It is a mere *ad cap-tandum* excuse of some cunning accoutrement-maker, who just happens to be out of Bears, to say there is a scarcity of them. How can such a dearth possibly occur when we consider the awful number of young cubs that enter the army every year?

An Attic Truth.—"The highest flight of philosophy is too frequently a garret."—*Stairs' Celebrated Decisions.*

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A WORD ABOUT BALLS IN SEASON.

WHEN my good friend, *Mr. Punch*, some time since, asked me to compile a series of conversations for young men in the dancing world, so that they might be agreeable to their partners, and advance their own success in life, I consented with a willing heart to my venerable friend's request, for I desire nothing better than to promote the amusement and happiness of all young people; and nothing, I thought, would be easier than to touch off a few light, airy, graceful little sets of phrases, which young fellows might adopt or expand, according to their own ingenuity and leisure.

Well, Sir, I imagined myself, just for an instant, to be young again, and that I had a neat waist instead of that bow-window with which Time and Nature have ornamented the castle of my body, and brown locks instead of a bald pate, (there was a time, Sir, when my hair was not considered the worst part of me, and I recollect when I was a young man in the Militia, and when pig-tails finally went out in our corps, who it was that longed to have my *queue*—it was found in her desk at her death, and my poor dear wife was always jealous of her),—I just chose, I say, to fancy myself a young man, and that I would go up in imagination and ask a girl to dance with me. So I chose MARIA— a man might go farther and fare worse than choose MARIA, MR. BOB.

"My dear Miss E.," says I, "may I have the honour of dancing the next set with you?"

"The next *what?*" says Miss E., smiling, and turning to MRS. E., as if to ask what a set meant.

"I forgot," says I; "the next quadrille, I would say."

"It is rather slow dancing, quadrilles," says Miss E.; "but if I must, I must."

"Well, then, a waltz, will that do? I know nothing prettier than a waltz played not too quick."

"What!" says she, "do you want a horrid old three-timed waltz, like that which the little figures dance upon the barrel-organs? You silly old creature; you are good-natured, but you are in your dotage. All these dances are passed away. You might as well ask me to wear a gown with a waist up to my shoulders, like that in which mamma was married; or a hoop and high heels, like grandmamma, in the picture; or to dance a gavotte or a minuet. Things are changed, old gentleman—the fashions of your time are gone, and—and the bucks of your time will go too, MR. BROWN. If I want to dance, here is CAPTAIN WHISKERFIELD, who is ready; or young STUDDINGTON, who is a delightful partner. He brings a little animation into our balls; and when he is not in society, dances every night at Vauxhall and the Casino."

I pictured to myself MARIA giving some such reply to my equally imaginative demand—for of course I never made the request, any more than she did the answer—and, in fact, dear BOB, after turning over the matter of ball-room conversations in my mind, and sitting with pen and ink before me for a couple of hours, found that I had nothing at all to say on the subject, and have no more right to teach a youth what he is to say in the present day to his partner, than I should have had in my own boyhood, to instruct my own grandmother in the art of sucking eggs. We should pay as much reverence to youth as we should to age; there are points in which you young folks are altogether our superiors: and I can't help constantly crying out to persons of my own years, when busied about their young people—leave them alone; don't be always meddling with their affairs, which they can manage for themselves; don't be always insisting upon managing their boats, and putting your oars in the water with theirs.

So I have the modesty to think that *Mr. Punch* and I were a pair of conceited old fogies, in devising the above plan of composing conversation for the benefit of youth, and that young folks can manage to talk of what interests them, without any prompting on our part. To say the truth, I have hardly been to a ball these three years. I saw the head of the stair at H. E's. the T—— Ambassador in Br——ne Square, the other night, but retired without even getting a sight of, or making my bow to Her Excellency; thinking wisely that *mon lait de poule, et mon bonnet de nuit*, much better became me at that hour of midnight, than the draught in a crowded passage, and the sight of ever so many beauties.

But though I don't go myself to these assemblies, I have intelligences amongst people who go: and hear from the girls and their mammas, what they do, and how they enjoy themselves. I must own that some of the new arrangements please me very much, as being natural and simple, and, in so far, superior to the old mode.

In my time, for instance, a ball-room used to be more than half filled with old male and female fogies, whose persons took up a great deal of valuable room, who did not in the least ornament the walls against which they stood, and who would have been much better at home in bed. In a great country-house where you have a hall fire-place in which an ox might be roasted conveniently, the presence of a few score more or less of stout old folks can make no difference; there is room for them at the card-tables, and round the supper-board, and the sight of their honest red faces and white waistcoats lining the wall cheers and illuminates the Assembly Room.

But it is a very different case when you have a small house in Mayfair, or in the pleasant district of Pimlico and Tyburn; and accordingly I am happy to hear that the custom is rapidly spreading of asking none but dancing people to balls. It was only this morning that I was arguing the point with our cousin MRS. CROWDER, who was greatly irate because her daughter FANNY had received an invitation to go with her aunt, MRS. TIMMINS, to LADY TUTBURY'S ball, whereas poor MRS. CROWDER had been told that she could on no account get a card.

NOW BLANCHE CROWDER is a very large woman naturally, and with the present fashion of flounces in dress, this balloon of a creature would occupy the best part of a back drawing-room; whereas ROSA TIMMINS is a little bit of a thing, who takes up no space at all, and indeed furnishes the side of a room as prettily as a bank of flowers could. I tried to convince our cousin upon this point, this embonpoint I may say, and of course being too polite to make remarks personal to MRS. CROWDER, I playfully directed them elsewhere.

"Dear BLANCHE," said I, "don't you see how greatly LADY TUTBURY would have to extend her premises, if all the relatives of all her dancers were to be invited? She has already flung out a marquee over the leads, and actually included the cistern—what can she do more? If all the girls were to have chaperons, where could the elders sit? TUTBURY himself will not be present. He is a large and roomy man like your humble servant, and LADY TUT has sent him off to Greenwich, or the Star and Garter for the night, where, I have no doubt, he and some other stout fellows will make themselves comfortable. At a ball amongst persons of moderate means and large acquaintance in London, room is much more precious than almost anybody's company, except that of the beauties and the dancers. Look at LORD TRAMPLETON, that enormous hulking monster (who nevertheless dances beautifully, as all big men do), when he takes out his favourite partner, MISS WIRLEDGE, to polk, his arm, as he whisks her round and round, forms radii of a circle of very considerable diameter. He almost wants a room to himself. Young men and women now, when they dance, dance really; it is no lazy sauntering, as of old, but downright hard work—after which they want air and refreshment. How can they get the one, when the rooms are filled with elderly folks; or the other, when we are squeezing round the supper-tables, and drinking up all the available Champagne and Seltzer water? No, no; the present plan, which I hear is becoming general, is admirable for London. Let there be a half-dozen of good, active, bright-eyed chaperons and duennas, little women, who are more active, and keep a better look-out than your languishing voluptuous beauties" (I said this, casting at the same time a look of peculiar tenderness towards BLANCHE CROWDER), "let them keep watch and see that all is right—that the young men don't dance too often with the same girl, or disappear on to the balcony, and that sort of thing; let them have good large roomy family coaches to carry the young women home to their mammas. In a word, at a ball, let there be for the future no admittance except upon business. In all the affairs of London life, that is the rule, depend upon it."

"And pray who told you, MR. BROWN, that I didn't wish to dance myself?" says BLANCHE, surveying her great person in the looking-glass (which could scarcely contain it) and flouncing out of the room; and I actually believe that the unconscionable creature, at her age and size, is still thinking that she is a fairy, and that the young fellows would like to dance round the room with her. Ah, BOB! I remember that grotesque woman a slim and graceful girl. I remember others tender and beautiful, whose bright eyes glitter, and whose sweet voices whisper, no more. So they pass away—youth and beauty, love and innocence, pass away and perish. I think of one now, whom I remember the fairest and the gayest, the kindest and the purest; her laughter was music—I can hear it still, though it will never echo any more. Far away, the silent tomb closes over her. Other roses than those of our prime, grow up and bloom, and have their day. Honest youth, generous youth, may yours be as pure and as fair.

I did not think when I began to write it, that the last sentence would have finished so: but life is not altogether jocular, MR. BOB, and one comes upon serious thoughts suddenly as upon a funeral in the street. Let us go back to the business we are upon, namely balls, whereof it has perhaps struck you that your uncle has very little to say.

I saw one announcement in the morning fashionable print to-day, with a fine list of some of the greatest folks in London, and had previously heard from various quarters how eager many persons were to attend it, and how splendid an entertainment it was to be. And so the morning paper announced that MRS. HORNBY MADOX threw open her house in So-and-so Street, and was assisted in receiving her guests by LADY FUGLEMAN.

Now this is a sort of entertainment and arrangement than which I confess I can conceive nothing more queer, though I believe it is by no means uncommon in English society. MRS. HORNBY MADOX comes into her fortune of ten thousand a-year—wishes to be presented in the London world, having lived in the country previously—spares no expense to make her house and festival as handsome as may be, and gets LADY FUGLEMAN to ask the company for her—not the honest HORNBYS, not the family MADOXES, not the jolly old squires and friends and relatives of her family, and from her county; but the London dandies and the London society: whose names you see chronicled at every party, and who, being LADY FUGLEMAN'S friends, are invited by her Ladyship to MRS. HORNBY'S house.

What a strange notion of society does this give—of friendship, of fashion, of what people will do to be in the fashion! Poor MRS. HORNBY comes into her fortune, and says to her old friends and family, "My good people, I am going to cut every one of you. You were very well as long as we were in the country, where I might have my natural likings and affections. But, henceforth, I am going to let LADY FUGLEMAN choose my friends for me. I know nothing about you any more. I have no objection to you, but if you want to know me you must ask LADY FUGLEMAN: if she says, yes, I shall be delighted; if no, *Bon jour.*"

This strange business goes on daily in London. Honest people do it, and think not the least harm. The proudest and noblest do not think they demean themselves by crowding to MRS. GOLDCALF'S parties, and strike quite openly a union between her wealth and their titles, to determine as soon as the former ceases. There is not the least hypocrisy about this at any rate—the terms of the bargain are quite understood on every hand.

But oh, BOB! see what an awful thing it is to confess, and would not even hypocrisy be better than this daring cynicism, this open heartlessness—Godlessness I had almost called it? Do you mean to say, you great folks, that your object in society is not love, is not friendship, is not family union and affection—is not truth and kindness;—is not generous sympathy and union of Christian (pardon me the word, but I can indicate my meaning by no other)—of Christian men and women, parents and children,—but that you assemble and meet together, not caring or trying to care for one another,—without a pretext of good will—with a daring selfishness openly avowed? I am sure I wish MRS. GOLDCALF or the other lady no harm, and have never spoken to, or set eyes on either of them, and I do not mean to say, MR. ROBERT, that you and I are a whit better than they are, and doubt whether they have made the calculation for themselves, of the consequences of what they are doing. But as sure as two and two make four, a person giving up of his own accord his natural friends and relatives, for the sake of the fashion, seems to me to say, I acknowledge myself to be heartless; I turn my back on my friends, I disown my relatives, and I dishonour my father and mother.

And so no more at present, dear BOB, from your affectionate,

BROWN THE ELDER.

"LUD A' MERCY! HOW PRETTY!"

"THE heart of a married woman who flirts is like a rose of which every admirer plucks a leaf, till there is nothing left for the husband but the stalk and the thorns."—*Recollections of a Fashionable Novel, in 3 vols. (of course.)*

THE PEERS AND THE SILENT SYSTEM.

IT is highly probable that many of their Lordships, finding it impossible to obtain a hearing in their present House, will come to the conclusion that "it's no use talking," and begin in future to hold their tongues. A new gallery is talked about for the reporters, but unless it is on the principle of a whispering gallery, we do not see its utility in an assembly where no sound that is uttered has more strength or distinctness than a mere whisper, and where the members might as well be reduced to the condition of mere dummies, since they are virtually dumb, as far as the reporters are concerned. Inventive ingenuity has suggested a combination of the sciences of acoustics and optics, in the form of an opera glass and ear trumpet in one. In ordinary cases seeing is believing, but it is difficult to believe a Peer to be speaking even when his lips are seen to be moving, while not a word is to be heard. The suggested union of the ear trumpet with the opera glass will cause seeing and believing to go together, for it will not only induce a reporter to imagine a Peer to be speaking by the motion of his lips, but his Lordship's own word may be taken for it, though under the present state of things, we regret to make the humiliating confession that the words of some of the most honourable and high-minded of our aristocracy cannot be taken at all.

A NEW INSTRUMENT FOR THE USE OF REPORTERS IN THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

MINT SAUCE.

WE are very much afraid that the officials of the Mint, by their cool way of meeting anything in the shape of public inquiry, will render the idea of Mint Sauce almost inseparable from their establishment. Some of the medallists have declared that they have no right to be meddled with; and those who have been taken to task for unskilfulness in preparing the dies, pronounce themselves prepared to "stand the hazard of the die," however great the imperfections that may be discovered.

It was not to be expected that Members of Parliament would remain as quiet as lambs under all this Mint Sauce, and the result was a very warm discussion. By an odd coincidence, the House had no sooner dropped the debate on the Mint, than a conversation arose about LORD MINTO and the charge of his commission to Italy. We are almost inclined to agree that England has usually quite enough of its own irons in the fire at a time, without having recourse to Italian irons to add to them.

A String of Songs.

THERE is a song called "*The Ties of Home.*" This can only be one of a series, for it is clear the "Ties" must have been preceded by "The True Lover's Knot," and "The Matrimonial Noose." By-the-by, we are curious to know the particular Chord that runs through these "Ties" and "Knots," though of course "The Matrimonial Noose" is a matter of discord, the key in which it is set being plainly one which is the commencement of noise in all overtures, viz.,—the latch-key.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PROTECTION FLEET.

A Nautical Ballad.

It was in St. Stephen's waters,
That ADMIRAL PEEL his course he wore,
For he found, by the chart, if he kept his course,
He must run slap on a lee shore.

Our Admiral he stood on the starboard tack,
When we the Protection Fleet did spy:
"All hands about ship, and in a crack,
Your starboard tacks and sheets let fly."

The cotton ships as was our convoy,
A league ahead under stunsails runs,
But PEEL he cracked on, and hailed 'em, "Ahoy!
Drop under our starn, and stand by your guns."

It was CAPTAIN COBDEN, of the *Stockport*,
And CAPTAIN BRIGHT, of the *Durham*, also,
At our Admiral's hail, they hove all short,
And roused their hands up from below.

"Starbowlines stout, you must turn out;
Larbowlines stout, heave all aback;
For bless'd, if here ain't bold ADMIRAL PEEL,
As we thought was on the other tack."

So to quarters we beat through the Free Trade Fleet,
And the grog it was served out all round,
And stern to his gun stood each mother's son,
As we took up our fighting ground.

Bold STANLEY let fly from the enemy,
A second to him bold RICHMOND played,
And his frigate saucy DISRAELI
Alongside of our Admiral laid.

Oh, well young BEN he worked his craft,
With small arms and with hollow shot,
But PEEL he raked him fore and aft,
And for one BEN gave, bless'd but two he got.

And first, the *Corn Law*, Eighty-four,
She struck to CAPTAIN COBDEN bold,
And, *Timber Duty*, she blowed up,
And a sheer hulk the *West Indian* rolled.

Then the enemy's captains they came aboard,
And three cheers our gallant tars they gave,
As each of 'em handed up his sword,
And doused his fore an' aft hat so grave.

But DISRAELI he still showed fight,
Dismasted and rudderless though he lay,
And when he 'd shot out all his shot,
With powder still he blazed away.

The Protection Fleet, thus, one by one,
Their colours for to strike we saw;
Only bold STANLEY still fought on,
With his flag-ship, the *Navigation Law*.

Main-yard to main-yard his guns did thunder,
And once he boarded by the chains;
And his stout crew would not knock under,
Until blowed out was all their brains.

His sails was riddled, his masts was scored,
His ship settled gunwale to the sea,
When he hailed "Avast, send a boat aboard,
For I 'm willing to strike," he says, says he.

'Twas aboard an old tub of a seventy-four—
The *Whig*, LORD RUSSELL her captain's name,
Which never got up till the fight was o'er,
Bold STANLEY to surrender came.

His sword to RUSSELL out he drew,
And "Take my sword, LORD JOHN," says he;
"But if I 'd only fought with you,
You 'd never have had this sword of me.

"It was ADMIRAL PEEL, with COBDEN and BRIGHT,
And them cotton ships, so stout and true,
That desarves the credit of this here fight—
So don't you go for to say 'twas *you*."

So three cheers to them to whom we owes
The victory of the Free Trade fleet;
And may we see such gallant foes,
Henceforth as gallant friends to meet.

OLD CLO!

JOYFUL as *Punch* is to find that this year's Academy Exhibition presents no *Burial of Harold*, nor *Finding of his Body*; not a single *Vicar of Wakefield*, nor *Gil Blas*, and only two *Don Quixotes*; he has still his little crow to pluck with his dear friends of pencil and palette. Why will you, my dear friends, dress up your figures as if for a *Bal poudré* at the Palace, or a *Bal Masqué* at JULLIEN'S? Why, O my dear friends, will you put such excessive trust in peach-bloom coats, blush-silk stockings, velvet breeches, and laced waistcoats? Why, if an heir comes of age, must he come of the age of HENRY THE EIGHTH? Why, if Guilt and Innocence must be contrasted—and indeed, MR. RANKLY, it goes hard with us to say a word of even hinted reproof to you, who so delicately conceived, and so sweetly painted, that row of rosy-faced, softly snub-nosed angels of little charity girls, in their blue-ribboned white caps and mittens—why must guilt blush under a bag wig or flush with reflections from a morone velvet with square tails? Is wantonness more wanton in sacque and patches?

Punch knows what you will say, my dear young friends. Old costume is picturesque, quaint of cut, brilliant of colour, and various of texture. True, and all this helps you much, no doubt, and makes the conceiving and executing of pictures a much easier work, and more tickling to the eye.

But think, on the other hand, how, hunting after this pleasure of the eye, you neglect,—and how this exhibition shows you neglect—the thought, meaning, expression—soul, in fact, of your picture. There may be no reason why a face should not tell its tale as distinctly upon the shoulders of a lay figure in the costume of the Second GEORGE, as one in the soberer garb, *temp.* VICTORIA, but you will find in general it *doesn't*, somehow. After all, your work is no transcript of real life as you know it. Perhaps, if you would think more of men and women, and less of clothes, you might find many things to paint, close at your own doors, without the sad need of rummaging *Lemprière's Dictionary*, and *Pepys*, and *Evelyn*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and *Tristram Shandy*, and *Gil Blas*, and *Don Quixote*, and *Goldsmith's History of England*, and other recondite works.

Look at WEBSTER'S pictures in this Exhibition. What is the crowning charm that draws crowds about them, but the unflinching, unmistakeable truth, and common reality of them—reality, subordinated always to true principles of painting, remember.

What names are greatest in our English school? REYNOLDS, the painter of the real men and women of his time—HOGARTH, whose study was in the streets—WILKIE, whose lofty throne is "built on humble truth"—LANDSEER, whose themes are real, though no higher than dogs, horses, and "such small deer." Stir yourselves, then, O dear young friends, in whom we trust. Why should we enumerate your names? Burn your wardrobes, and eschew MR. NATHAN, and away with portraits of silks and satins, for portraits of men, and women, and children—for faces alive with thought, and action instinct with meaning, instead. Come, paint human beings instead of clothes-horses.

CITY ALTERATIONS.

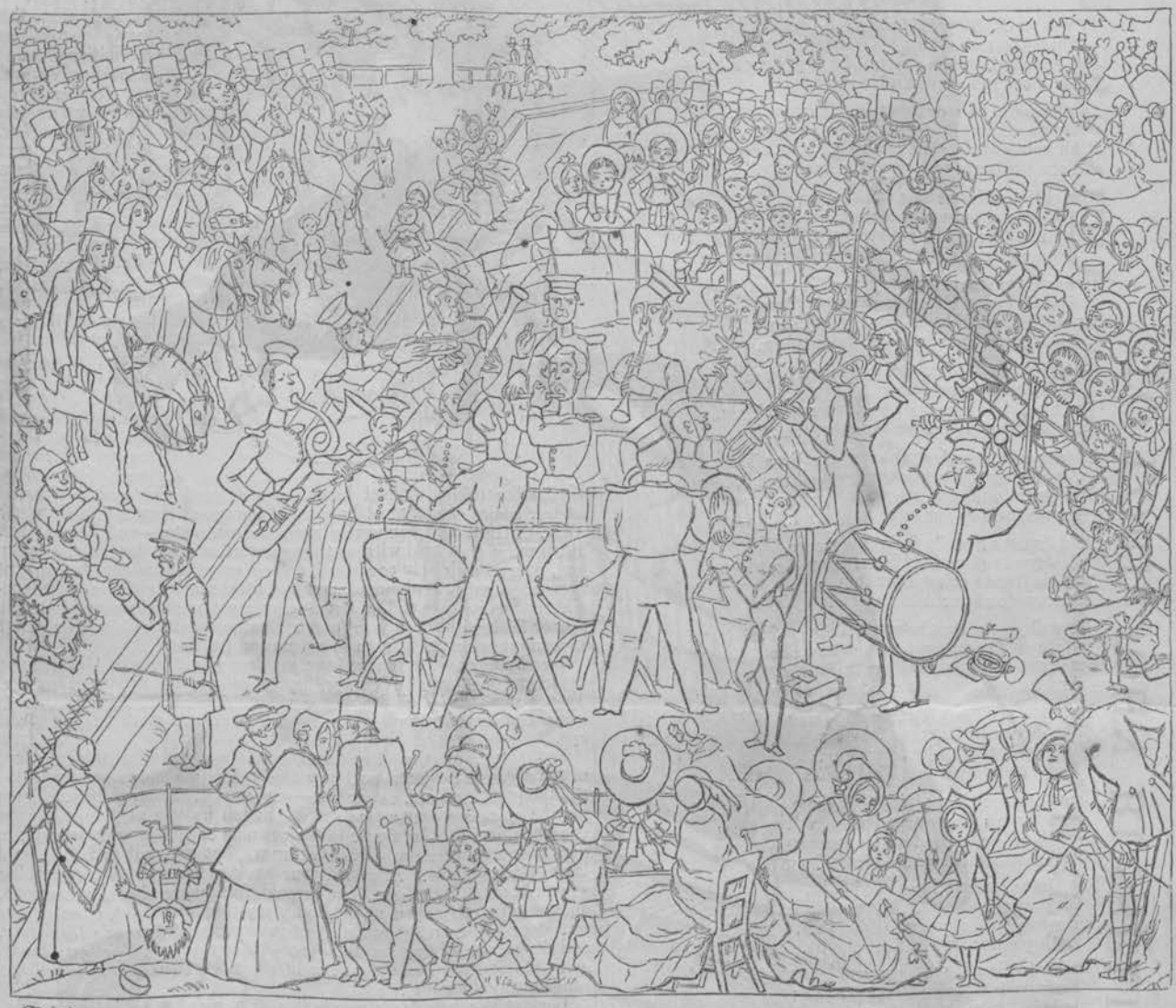
IT has been suggested to take down the old Grasshopper, and to put up in its stead the Swedish Nightingale, the latter having been lately so incessantly upon 'Change.

HOW TO SOW THE FIELD OF GLORY.

CADMUS invented letters, and raised the first crop of armed men. SIR ROBERT PEEL was not unlike him. He sowed the letters of the alphabet, and up sprang the Police.

WHAT is better than Presence of Mind in a Railway accident? Absence of Body.

MANNERS AND CVSTOM'S OF Ye ENGLYSHE IN 1849. No. 14.



KENSYNGTON GARDENS WITH Ye BANDE PLAYINGE THERE.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Friday, June 1, 1849. In the Afternoon to Kensington Gardens, where a Band of the Guards do play on this Day, and also on Monday throughout the Season, and draw together a great Crowd of Fashionable Folks. The Tunes played mostly Polkas and Waltzes, though now and then a Piece of Musique of a better Sort; but the Musique little more than an Excuse for a Number of People assembling to see and be seen. There all the World and his Wife; and she in all her Finery, and very well she looked. I did see gay Dresses and pretty Faces in greater Number than methinks I ever saw before at one Time. The Day very fair, and the Sun shining gloriously, and the bright coloured Silks and Muslins at a Distance between the Trees, did make a mighty pleasant Picture. But I not at all content with looking on at a Distance, but did get as near as I could to gaze upon the Beauties, and am afraid that I did look too hard at some; but they mostly smiled, and I believe not any were offended; for methinks they do not trick themselves out so bravely to discourage Observation. To see them pacing to and fro in such smart Attire, with their showy pink, and green, and Forget-me-not blue Parasols, I could fancy they were the London Fashions for June come out a walking. But many on Seats with tall well-looking Gallants posted beside them, or bending down to converse with them with vast Attention and Politeness, whereat they seeming mightily pleased. Others standing in Groups here and there under the Shade, and a great Throng of them round about the Musicians; but all walking to and fro between the Tunes to show themselves. Many of the Army among the Crowd, and strange, to compare them and others of our Gentry, in Air and Manner, with one or two dingy Foreigners with their great Beards and ill-favoured Looks. The little fashionable Children by the side of their Mammas elegant enough to see; but overdressed in their Velvet and Plaid Tunics and Plumes of Feathers, and their Ways too mincing and dainty, and looking as though they had stepped from out a Band-box. Methinks they do seem brought up to think too much of their Appearance, and to look on Display and Show as the chief End of Life. I did mark some of their Mothers, old enough to know better, bedizened like the young Beauties, but looking sour and glum, and plainly ill at ease in their Pride and Vanity. But it divert me much to compare the delicate Children with some Charity-School Urchins on the other Side of the Wall that did anger the Park Keeper by mocking him. I doubt me that the young Leatherbreeches be not the happier as long as they can get a Bellyfull of Victuals. The Company doubtless enjoying themselves after

LORD STANLEY (*Commander of the "Protection"*) SURRENDERING HIS SWORD TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

[*See House of Lords, May 24th*, 1849.

their Fashion, but in general looking marvellous grave; and strange to shut my Eyes between the Tunes and to hear nothing but the rustling of Dresses and a Murmur of Voices as they did walk up and down. It is wonderful how we English do go through our Amusements after the Manner of a solemn Ceremony. Yet do the people of Fashion in Kensington Gardens make an exceeding rare Show; and I do only wish that there were no opposite Picture to be seen among us. But their Finery do afford Employment to Work People, and I do thank them for parading themselves for my Amusement, and the Officers of the Guards for treating the Town to Musique, and so giving Occasion to such a fine Spectacle.

THE RAIN OF TERROR.

WHIT-MONDAY of 1849 will be remembered in our meteorological annals, as the wettest day on record, and the quantity of rain that fell at Greenwich and Chelsea was so over-pour ing, that nothing could possibly be wetter than the naval and military wetter-uns. The gentleman who stands up to his ankles in puddles, for the purpose of noting the number of inches of rain that may have fallen, and sending the result to the *Times*, was heard to remark that he had never so thoroughly put his foot in it before, and he took such an alarming cold in the gutter, that his voice has still a guttural sound of intense hoarseness. From our own observations of our private water-butt, we are enabled to state, that the mean moisture on Whit-Monday represented more water than SIR HUGH MYDDELTON ever took into his head, when he started the New River. Thus it happened that on one of the greatest holidays of the year, Pleasure found a watery grave, and though we permitted our dog TOBY to have a run out,—for TOBY, like every other dog, has his day,—the poor brute seemed to regard it as merely a sop for CERBERUS.

POVERTY AT THE POST-OFFICE.

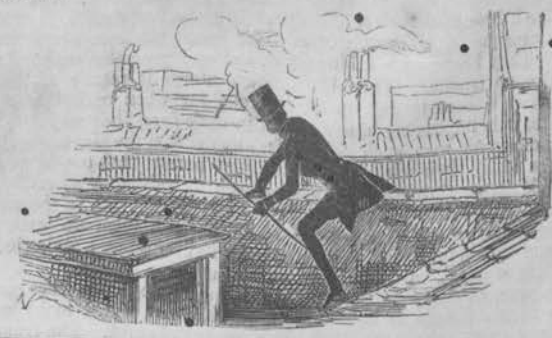
OUR Insolvent Records are being daily amplified by the names of a number of Post-Office Clerks, whom public parsimony pays at such a miserable rate, that many of them find it impossible to meet their pecuniary engagements. Perhaps it is the fatality of poverty which hangs over them in their capacity of men of letters, but whatever may be the cause, the effect is, that the few effects they possess, are, under the process of fi. fa.—a portion of the gigantic legal system of fi, fa, fo, fee, fum—being continually swept away from them. The wonder really is, how the various underpaid and harassed officials at St. Martin's-le-Grand can continue to perform their duties with the fidelity, punctuality, and precision usually exhibited; for it must require some stratagem to go and return in safety to and from their work, hunted, as many of them are, by bands of shrieval officers.

The exterior of the General Post-Office must be in a state of blockade every morning at about the time of the arrival of the clerks, and all sorts of expedients must be at work to baffle the bailiff's ingenuity. The principal entrance is, we should imagine, the daily scene of a game at prisoner's base, the poor clerks running from pillar to pillar for security against the baseness of being made prisoner.

We have heard of a popular actor being so hunted by his creditors, who had "let slip the dogs of law" in pursuit of him, that he was compelled to get in or out of the theatre up and down a chimney, or consent to be shot into the cellar from a coal-sack, or turned on into the cistern by a private main—ventilated for the purpose—but all this could scarcely be worse than the shifts the Post-Office Clerks are put to in eluding the duns and bailiffs that lie in wait for them. The wildest and most astounding efforts are made by some of the clerks to get to their Post—that is to say, the General Post—lest, underpaid as they are, they should lose their situations, and the salaries upon which they are trying to drag out their own lives, and to drag up their half-starved families.

Well may the clerks envy the freedom with which a letter can be put into the box, and find its way into the building—nor can we be surprised if now and then some harassed official, taking advantage of the permission to send miscellaneous articles by Post, should wrap himself up in an air of mystery by way of envelope, and plunge into the largest letter-box, in order to gain an entrance into the establishment. Others, with less muscular activity, may prefer transmission by Post in the ordinary way through the medium of one of those sacks which are emptied daily into the receiving box at St. Martin's-le-Grand during the ceremony of posting the newspapers. This method would be particularly convenient for the clerks on night duty, as the ceremony could be performed without creating observation, and comparatively little danger, unless, indeed, it should unfortunately happen that a shower of *Standards* should be shot into the box at about the same time, when the very bad odour—to say nothing of the heavy weight—might have a most disagreeable effect upon any one coming in contact with matter so poisonous.

Perhaps, after all, there could be no safer plan than obtaining an entrance through the roof, which might be achieved with comparative ease in these days of ventilation, when our chimney-pots are twisted into such eccentric forms that a small staircase might be introduced without difficulty down the centre of almost every one of them. This, or a subterranean passage, as an assurance against arrest through the medium of the sewer, would at least provide so far for the efficiency of the public service, that the regular attendance of the clerks at the Post Office might be relied upon, though as to the faithfulness of their discharge of their duties, we do not see how this is to be guaranteed upon their present paltry pay, unless there is a certain amount of infallibility of human nature, which, like the system of cab-fares, is limited to the precincts of the General Post-Office. We yield to none in a love of economy, but as friends to justice, and with a desire to see the public efficiently as well as faithfully served, we must protest against that mean and illiberal spirit which regards every one who receives any of the public money as over-paid, and is for reducing everybody's income—however ably he may fill his office, and however hard he may work—upon the mere ground of his income being part of the public expenditure.



GIVING AND RECEIVING.

THERE is frequently more pleasure in giving a thing than in receiving it. This applies more especially to Medicine, Advice, and Kicks.

PUNCH'S FREE ADMISSION TO THE EXHIBITIONS OF LONDON.

FROM time to time we intend to present our readers with a free admission to the different Exhibitions of London. Our country readers will thus be able to visit everything in Town without stirring from their arm-chairs. Our new plan may be called "Sight-seeing made Easy."

Our first visit shall be over the water, in the hope that the reader will accompany us to the Surrey Zoological Gardens. The worst of these Gardens is, the difficulty of finding them. On one occasion we found ourselves in Battersea Fields, and thought we were all right, till we saw Mount Vesuvius blazing away in the distance, and remember we never reached the Gardens till about one o'clock in the morning. It is a wonder how the omnibus horses know the way so well. How the Giraffes ever got there is still more wonderful,—but animals who spend their lives in contemplating the Sphinx, are probably very clever in guessing riddles.

Once there, however, the visitor will not regret his day's journey. He will be divided between flowers and animals. On one side, beds with an embroidered counterpane of roses and tulips, worked in more beautifully than Berlin wool, will tempt him to rest his wearied limbs; and on the other, the Pelican will stretch out his friendly neck, and, bidding him welcome, almost seem to exclaim, "Please, your noble honour, spare us a copper to-day." The Pelicans, we need not mention, are the crossing-sweepers of the Desert.

A double concert, on the visitor's entrance, is going on: the instrumental part is fiddling away under the large scallop-shell that is placed over the delicate white figures of Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, to serve them up, apparently, when they are sufficiently browned, or done *au gratin*, by the sun; and the vocal part is contributed to all day long by the laughing Hyena, the Lion, and others, who excel particularly in the music of VERDI. This *mélange* is very agreeable, more especially about feeding-time, when the animals get through some delicious *morceaux* with a nicety and finish that would quite astonish COSTA. It was from a close study of these able-bodied performers that JULLIEN first took the notion of his "Monster" Concerts. He calls to this day the Jackall "*son cher ophicleide*," and when he is playing with the Elephant's trunk, apostrophises it in terms of affection as his "*charmante petite grosse caisse.*" These little traits redound to the credit of both parties.

Having brought the visitor so far, we now beg to present him with—

A FREE ADMISSION TO THE STORMING OF BADAJOZ.

That steep castle, which looks like a large Stilton Cheese, or a big yellow Salad-bowl with a lot of green stuff inside, is Badajoz. The two little red soldiers, who are doing sentry in the middle of the mixture may be taken for a couple of spring radishes. You see the bridge which runs across the water—it is so life-like, that the Ducks give themselves a headache every day in knocking against the side, in the hope of getting through it. Are they not flats for their pains? If they were "canvas-ducks," they probably would know better. Is not that bridge wonderful? We recommend that Westminster Bridge be swept away—a hearth-broom will easily do it—and that MR. DANSON be commissioned by Government to paint a new one. It would be every bit as safe as the present bridge, and be infinitely more picturesque.

Look! what is that? It takes its long-winged flight through the air, just like a beautiful Bird of Paradise. It is the first rocket. The storm has commenced. Military storms differ somewhat from atmospherical ones. They begin with a blue light, and end generally with a rocket, or a Roman candle. When the military storm is raging at its very highest, it is best to put up an umbrella, for when once the rockets explode, it is impossible to say where, in their fury, they will stop, but like choleric old men, such as MR. TILBURY acts at the Haymarket, they are sure to lay their sticks across the first person that comes in their way. MESSRS. SOUTHBY are very clever in raising a storm. They storm so beautifully that little boys hook themselves on to the palings to enjoy the fun, and the roofs of omnibuses are piled up with high stacks of conductors who boldly defy the lightning, in a style that old AJAX might equal, but could not possibly surpass.

The cannons begin to roar, and the animals also. The glass case in which they are kept, is lighted up a glowing red, and it looks so hot you fancy every pane must crack like a roasted chesnut. The trumpets bray their loudest, every drum and every heart is beating quite loud, the Peacock is playing his favourite solo on the railway-whistle, and every now and then, you hear a loud piercing "Oh!" that rises far above the horrible din, and is but a faint echo of the feeling that is filling, almost to a carpet-bag point of bursting, the breast of every man, woman, policeman, and child.

Oh what a crash was that! and no wonder. See one whole side of the castle has fallen in. It is crumbling to pieces like a stout Cheshire that has been undermined by the cheeseknife. The ten soldiers (bless them!) are fighting bravely for their ten shillings; the rockets are drooping in a golden shower over Badajoz, like a large laburnum. A continual stream of guineas, such as must run in the gutters when it rains in California, keeps flooding into the Lake, and you imagine that all the trout must, long ere this, have been turned into monster gold fish. And where are the Ducks? Go, search the bed of Glory, and there, where the Spanish onions (to the right of the castle) are thickest, you will probably find them laid out—so tremendous has been the British fire,—deliciously roasted to a turn.

There is a grand explosion—the whole air is hissing hot;—the trees are crimson;—the water is the colour of Tomata sauce,—there is a mighty flash of red fire:—Badajoz is taken. The devoted ten rush once more into the breach, which is burning like a furnace; a figure with a wooden sword, cocked hat, and nose, is pushed forward on rollers,—three cheers rend the sky—it is the DUKE OF WELLINGTON! From this night forth, he is the Hero of a Hundred *and One* Fights. The siege at the Surrey Zoological will not be forgotten amongst his future victories.

We hope the reader is satisfied with our Free Admission to the Storm? if not, he had better go and judge for himself, and our word for it, he will find the remedy a very pleasant one. The Surrey Zoological Gardens are decidedly the cheapest, and the most varied, entertainment, we cannot say *in*, but *somewhere near* London. Financial Reformers, MR. FOX MAULE, and all the authorities of the Horse Guards, are strongly recommended to be present during the Storm, if it is only to see what an immensity of fighting can be done for ten shillings! There is one soldier (he belongs to the First Bearkeepers) who was killed no less than ten times in the course of the siege, and yet survives to plant the British Flag on the lath and plaster heights of Badajoz. If that is not Glory on the cheapest scale, we should like to know what is?

"NOW, THEN, CHARITY, HOVER WITH YOU, OR HELSE LET ME COME."

Voices of the Nation.

MONS. MARRAST, before the National Assembly was dissolved, called upon the Representatives to give three cheers for the Republic, which accordingly were loudly given. We must confess that for months past the news from Paris has not been so *cheering!*

But, by-the-by, what should we think if, when the House of Commons was being prorogued, the Speaker called upon SIR ROBERT PEEL for a song? or knocked down MR. PLUMPTRE for the Kentish fire? or hoped the Members would not disperse without first favouring him with "For he's a jolly good fellow," and asking COLONEL SIBTHORP whether he would be kind enough to lead the Chorus?

THE FACILITY OF FINDING FAULT.

RIDICULE must be a very easy thing, for we see so many young men excel in it who never succeed in anything else.

THE ABUSE OF LITERATURE.—Young authors generally begin Literature by abusing everybody. They forget that of all stains none are so difficult to get out as ink stains.

GIVE, GIVE.

Poor John Bull is sadly used by those naughty little boys in Downing Street, who will tease the old gentleman by dropping their Schemes of Retrenchment, and then jerking them out of sight when he stoops to pick them up. As for following Ministers through the mysterious recesses of the Estimates, you might as well hunt a rat through the labyrinth of the London sewers. How is the poor Financial Reformer to find his way through these most miscellaneous papers, the items of which are jumbled together like the stock of an old curiosity shop, or the contents of Lord Brougham's memory? Silver trumpets and Knights' collars, the King of the Belgians' "little account," and the Frescoes of the House of Lords,—University grants, and red calico, brass wire, rum, and pigtail for the Chiefs at Portendic, (where *is* Portendic?) ventilation experiments, and travelling expenses of the Mosquito King, lunatic asylums and the new Houses of Parliament, schools and diplomatic establishments, commissions—commissions—commissions—commissions,—expenses of this department and that office.

It is all very well to say Cobden is backward in coming forward with his infallible gauging stick and his wonderful pruning knife, but how is the poor man to know where or what he is cutting, in such a *mêlée* of expenses justifiable, and expenses unjustifiable, of salaries that should be larger, and salaries that should be smaller, and salaries that shouldn't be at all, of votes for education and votes for jobs, of great services poorly paid, and no services handsomely rewarded, of offices with too much work for the hands, and offices with too many hands for the work?

There are the silver trumpets and kettle-drums, which are blown and beaten out in three years, and paid for afresh every year. Couldn't we manage to make these people blow their own trumpets, and content themselves with their own brass, instead of other people's silver, for a material? Then there are those "stationery" expenses, that are never stationary, but go on regularly increasing. Then there's that brave Belge, Leopold, who won't pay his own travelling expenses, and who will keep coming here, and sending in his hotel bills to us, who don't invite him and don't want him, though we respect him very much when he's at home.

And the Mosquito King. We shall next have the Queen Bee coming down on the country for the expenses of swarming. We have always understood mosquitos were rather a nuisance, and, really, we cannot see why the King of such a race of stinging insects should be kept at our charges. Why doesn't he take example by the industrious fleas, and support himself and pay his own way? And who is the President of Liberia—a colony of free negroes—whose Chief seems more free than welcome—that we should give him a free passage in a ship of war, at an expense of £180? The Sultan of Johanna might surely live on the profits of his own Johannisberg, which sells remarkably high. As to the Navy Estimates, they are past a joke. There doesn't seem to be a Dockyard authority that oughtn't to be put on the stocks of his own yard for the reckless way he goes to work, swallowing up the public money. We should like to see the Dockyard bills put into plain debtor and creditor English, thus:—

1848-49. *Dr.* John Bull, To Frigate *Maelstrom*, 50 guns.

April 1.	To original cost of building and fitting frigate	£50,000
April 20.	To finding round stern didn't suit, and squaring ditto	2,000
May 20.	To finding square stern ugly and altering back to round	2,000
June 1.	To putting a new head to original hull	2,000
June 10.	To putting new hull on to old head	20,000
July 20.	To putting in new masts, finding original ditto too weak	1,000
July 29.	To finding new masts too heavy, and cutting down ditto	1,000
Aug. 4.	To altering tanks to get new trim	1,000
Aug. 10.	To finding frigate too much by head and bringing her down by stern.	2,000
Aug. 20.	To finding ditto too much by stern, and bringing her up by head	2,000
Sept. 10.	To putting screw into ditto	1,000
Sept. 15.	To finding screw didn't work, and taking out ditto	2,000
Sept. 30.	To repairs of frigate	10,000
Oct. 12.	To patent sheathing for ditto	5,000
Oct. 15.	To finding patent sheathing didn't do, and recoppering ditto	4,000
Nov. 20.	To considering what to do next with ditto	2,000
Dec. 31.	To losing ditto on Coast of Africa	50,000
	Total	£158,000

We cannot but think that if some such simple plan of exhibiting the national expenditure were adopted, we should find John Bull more awake to its excesses, and less easy in his submission to overcharges than he is at present.

AMERICAN OPINIONS.

The outrages lately committed at New York on Mr. Macready at first sight appear to be a disgrace to the American people. But, on consideration, we shall find that another view may be taken of these social phenomena. It is the boast of the Americans that they go ahead of all the nations of the earth. Their conduct towards Mr. Macready is a particular instance of the justice of this self-glorification. The ancient Egyptians had a language of hieroglyphics and symbols. The modern Persians have their vocabulary of flowers. But neither the Egyptians of a former age nor the Persians of this are comparable to the Americans in the art of expressing their ideas symbolically.

There is a strength in the Transatlantic variety of this form of speech which—we use the word advisedly—is positively stunning. How forcibly general disapprobation of an Actor is embodied in a three-legged stool! With what neatness an objection to a gesture, or an emphasis, is couched in a log of wood or a flag-stone! How pointedly is a Performer reminded that he is in ill odour by means of a bottle of asafœtida! But the intensity of this species of eloquence is tremendously heightened by the fact that the different emblems of which it consists are actually hurled at the head of the person addressed.

We poor Britishers limit ourselves to the ideas of Orientals. We simply speak the language of flowers to American Actors and Actresses; we only throw nosegays on the stage. The New Yorkers have stumped us with their stools, bottles, and other missiles, to which we may give the title of American opinions; and, as the last new Americanism, we may venture to say that there are men in New York whose opinions are so strong as to be capable of knocking anybody down.

The Blessed English Weather.

As Whitsuntide never has a syllable of sun in it, but is invariably rainy, we suggest that, in all the future Almanacks, Whit-Monday be known by the more appropriate name of Wet Monday.

Again, as it is very clear that the Clerk of the Weather never knows his mind for two days together, but is always changing, we suggest that from henceforth he be known by the name of "The Charwoman"—or "The Laundress"—or "The Scullery Maid"—or "The Cook of the Weather;" for it is quite preposterous to suppose that, with the proverbial fickleness and incessant variability of the English weather, the person who has the management of it can be a man.

The Prince of Bricklayers.

We have great pleasure in observing that Prince Albert, on Saturday last, laid the first stone of the Ladies' wing about to be added to the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum. His Royal Highness is now always laying the foundation of some charitable institution or other, and we congratulate him on employing his time so creditably as in this very praiseworthy occupation of dabbling in bricks and mortar. The services of Her Majesty's Consort ought to be duly requited, and *Punch*, in order to reward him in kind, hereby spreads the mortar of approbation, with the trowel of sincerity, upon a Prince who really appears to be coming out like a regular brick.

The Readiest Impromptu.—A woman's tear.

OH, WHERE, AND OH, WHERE, IS OUR NATIVE TALENT GONE?

WHAT is Native Talent?
Where is Native Talent?
Who is Native Talent?
Is there any Native Talent?
Might, could, would, or should there be any Native Talent?

And so on through all the moods and tenses of the substantive verb, and to the utter absorption of all the marks of interrogation in *Punch's* immense printing-office. It is especially in music that we are alarmed by this utter disappearance of the native article.

As oysters are proverbially mute, we perhaps have no right to expect that "Natives" should sing. But still, one would think, looking round at the *Opera Omnia*, which absolutely litter the streets, till we feel that some of them ought to be shelved, there might be room for one little volume (of voice) lettered *Op. Brit.*, or, British Opera. But we find a gap where the volume should be—or, if there do ooze out a solitary British note, here and there, it is sure to be done up in an Italian binding.

There 's the Italian opera at the Queen's Theatre!
There 's the Italian opera at Covent Garden!
There 's the German opera at Drury Lane!
There 's the French opera at the St. James's!
There 's STRAUSS with his band everywhere!
There 's the "immortal Bones," with his Ethiopian company, at all the Gardens!
There are the Hungarian singers at all the Concerts!
There are JETTY DE TREFFZ and ANNA THILLON, and PISCHEK, stars of Exeter Hall!
There are French *Prima Donnas* dropping in, one after another, at the Princess's!

There are the Styrian Minstrels just come, that is, if they have been able to find room!

Good gracious! Where is it to stop? The Continent is in a state of convulsion, we know, and these are its throes—society, like a swan, pouring forth music in its death agony. But it is dreadful to find London turned into a musical Babel, and a new confusion of tongues let loose upon us.

We shall soon turn desperate, like a man in a shower-bath, and pull the string that lets down on our devoted heads the gush of many musics—the rain of various melody—the storm of unintelligible song.

Stand by us, editor of the Fonetic Nuz, and now, come one, come all—*Punch* will go beyond JULLIEN and his Concerts Monstres. We are open to all the world.

If there be an Exquimaux operatic company, let them leave their walrus flesh and seal blubber; let them cease charming the spouting whale, and prick-nosed narwhal, and come sing to us. If there be a Russian horn-band disengaged, we are ready to impale ourselves on the sharpest *note* in *alt* of all their *concert-stuck*.

If there be anywhere, in the Far West, a Cherokee corps musicale, they are welcome to us, scalps, tomahawks, medicine-men, and all. We will write a libretto for them—called THE MACREADY MASSACRE; OR, THE NEW YORK SAVAGES—in which they shall cut down the FORREST, and fling asafœtida at the audience, and brain MR. BUNN with arm-chairs. Ha—Ha—Ha! We are mad; musically, melancholy mad.—We sit at a Harmonic ordinary of all languages, and have stolen the scraps.

La ci darem—vamos amigos—salem aleikoum—Auf bruder—quand je quittais—gamle Norge—Rabschasch szelrasnik—Ah—me—no—pa—te—ma—to—pe—Hurrah—Hurrah—Hurrah—Do—re—mi—fa—sol—la—mad—mad—mad!

PARKS FOR THE PEOPLE.

WE find by the Miscellaneous Estimates that there has been a tolerably large item for Public Parks; and being desirous of progress in this direction, we beg leave to recommend the adaptation of our old friend Whetstone Park to the service of the public. The great advantage which this Park possesses over many others, is the absence of expense in keeping it up; for there would be no pretext for the employment of a Ranger in a park of such very limited range, nor would the staff of park-keepers required be either large or extravagant.

The Parks have generally been called the lungs of London, but Whetstone Park may be more appropriately termed the small windpipe of the Metropolis. We take great credit to ourselves for having been the first to publish to the world the merits of this now well-known Park, which was once so secluded, as to require nothing less than the genius of a MUNGO PARK to lead to its discovery.

THE SUMMIT OF PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE.—Roasting an ox under a burning-glass!!

OUR FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IN consequence of the continued interest that seems to be felt in Foreign Affairs, we have dispatched a correspondent with directions to sit himself down on the seat of war, but he has already written word to say that "the seat of war has not a leg to stand upon." He was instructed to take whatever route he chose, but he has declined taking root anywhere, and prefers making himself a sort of correspondent *mobile*, picking up something wherever he is set down, and sending it off to us in sixpenny-worths at a time, whenever he has enough to complete a sixpenny paragraph. From Presburgh he has sent us biscuits, but the details are dry; and from Naples he forwards soap, which indicates that both parties are prepared to administer to each other a lathering. From Bavaria our correspondent forwards us brooms, which shows that the insurgents have had a brush with the authorities; and from Florence, a flask of oil assures us of an intention in that quarter to hold out the olive branch.

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MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A WORD ABOUT DINNERS.

ENGLISH Society, my beloved BOB, has this eminent advantage over all other—that is, if there be any society left in the wretched distracted old European continent—that it is above all others a dinner-giving society. A people like the Germans, that dines habitually, and with what vast appetite I need not say, at one o'clock in the afternoon—like the Italians, that spends its evenings in Opera boxes—like the French, that amuses itself of nights with *eau sucrée* and intrigue—cannot, believe me, understand Society rightly. I love and admire my nation for its good sense, its manliness, its friendliness, its morality in the main—and these I take it are all expressed in that noble institution, the dinner.

The dinner is the happy end of the Briton's day. We work harder than the other nations of the earth. We do more, we live more in our time, than Frenchmen or Germans. Every great man amongst us likes his dinner, and takes to it kindly. I could mention the most august names of poets, statesmen, philosophers, historians, judges, and divines, who are great at the dinner-table as in the field, the closet, the senate, or the bench. GIBBON mentions that he wrote the first two volumes of his history whilst a placeman in London, lodging in St. James's, going to the House of Commons, to the Club, and to dinner every day. The man flourishes under that generous and robust regimen; the healthy energies of society are kept up by it; our friendly intercourse is maintained; our intellect ripens with the good cheer, and throws off surprising crops, like the fields about Edinburgh, under the influence of that admirable liquid, Claret. The best wines are sent to this country therefore: for no other deserves them as ours does.

I am a diner out, and live in London. I protest, as I look back at the men and dinners I have seen in the last week, my mind is filled with manly respect and pleasure. How good they have been! how admirable the entertainments! how worthy the men!

Let me, without divulging names, and with a cordial gratitude, mention a few of those whom I have met and who have all done their duty.

Sir, I have sat at table with a great, a world-renowned statesman. I watched him during the progress of the banquet—I am at liberty to say that he enjoyed it like a man.

On another day, it was a celebrated literary character. It was beautiful to see him at his dinner: cordial and generous, jovial and kindly, the great author enjoyed himself as the great statesman—may he long give us good books and good dinners!

Yet another day, and I sat opposite to a Right Reverend Bishop. My Lord, I was pleased to see good thing after good thing disappear before you; and think no man ever better became that rounded episcopal apron. How amiable he was! how kind! He put water into his wine. Let us respect the moderation of the Church.

And then the men learned in the law: how they dine! what hospitality, what splendour, what comfort, what wine! As we walked away very gently in the moonlight, only three days since, from the —— ——'s, a friend of my youth and myself, we could hardly speak for gratitude: "Dear Sir,"—we breathed fervently, "ask us soon again." One never has too much at those perfect banquets—no hideous headaches ensue, or horrid resolutions about adopting Revalenta Arabica for the future—but contentment with all the world, light slumbers, joyful waking to grapple with the morrow's work. Ah, dear BOB, those lawyers have great merits. There is a dear old judge at whose family table, if I could see you seated, my desire in life would be pretty nearly fulfilled. If you make yourself agreeable, there you will be in a fair way to get on in the world. But you are a youth still. Youths go to balls: men go to dinners.

Doctors, again, notoriously eat well; when my excellent friend SANGRADO takes a bumper, and saying, with a shrug and a twinkle of his eye, "*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*," tosses off the wine, I always ask the butler for a glass of that bottle.

The inferior clergy, likewise, dine very much and well. I don't know when I have been better entertained, as far as creature comforts go, than by men of very low church principles; and one of the very best repasts that ever I saw in my life was at Darlington, given by a Quaker.

Some of the best wine in London is given to his friends by a poet of my acquaintance. All artists are notoriously fond of dinners, and invite you, but not so profusely. Newspaper-editors delight in dinners on Saturdays, and give them, thanks to the present position of Literature, very often and good. Dear BOB, I have seen the mahoganies of many men.

Every evening between 7 and 8 o'clock, I like to look at the men dressed for dinner, perambulating the western districts of our city. I like to see the smile on their countenances lighted up with an indescribable self-importance and good humour; the askance glances which they cast at the little street-boys and foot-passengers who eye their shiny boots; the dainty manner in which they trip over the pavement on those boots, eschewing the mud-pools and dirty crossings; the refreshing whiteness of their linen; the coaxing twiddle which they give to the ties of their white chokers—the caress of a fond parent to an innocent child.

I like walking myself. Those who go in cabs or Broughams I have remarked, somehow, have not the same radiant expression which the pedestrian exhibits. A man in his own Brougham has anxieties about the stepping of his horse, or the squaring of the groom's elbows, or a doubt whether JONES's turn-out is not better; or whether something is not wrong in the springs; or whether he shall have the Brougham out if the night is rainy. They always look tragical behind the glasses. A cab diner-out has commonly some cares, lest his sense of justice should be injured by the overcharge of the driver (these fellows are not uncommonly exorbitant in their demands upon gentlemen whom they set down at good houses); lest the smell of tobacco left by the last occupants of the vehicle (five medical students, let us say, who have chartered the vehicle and smoked cheroots from the London University to the play-house in the Haymarket) should infest the clothes of TOM LAVENDER who is going to LADY ROSEMARY S; lest straws should stick unobserved to the glutinous lustre of his boots—his shiny ones, and he should appear in DIVES's drawing-room like a poet with a tenui avena, or like mad Tom in the play. I hope, my dear BOB, if a straw should ever enter a drawing-room in the wake of your boot, you will not be much disturbed in mind. Hark ye, in confidence; I have seen ——— * in a hack cab. There is no harm in employing one. There is no harm in anything natural, any more.

I cannot help here parenthetically relating a story which occurred in my own youth, in the year 1815, at the time when I first made my own entrée into society (for everything must have a beginning, BOB; and though we have been gentlemen long before the Conqueror, and have always consorted with gentlemen, yet we had not always attained that *haute volée* of fashion which has distinguished some of us subsequently); I recollect, I say, in 1815, when the MARQUIS OF SWEETBREAD was good enough to ask me and the late MR. RUFFLES to dinner, to meet PRINCE SCHWARTZENBERG and the HETMAN PLATOFF. RUFFLES was a man a good deal about town in those days, and certainly in very good society.

I was myself a young one, and thought RUFFLES was rather inclined to patronise me: which I did not like. "I would have you to know, MR. RUFFLES," thought I, "that, after all, a gentleman can but be a gentleman; that though we BROWNS have no handles to our names, we are quite as well-bred as some folks who possess those ornaments—and in fine I determined to give him a lesson. So when he called for me in the hackney-coach at my lodgings in Swallow Street, and we had driven under the porte-cochère of Sweetbread House, where two tall and powdered domestics in the uniform of the Sweetbreads, viz. a spinach-coloured coat, with waistcoat and the rest of a delicate yellow or melted-butter colour, opened the doors of the hall—what do you think, Sir, I did? In the presence of these gentlemen, who were holding on at the door, I offered to toss up with RUFFLES, heads or tails, who should pay for the coach; and then purposely had a dispute with the poor Jarvey about the fare. RUFFLES's face of agony during this transaction I shall never forget. Sir, it was like the Laocoon. Drops of perspiration trembled on his pallid brow, and he flung towards me looks of imploring terror that would have melted an ogre. A better fellow than RUFFLES never lived—he is dead long since, and I don't mind owning to this harmless little deceit.

A person of some note—a favourite Snob of mine (to use the words of a somewhat coarse writer who previously contributed to this periodical)—I am told, when he goes to dinner, adopts what he considers a happy artifice, and sends his cab away at the corner of the street; so that the gentleman in livery may not behold its number, or that lord with whom he dines, and about whom he is always talking, may not be supposed to know that MR. SMITH came in a hack-cab.

A man who is troubled with a shame like this, BOB, is unworthy of any dinner at all. Such a man must needs be a sneak and a humbug, anxious about the effect which he is to produce: uneasy in his mind:

* MR. BROWN'S MS. here contains a name of such prodigious dignity out of the P—r—ge, that we really do not dare to print it.

a donkey in a lion's skin: a small pretender—distracted by doubts and frantic terrors of what is to come next. Such a man can be no more at ease in his chair at dinner than a man is in the fauteuil at the dentist's (unless indeed he go to the admirable MR. GILBERT in Suffolk Place, who is dragged into this essay for the benefit of mankind alone, and who I vow removes a grinder with so little pain, that all the world should be made aware of him)—a fellow, I say, ashamed of the origin from which he sprung, of the cab in which he drives, awkward therefore, affected and unnatural, can never hope or deserve to succeed in society.

The great comfort of the society of great folks is, that they do not trouble themselves about your two-penny little person, as smaller persons do, but take you for what you are—a man kindly and good-natured, or witty and sarcastic, or learned and eloquent, or a good racconteur, or a very handsome man, (and in '15 some of the BROWNS were—but I am speaking of five-and-thirty years ago,) or an excellent gourmand and judge of wines—or what not. Nobody sets you so quickly at your ease as a fine gentleman. I have seen more noise made about a knight's lady than about the DUCHESS OF FITZ-BATTLEAXE herself: and LADY MOUNTARARAT, whose family dates from the Deluge, enter and leave a room, with her daughters, the lovely LADIES EVE and LILITH D'ARC, with much less pretension and in much simpler capotes and what-do-you-call-ems, than LADY DE MOGYNS, or MRS. SHINDY, who quit an assembly in a whirlwind as it were, with trumpets and alarums like a Stage King and Queen.

But my pen can run no further, for my paper is out, and it is time to dress for dinner. Let us resume this theme next week, dear youth, and believe me in the meantime to be your affectionate

BROWN THE ELDER.

BELLES AND BEAUX WITHIN THE SOUND OF BOW BELLS.

WHEN some antiquarian writer of a paulo-post-future age shall look into the habits and customs of the present generation, candour will compel him to declare, that, whatever merit we may claim for our customs, our "habits as we live," or, at all events, the habits of our children, are not such as good taste can justify. The infant population of the day might fairly call for re-dress on account of the dress worn by our juveniles, who were never before so shockingly put upon. No salad, no lobster, no anything within our experience, was ever submitted to such an incongruous sort of dressing as the dressing in which our boys and girls are figged out.

That extraordinary—and, as we hoped, obsolete—animal, the *Girl-boy-gig*, appears to be revived in that complication of the sexes which is exhibited in the Juvenile Fashions of the day, which make it difficult for us to distinguish our daughters from our sons, and, by leading us to confound one sex with the other, may urge us to the unpaternal extremity of "confounding the children" altogether.

We feel disposed to revolt against the tyrant fashion, which envelopes our boys in the flounced trappings of what should be female finery, and disguises our girls in the sack-like paletôt of boyhood, or the more hateful wrap-rascal of mature manhood. Firmly and emphatically we enter our protest against the melancholy masquerade in which our children are compelled to disport themselves in conformity with the present mode, and we can only add, that, if the trimming of the juvenile jacket were left to our hands, we would trim it in a very different manner from that now in vogue. Why do not the arbiters of fashion take a lesson from nature, who dresse everything appropriately, and never thinks of putting the currant into the livery of the gooseberry, or arraying the sober cabbage in the jaunty costume of the sweet—sweet-pea. Nature has as good reason to deck the asparagus with the foliage of the rhubarb, or embroider the beet-root with the flowers of the geranium, as we have to thrust our sons into the draperies suited to our daughters, or convert our girls into clothes-pegs, for the whole tribe of Palallas, Paletôts, Aqua Scutums, and other registered or unregistered articles of male attire, to hang upon.

OMNIBUS REFORM.

"SIR,

"'CHILDREN MUST BE PAID FOR.' Such is the sensible law now of certain Omnibuses! Mothers tremble as they read it. Grandmothers pout and shake with suppressed rage as they point out the offensive document to their offended daughters. In the meantime the new code has effected a great revolution in our public vehicles. The north and west Ridings of London are much quieter, and a gentleman can really dismount now from his horse, and enter a Twopenny Omnibus in peace, without fear of being hemmed in with a baby on each side of him, besides having a little prodigy deposited in his lap, in addition to the comfort of having a couple of twins opposite staring him out of countenance. The latter infliction I have always looked upon as one of the most fearful sights of the metropolis, for I have particularly noticed that when a baby takes a fancy to stare at you, it will do so for hours, and that nothing will induce it to take its little eyes off your face but a penny bun, or a bunch of keys to swallow, or some act of great violence.

"Since the march of reform has turned its steps in the direction of the Omnibuses, I should like a few more improving placards to be suspended inside.

"The following one is indispensable: 'NO POODLES ADMITTED.' It is not agreeable to have an ugly beast of a French dog looking at one in this warm weather. I beg to say I hate poodles at any time, and dislike them still more in a shut-up carriage, when they will keep eyeing your calf in a most wistful manner, as much as to say, 'Shouldn't I like to have a bit!' It makes me nervous.

"Again, I should like to see 'ALL BUNDLES, BASKETS, AND BIRD-CAGES, RIGIDLY EXCLUDED.' Washerwomen have got into the shameful habit of carrying their Saturday's linen inside the Omnibus; and I have seen the melancholy instance of a fine young fellow turning quite pale upon beholding a false front drop out of the basket with his name written in full in the corner of it. Then bundles are always in the way, and the ladies who bring them in always think that they should be the last persons who ought to have the trouble of carrying them. I dislike parcels in any shape, upon the principle that we never can tell what they may contain, until they burst; and I recollect having a bricklayer's dinner spilt all over my light trousers, from the awkward fact of the knot of the towel in which it was wrapt up giving way. I smelt of onions all the afternoon. Parrots and birds, also, are just as disagreeable, for I never knew a parrot yet inside an Omnibus, that was not extremely spiteful, and took the earliest opportunity of biting somebody's finger.

"I have only one more suggestion to make, and that is, that an intimation be likewise exhibited in a conspicuous part, to the effect that, 'GENTLEMEN ARE REQUESTED TO KEEP THEIR WET UMBRELLAS BETWEEN THEIR OWN LEGS.' This is a nuisance, that to be appreciated must have been felt. In my many journies through life I have experienced that man is too apt to thrust his drenched *parapluie* between the legs of his *vis-à-vis*. The practice is, I am aware, a very old one, but cannot be defended upon any footing whatever.

"Omnibuses may then, when they are properly ventilated, and carry precisely half their present number, and are severely fined every time they stop, be made endurable; but the tax upon babies is certainly a great blessing. The sooner all the other nuisances are thrown after the children, the better.

"I remain, Sir,

"(And hope all my life to remain so),

"A CONFIRMED BACHELOR."

A BRACE OF DEFINITIONS.

1. The quickest of all Express Trains—The Train of Thought.
2. Literally rising with the occasion—Going up in a Balloon.

"STRANGERS IN THE GALLERY."

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL has, in his own way, triumphantly refuted that proverbial philosophy which saith, "You cannot bolt a door with a boiled carrot:" for JOHN has shut the door of the gallery with a much smaller vegetable; namely, the smallest known potato.

THE TENTH OF APRIL TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

My name, Lord John, is pleasant on many a noble tongue;
I've been bepuffed, bespeechified, bedined, bedrunk, besung;
Conservatism, Finality, Laissez-faire, and Statu quo,
Are glad to shake hands with "the Tenth," till very proud I grow.

You know me by my sober face, my decent workday gear,
The specials' ribbon round my arm, the stout oak staff I rear;
You remember how with steady will I paced the startled town,
Quelled anarchy with unarmed hand, and looked disorder down.

At home, abroad, inside and out, you think you read me true,
But when did ever Whig know man's or people's heart all through?
I *am* all that you style me when your praise on me you pour;
All that, my Lord, but take my word, with that I 'm something more.

I read your speech, the other night, when Hume, my stout old friend,
Asked of the House, as you did once, the suffrage to extend.
'Twas the use you then made of my name that hath these lines begot—
Hear what the Tenth of April is, and hear what it is not.

I am the friend of Order, but Statu quo I loathe,
The Law I heed, but still would weed, and trim and guide its growth;
Finality, your present love, unlovely is to me;
That "what is, is," proves not, I wis, that what is ought to be.

You saw my tens of thousands how forth 'gainst those I drew,
Who would have tumbled old things down, and for them set up new;
With genial showers to clear our air, who would invoke the storm?
I said "no" to Revolution, for had I not Reform?

"Content" you think I was, and so, noways for change athirst;
Content men are with second best, in preference to worst:
Content to hold up half a truth, when all truth shakes to fall;
Content with what gives half a loaf, against no bread at all!

But yet no ways content, Lord John, to see some things I see,
As a laughing House of Commons, and a helpless Ministry,
A nation little taught, a Church under and overpaid,
And prone Respectability in Mammon-service laid.

Great towns o'erbrimming with their scum, great stews of plague and sin;
Toil that should proudly bear itself, in grossness sunk and gin;
Crime stored away to ripen in settlement and gaol;
The rich for wealth, the poor for want, alike forpined and pale.

And all about the barriers that hedge your Commons round,
A great sea, chafing ceaselessly, half-marked, and under ground;
Were it not well to think, Lord John, on this truth vouched by me,
That I, even I, "the Tenth," have helped to swell that threatening sea?

It is not turbulence, alone, its way would force, my Lord,
But self-respecting toil would fain its honest vote record,
And stares, thank you and those with you, its worthy self to find,
In chorus with the madness it last year helped to bind.

Then think, my Lord, and you, his friends, who deem those overbold,
That bid you move along the paths you entered on of old,
Think how delay may order with anarchy combine,
And to disaffection's vinegar turn loyalty's strong wine.

Mistake me not for what I 'm not, know me for what I am,
The nursing mother of Reform, not Revolution's dam;
Mine is the spirit that erst reared our England's throne on law,
That never bore a lie it knew, nor blinked a truth it saw.

Nations or men, we may not rest—look round on Europe's thrones,
Shattered or shaken—hearken to her convulsive groans—
'Ere you fool us with Finality, of all bad pleas the worst,
Think 'tis *the Tenth* of April you invoke, and not *the First*.

AN ELIGIBLE OPPORTUNITY.

Any Member of Parliament, who has a knowledge of short-hand, can earn a handsome income during the Session, by providing a morning paper with reports. His duties will consist in being present when strangers are ordered to withdraw by order of Mr. John O'Connell, and taking notes of the Debates when the other reporters are absent. A knowledge of Lindley Murray indispensable. Terms not less than £2 per week, with the promise of an increase, if the English should happen to be particularly good. No Irish Member need apply.

N.B. Should the Speaker think this offer worth his while, the Editor will be happy to close with him at once. The strictest secrecy guaranteed. Specimens of style to be sent in to the Office of the *Morning Lark*, new daily paper, Catherine Street, Strand.

ARMS FOUND.

Some correspondent informs us that the Heralds' College authorities have sent one of their most determined ticket porters to the Cosmorama Rooms in Regent Street, with full instructions to come down upon the *Gymnetrus Northumbriensis*, or Sea Serpent, for wearing a crest without having paid the usual fees.

A CHANCE FOR CHISHOLM.

It is a long lane, indeed, that has no turning, and on the same principle, things that have appeared utterly valueless for a long period may prove profitable at last. It had always been supposed that the speeches of Mr. Chisholm Anstey were for the most part quite worthless, but there seems really to be a market for them at last, if we are to believe the report from Manchester, which states that "Yarns are beginning to be more inquired for."

MEN AND MONUMENTS.

If perpetuating the memory of a Worthy, and providing for the moral and intellectual nurture of Children at the same time, can be said to be killing two birds with one stone, then are two birds about to be so killed in the parish of Marton-in-Cleveland, in Yorkshire, where it is proposed to erect a building which shall be a Sunday School and also a monument to Captain Cook. A fine idea is involved in this scheme. Our utter inability to produce a decent statue, is a fact settled. As yet British Sculpture has not risen above the tobacconist's images. We set Magogs upon columns to defy criticism and the lightning. In our monuments we in vain affect the ornamental. Why not then abandon it altogether, and study only the useful?

Let us endeavour to render the memorial a benefit instead of an eyesore to the public; and emblematical of the history of the hero to whom it is erected, instead of being a caricature of his person. A new Military Hospital (we want no more barracks) should, for instance, be the next monument raised to the Duke of Wellington.

Nelson might have been handed down to posterity in a Sailor's Home, instead of being exposed to derision on the top of his pillar. The memory of George the Fourth might have been associated with a Reduced Tailors' Asylum; or that of the Duke of York with a Refuge for the Destitute. Mr. Hume might be immortalised by a Savings' Bank, Mr. Cobden by a Corn Exchange, and the fame of a noble and learned Lord might be perpetuated in connexion with an Assurance Office. There is also an Office already existing, which will serve as a perennial monument to another illustrious character. We allude to 85, Fleet Street; and, needing no other testimonial, *Punch* says to himself—

"Si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

PUNCH'S REPTILE HOUSE.

An addition to the amusements of the Public has just been made in the Reptile House lately established in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. There may be seen lizards, rattlesnakes, puff-adders, vipers, and other members of the Saurian and Ophidian families, disporting themselves in their several glass cases, with all the innocence of lambs and liveliness of monkeys. This spectacle has suggested to us the notion of a Social Reptile House, wherein a selection of "sharp" attornies, knavish barristers, malicious critics, slander-mongering journalists, dishonest politicians, and other creeping varieties of the human race, might, by way of punishment for their mal-practices, be exhibited, to the great diversion of all beholders. It would be a pleasant entertainment to watch the twistings and turnings of the vermin, in perfect security from their fangs.

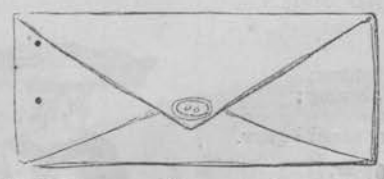
A Subject for Etty.—The Three Graces, according to Lemprière, generally attend at the Altar of Hymen. Judging from the statistics of St. George's, Hanover-square, we should say one of the Three Graces that do duty at the Hymeneal Altar there, must be His Grace the Duke of Wellington.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

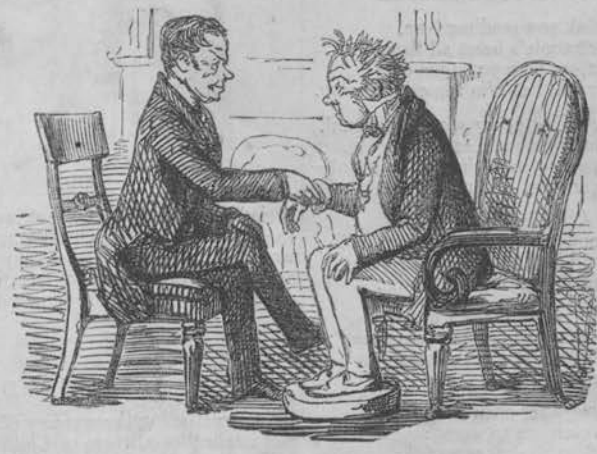
A BILL is going through Parliament to entail upon every one the necessity of consuming his own smoke. We presume that a dull debater, who delivers a long harangue, which ends in smoke, will, under the new law, be compelled to eat his own words. There certainly seems to be some difficulty in dealing with smoke, for, when Honourable Members have tried to lay hold of it on previous occasions, it has almost always slipped through their fingers. If no better method can be devised for disposing of the smoke, perhaps Parliament will adopt our suggestion, and cause all the smoke in the kingdom to be "gracefully curled," after the fashion alluded to in the beautiful ballad of the *Woodpecker*. As far as mere oratorical smoke is concerned, we should have no objection to enter into a contract to get rid of the whole of it, by undertaking that, in every instance where a speaker is disposed to fume, we will have an extinguisher ready to clap down upon him.

THE IRISH ABSENTEES.—The Reporters, when MR. O'CONNELL orders strangers to withdraw.

PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.



ENVELOPE, CONTAINING THE BUILDER'S LITTLE ACCOUNT AGAINST MR. BRIGGS—MUCH TOO SERIOUS A SUBJECT TO JEST UPON.



THE UNSETTLED STATE OF THE HOUSE FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS HAS SO DISORDERED BRIGGS, THAT HIS MEDICAL ADVISER RECOMMENDS A LITTLE HORSE EXERCISE BY WAY OF A CHANGE.

DRURY LANE THEATRICAL FUND.

THE Annual Festival of this admirable Institution was held on Monday last, and went off with many corks. The ingenuous public, in the amiable infatuation that there is still a Drury Lane Company of English Actors, subscribed with all their wonted simplicity. We understand, however, that the calls upon the Fund have of late been very heavy. Several new annuitants (Drury Lane Actors of course) have declared themselves: amongst them, the distinguished horse "Atar Gull," that last season exhibited such wondrous feats, when ridden by M. ADOLPHE FRANCONI. We further understand that "The Human Pyramid," as built upon horseback by M. M. LOISSET AINE, A. NIEF, and LE PETIT LOISSET, is now upon Drury Lane Fund, and that the name of M. AURIOL, the "Vanishing Clown," is visible on the books of the Institution. When we consider the wonderful efforts of these distinguished artists in the cause of the English Drama, still flourishing at Drury Lane,—we cannot too much eulogise the industry of those painstaking philanthropists who, in behalf of the elevated interests of the stage, appeal with a plate to an Arcadian public once a year at the Freemasons' Tavern.

Dealer. "THIS IS HORSE No. 1. *I* SHOULD SAY IT WOS JUST THE HOSS YOU WANT, SIR; ONLY YOU MUST DECIDE AT ONCE, BECAUSE THERE 'S SEVERAL PARTIES VERY SWEET UPON HIM. HE 'S A GENTLEMAN'S HOSS, SIR, AND CARRIES HIS OWN HEAD, SIR!"
Mr. Briggs. "BLESS MY HEART!" *(Buys him.)*

THE DOCTOR ORDERING SANCHO PANZA'S DINNER AWAY.

The Doctor . . LORD JOHN RUSSELL. *Sancho* . . MR. JOHN BULL.

SERMONS IN HAIL-STONES.

"MR. PUNCH,—AT this awful crisis, when our beloved and venerated Constitution is again about to be annihilated—(I have, myself, though only a middle-aged Englishman, seen the aforesaid Constitution to all appearance dead at least twenty times, only somehow it has as often recovered)—when, I say, all that we hold dear as Christians, and as men who pay our way and honour the QUEEN, is about to be torn from us by the revolutionary hands of an unprincipled Whig ministry,—it behoves us to attend to portents, of little influence, I fear, upon the benighted minds of Whigs and Free-thinkers.

"*Mr. Punch*, I allude to the late hail-storm. Sir, consider that storm—look into any one or all of those hail-stones with your unfailing judgment, and perspicuity,—and then say if the Government of this country is not signally warned from any further progress in the unholy Jews' Bill; a Bill, the object of which is to make the House of Commons nothing more than a House of Ease to the Synagogue.

"I take the following pregnant paragraph from the *Standard*:—

"'BARON ROTHSCHILD, of Gunnerbury House, Acton, had 3,940 squares of glass broken with the hail-stones which fell about two o'clock on Tuesday last, during the violence of the thunder-storm. Two market gardeners living at Starch Green had more than 1,000 panes broken. MR. DAY, of Hammersmith, had many smashed; also a great number of private dwellings round Turnham Green had the windows broken. Some of the hail-stones were nearly two inches long, and of an uneven oblong shape.'

"In the lively hope that the editor of the *Standard* himself would pen one of his own beautiful biblio-political leaders upon the alarming signs made manifest in the above, I have not taken up my quill, until such hope has died within me. But, the *Standard* silent, I feel it would be treasonous to remain one moment longer silent upon these hail-stones.

"What do they prove, when, descending amidst thunder, they smash 3,940 squares of glass of an elected Hebrew?—What do they, in an especial manner, prove—but that the Jew is marked as of an outcast race, doomed for ever and ever to suffer panes and penalties? I look upon every broken glass as a vote against the admission of the Hebrew into Parliament. Whatever may be LORD RUSSELL'S venal majority, here, I may say, are 3,940 cracked members against him.

"That 'two market gardeners' and 'MR. DAY of Hammersmith had many [panes] smashed,' is a further proof that these hail-stones did not fall for nothing; these people (I have no doubt of it) being tainted with that wretched liberalism that, making our venerable Parliament a thing of all shades and colours, would make no difference between MR. MUNTZ and MR. MOSES, SOLOMON MORDECAI and COLONEL SIBTHORP. This fact is, however, awfully evident. The hail-stones fell only upon the panes of a Hebrew and upon those of Hebrew tendencies. The glass of real Christians stood the thunder-storm without a flaw.

"And then, *Mr. Punch*, consider the shape of the hail-stones (I send you two for your inspection preserved in spirits). You will perceive that, as the account states, they are 'of an uneven oblong shape.' Is there no sign shown in this? Inspect the stones, Sir. Hold them to the light; turn them as you may,—and say, are they not of a wedge-like form? And what does a wedge signify? Why, simply this: only insert the small end in a fracture of the British Oak,—and with a few blows to follow, you rend the mighty timber in twain, bringing, with a thundering crash to the earth, the pride and glory of centuries! It is impossible, Sir, with a healthy eye not to see all this, and very much more, in any one of these hail-stones.

"However, I hope there is yet time to save our beloved Constitution. And if the late storm should, even at the twelfth hour, induce the QUEEN to withhold her assent to the Jews' Bill,—then, Sir, shall I and every man of proper feeling look upon every one of those hail-stones as the brightest jewel in HER MAJESTY'S diadem.

"I remain, *Mr. Punch*, yours,

"AN ENGLISHMAN AND NO BIGOT.

"P.S.—The finger of fate is shown in the preservation of MR. DISRAELI'S property. That gentleman, having been promoted to respectable society, has very properly dropped the Jew. Whereupon, in the late storm, he hadn't a single pane broken; the more extraordinary and the more significant, seeing what a glass-house the Member for Bucks lives in."

THE POWER OF REFLECTION.

THE most extraordinary thing in connexion with Gin Palaces, notwithstanding the profusion of every known and unknown ornament, is the absence of mirrors. This may be accounted for by the fact that publicans are well aware that, if a drunkard could only see himself, he would immediately turn away in horror from the Glass.

PARLIAMENT FOR EXPORTATION.

WE believe it is in the power of any enterprising manager and cosmopolite to do a fine thing and make a good deal of money—to deserve well of his own country and other nations too—by taking abroad a troop of English actors, and giving a series of Parliamentary Nights on the Continent. The French and our other neighbours would rush in crowds to see how we settle our political affairs: and, certainly, we manage these things better here than they do in France, or anywhere else in Europe. It is needless to say that they would derive as much amusement as instruction from the performances; for, of course, all the wit, as well as the wisdom, of Parliament would be retained in its dramatic representation.

The details of our project may be briefly stated. Let a theatre be hired, and a couple of scenes be painted, faithfully resembling the interiors of the Houses of Lords and Commons. The costumes of the actors shall be copied carefully from those of the originals; the making up of MUNTZ, SIBTHORP, or BROUGHAM, would alone be highly diverting to the spectators: and there would be an interesting drollery in the mere externals of PEEL. The personation of the characters would not be a matter of difficulty. Low comedy men might easily be found to enact the part of a noble and learned Lord, and a gallant Colonel, already mentioned; and genteel comedians to sustain that of the Ex and the present Premier. For the facility of the undertaking, it luckily happens that the leading characters to be enacted are few, and require no very great amount of ability to fill them.

The bulk of the Houses might be composed of supernumeraries, which would, indeed, accord with the truth. The stammering, blundering, tautology, bad grammar, and brogue of the original speakers should be correctly imitated; and thus the audience would gain an idea of the debates more accurate than what the British public derives from reporters. To illustrate the difficulty of hearing in the House of Lords, their Lordships' proceedings might sometimes be expressed in dumb show. Thus, the performances of the Peers would occasionally consist of Pantomime; and we need hardly indicate the noble and learned Lord who would, of course, be identified with Clown. If the depressed state of our Drama is to be at all ascribed to the encouragement of foreign actors, let us compete with them boldly on their own ground; and while they teach us to sing and dance, show them how to act the part of legislators.

A NOTION OF BAD BOOKS!

AT the recent Meeting of the "National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor," the REV. E. SUGDEN is reported by the *Morning Post* to have spoken these words:—

"Would it be believed that the Committee of the Privy Council were encouraging the Masters and Mistresses of the Society to read novels? He found this question as part of an examination:—'Give some account of the lives and writings of any of these writers: CHAUCER, SHAKSPEARE, BACON, MILTON, ADAM SMITH, SAMUEL JOHNSON, COOPER, and WALTER SCOTT.' (*Laughter*). Another question was, 'Give a life of MRS. FRY, or FLORA MAC IVOR.' (*Great laughter.*)"

Very shocking, doubtless, to demand from National School Teachers an acquaintance with the biographies and works of such profane characters! [By the way, we must remind MR. SUGDEN that they are not *all* novelists.] Can such an enormity be paralleled? Humph! let us see. "Give some account of the life and writings of HOMER, SOPHOCLES, ARISTOTLE, VIRGIL, PLATO, and CICERO." Here we have poets, a playwright, and political and moral philosophers, all heathens, and writing in Greek and Latin as heathen as themselves. Horrid wretches! There are also those yet more unholy individuals ARISTOPHANES, HORACE, TERENCE, and JUVENAL. Does MR. SUGDEN know that a knowledge of the lives and writings of these wicked fellows is required of candidates for the office of Teacher in the Church? That is to say, was MR. SUGDEN ever at Oxford or Cambridge?

There was also an ancient novelist called APULEIUS, and—we intend no personality to any one—he wrote "The Golden Ass." We presume MR. SUGDEN would not consider the study of this writer unprofitable to a College Tutor. Is a National School Teacher less likely to be edified by him who drew *Jeannie Deans?*

An Appropriate Envoy.

IN the *Times'* Parisian intelligence the other day, it was stated that—

"The French Government received on Tuesday morning, the 5th instant, the official news that M. LESSEPS, the Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at Rome, had positively become deranged in his intellect."

We sincerely hope that this piece of news is a hoax; but if M. LESSEPS has really gone mad, we can only say—considering the character of Gallic intervention in Roman affairs—that he has become the best possible representative of the French Government at Rome.

"ALARUMS, EXCURSIONS, CHAMBERS LET OFF."

This old Stage direction in Shakspeare's plays, which used so to puzzle us in our schoolboy study of the poet, seems likely to be realised by the present "excursion" system, which occasions "alarums" to Lord Brougham, and is the cause of many "chambers" being "let off" in the various hotels visited by the Excursionists.

Wordsworth's *Excursion* is by many considered both long and tedious, but what is it to Crisp's Excursions? This enterprising gentleman ought to advertise like the bakers—"Another Crisp batch just going off."

He will, of course, gradually extend the area of his operations. Why should he not have his agents at St. Petersburgh, the Cape, Behring's Straits, and the Far West, with intermediate stations, to bring about a vast chain of international visits, putting a girdle about the Earth, like *Puck*, in some time as near forty minutes as railways can compass?

Why shouldn't China send its mandarins to the outer barbarians, and prove to the flower of the flowery land, that a rose may smell as sweet by any other than its Chinese name of Fi-fo-fum?

Why shouldn't Crisp catch a Tartar, and make the Malays run a-muck through the crowds of the Strand?

He might turn an extra penny by exhibiting his visitors "alive, alive," in their carriages, at the stations, and thus make them pay for seeing the English, at the same time that he made the English pay for seeing them. The notion grows upon us as we write.

Think of an illustrated prospectus of Crisp's grand Scheme of Universal international visits for the many millions, whom the geography books declare to be in the world!

Only think of all that such an idea takes in, or might take in, unless Lord Brougham got it stopped by his influence with all civilised and savage legislatures.

There would be one way to disarm his Lordship's opposition to the speculation. Give him the management of it.

MUSIC AL FRESCO FOR THE MILLION.

It says a great deal for the popularity of the Concerts of Mons. Jullien at Exeter Hall, that, in order to accommodate the public, he has thrown open the Western *Area* for one shilling. This is by no means an outside price for an outside place, and since the experiment of opening the Western Area has been tried, we have no doubt it will put an end to the shabby practice of those area sneaks, who used to sit upon the steps and listen to the music without paying for admission to the Concert. If Jullien opens the Area of Exeter Hall at so much per head, why should not Batty admit a portion of the public to the stables of his establishment, an arrangement we should be happy to patronise by taking a stall immediately.

A Stayed Thought.—Woman would stab herself with her scissors, if she thought she was no better than what Fashion has made her! (*Ladies are requested to put this in their Albums*).

THE (SEA) AIR AND MANY FRIENDS.

A vigorous attempt is being made, through the medium of advertisements, to get up a sensation in favour of our old friend Herne Bay. Some anonymous enthusiast is continually calling attention to its "mossy slopes," and its "delicious declivities," the latter being really beyond doubt, for the place has long been upon the decline in spite of our attempts to get it up again. Who can it be that is thus pertinacious and prodigal in pouring out his praise, and pulling out his purse, with the benevolent intention of crowning the most retired of Bays with the most conspicuous of laurels. The pier is, we admit, a magnificent pile, or rather series of piles, and the Air is certainly so exceedingly worthy of our respect, that we instinctively touch our hats whenever we encounter it; but the advertiser of the merits of the Bay forgets to notice the fact, that the fares by steamboat are about a third more than they are for going some forty miles further, and that it is even cheaper to go beyond Herne Bay, in the Herne Bay Boat, than to disembark at that otherwise highly-favoured locality. Perhaps it is considered that the privilege of sojourning in such an elysium ought to be purchased by paying more than is paid for travelling to Ramsgate or to Margate, and the truth certainly is, that, as far as mere fares are concerned, if we go further than Herne Bay we shall fare better.

SONG OF THE MISCELLANEOUS ESTIMATES.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Air—"*Sir Roger de Coverley.*"

From John Bull's hoard
Ministers draw their salary,
And yet they can't afford
To enlarge the National Gallery!
Forty thousand pound
(This is too gross to pass it o'er)
Will cost, in numbers round,
A house for our Turkish Ambassador.
Monarchs, from far and near,
(Really this is gravelling!)
Come visiting over here,
And we 've got to pay for their travelling,
From Belgium's King and Queen,
To Mosquito's sable Sovereign;
Government something green
Our eyes must surely discover in.
Palaces they can enlarge,
"So much for Buckingham!"
All at John Bull's charge:
Thus they go on plucking him.
Poor old chap!
Isn't it food for raillery,
That they can't afford a rap
To improve the National Gallery!

THEIR NAME IS LEGION.

As the best means of fortifying Rome, we propose that a free legion be raised in London of the "Italian Boys." They will muster several thousand strong, and will require no arms so long as they go accompanied by their hurdy-gurdies, organs, and other offensive instruments. There will be no necessity for them to fight, as their courage probably might not stand so severe a test; but they should be posted outside the walls of Rome, and, as soon as the French appear in sight, begin grinding away as hard as they can. The effect, we are sure, will be instantaneous. The invading army will immediately take to its heels, and not cease running, till it has reached Paris again. This new plan of fortification will also have the additional merit of ridding London of a dreadful nuisance. The Legion had better be sent off with the least delay, as the discord, which goes by the name of "street music," (what an "organised hypocrisy!") will be enough to drive every one mad in the approaching dog-days. Italy wants at present all her children, and we are sure those big boys, who frighten everybody here the moment they show themselves, could employ their talents much more profitably at home in protecting their native place. Rome, with such a determined band of defenders, would always remain "The Eternal City!"

PUNCH'S LAW GRAMMAR.

THERE are four parts of Law Grammar, as of every other Grammar, namely, Letters, Syllables, Words, and Sentences.

Letters.

A Letter is the first principle or commencement of Law, such as a Letter for payment of debt.

There are several varieties of Letters, including great and small, or long and short; but a demand for money in some shape is the long and short of every Lawyer's Letter.

In Lawyers', as in other Letters, we meet with vowels, but the principal vowels are I. O. U., which form almost the entire basis of the legal alphabet.

Among Lawyers' Letters we meet with consonants, as well as with mutes—the consonants consisting of those letters which are followed by other letters, and the mutes consisting of those letters which produce no sound; or, in other words, obtain no answer.

A legal diph-thong is a combination of two letters, which are employed when it is intended to touch up the person written to rather sharply; the thong of the diph-thong acting as a sort of lash for that purpose.

The letter H is generally excluded from the legal, as well as from the Latin alphabet, for H being merely a note of breathing hard, it is thought superfluous to introduce it into the language of Law, where breathing time is seldom allowable.

Lawyers' Letters are not without liquids, but there is one liquid, commonly known as hot water, which appears to pervade the entire legal alphabet, and may be called not only one of its elements, but the very element from which its vitality is chiefly derived.

Syllables.

A Syllable is made up of one or more letters, and in the Legal Grammar we can give no better definition of the word Syllable than such as may be implied in the first part of it, which shows a degree of silliness in getting into Lawyers' Letters at all. Perhaps a more refined philologist might discover in the word Syllable that dangerous Scylla on the Plaintiff's side of the legal gulf, which has a Charybdis on the Defendant's side to correspond, when any correspondence by means of Lawyers' Letters is once begun.

Words.

Words are the very essence of the Lawyer's language, and it is one of the proudest achievements of the legal craftsman to make as much as possible out of a few Words. It is usual also to consider Words in their ordinary grammatical character of Parts of Speech, but it frequently happens that, in a Lawyer's speech, Words are not merely Parts of Speech, for the speech being nothing but Words, it cannot be said that they are merely parts of it.

In Law, as in Latin and English, there are two Numbers, the Singular and the Plural, but the Lawyers themseives are often apt to forget that there is more than one Number—that Number being of course Number One.

With reference to Cases, it would be difficult to place any limit to them, for it is one of the leading rules of the Law Grammarian to multiply Cases indefinitely, and prolong them *ad infinitum* whenever they can be formed. We will, however, attempt to explain some of the principal Law Cases, by assimilating them to the Latin Cases as nearly as possible.

The first sort of Case may be called the Nominative or Naming Case, which answers the question Who? or What? by ascertaining Who's Who? or What's What? The object of the Case being to fix a person with a liability, or to determine that for which he is liable, this Case may properly be called the Nominative or Naming Case, because it is necessary in such a Case that the party who is the object of the Case should be properly named, and the matter in dispute correctly stated.

The second Case may be called the Genitive or Begetting Case, (from *gigno* to *beget*,) and as it is a great point among Lawyers that one Case should beget another, the Genitive Case is exceedingly popular with the legal fraternity.

The Dative Case (from *do* to *give*) seems at first sight out of place in the Law Grammar, for the word *give* is almost unknown to the legal language, but on a closer inspection it will be seen that the Dative is not improperly regarded as a legal Case, since there is scarcely a Case commenced against any individual without a strong desire to "give it him."

The Accusative Case (from *accuso* to *accuse*) speaks almost for itself, and the best illustrations of the Accusative Case may be found in the Cases at the Old Bailey.

The Vocative Case (from *voco* to *call*) is a Case very commonly used in the language of the Law, for it is usually the Case in which the client has been before he proceeds, as it is customary to call for money due, until the inattention paid to the Vocative is pro-vocative of a law-suit. In numerous instances the Vocative is wanting, and, in fact, it is natural enough that, in a Case of calling, there should be something wanted. The Vocative is invariably wanting in the first person Singular, or Number One, which has been already described as the lawyer himself, who is continually wanting money, and sometimes calling for it with a pertinacious use of the Vocative, that proves exceedingly disagreeable.

The last Case that needs to be specified, is the Ablative or Taking Away Case, (from *ab* signifying *from*, and *fero*, making *latus* in the participle, to *take*). The Ablative is the Case in which all other legal Cases terminate, for they all end in taking away more or less from somebody, if not from everybody who has anything to do with any Case at all.

COOL READING FOR WARM WEATHER.

ET one try as one may, there is nothing to be found more amusing than the Debates, when the House goes into a Committee of Supply. The coolness with which hundreds of thousands are voted away, as if pounds were pence, is quite refreshing in this warm weather. The swarms of Mosquitos that annually prey upon JOHN BULL are enough to sting the poor fellow into a state of madness. The first law of our Political Economy seems to be Extravagance. If we are a nation of shopkeepers, it must be confessed that our till is open to anybody who chooses to dip his hand into it. If a German prince leaves his little Brecklenburg Square of a territory, we have to pay his turnpikes, and all his expenses upon the road, before he will come and put his legs under our mahogany. No wonder that the Demands on the English purse are so plentiful, when the Supplies are so bountiful!

The most amusing part of these cool Debates is, no matter what the objections may be against any proposed extravagance, the sum demanded is sure to be voted. Supposing there is a division, scarcely twenty members are found hardy enough to enlist in it. In fact, Economy in the House of Commons is such a forlorn hope, that scarcely a soul has the courage to volunteer. Defeat is certain. Occasionally a small cry of Retrenchment is heard; it is responded to by a faint cheer or two, and then is not heard again for another year. There is a great talk about reduction; and it is only talk, for the reductions are so small, that we doubt if the Microscopical Society, with their strongest magnifying glasses, would be able to see them.

Another amusing feature in these Debates is, when any reduction is suggested in the salary of a Government officer, every official is instantly on his legs. The unanimity of ministerial hangers-on is most wonderful, when they are attacked. They all agree, to a boy, that the work cannot possibly be done for a farthing less. The GREYS turn blue with indignation—ELLIOTT'S Entire is in a state of the greatest fermentation.

Insolvents are generally censured when they spend money before they have received it,—that is to say, when they incur debts which they fancy they can pay—if all their calculations turn out guineas. Government does the same thing on the largest scale. They lavish millions before they have got a single sixpence of it, and then coolly ask Parliament to sanction the outlay. It is lucky there is no Portugal Street for England, or else wouldn't LORD JOHN be remanded for a couple of years!

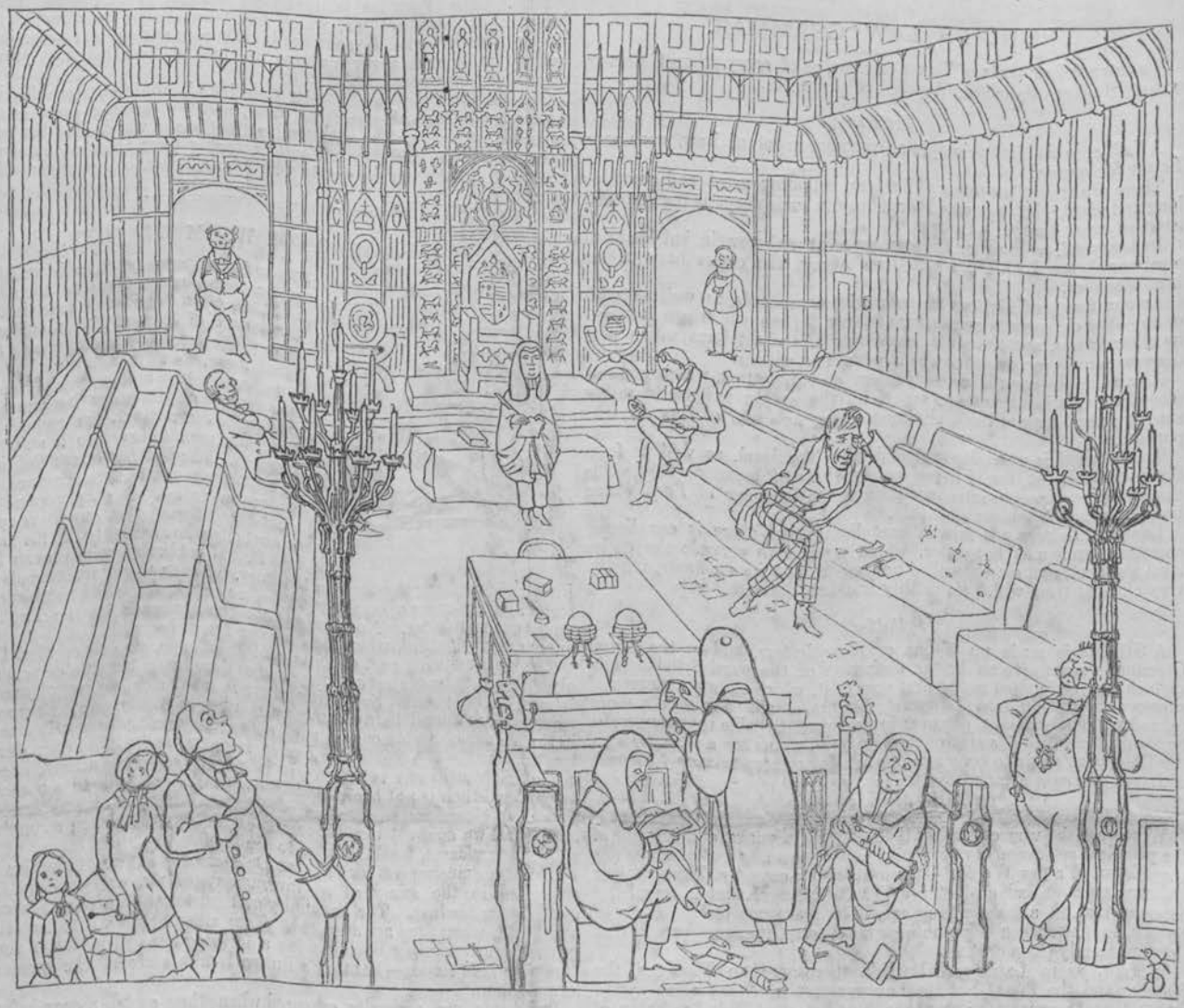
AN ANSWER IS RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED.

THERE is a little book advertised, called "The Plain Speaker." Whom can it allude to? Is it MR. ROEBUCK? for he speaks, at times, too plainly to be pleasant: or is it MR. JOHN O'CONNELL? for his speeches are so very plain, that the reporters declare there is nothing in them to take hold of; or is it MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY? for one of his speeches runs to such an unlimited extent of plain, that CAMILLA herself could not scour it, even with the pails of patience and probability by her side; or is it our friend LORD BROUGHAM? who decidedly is a "Plain Speaker," if ever there was one; or is the book addressed generally to the House of Lords? where, owing to the defective hearing, a little plain speaking would be a great boon to those who are condemned to listen, and report, if they can? If the book does not apply to any one of the above gentlemen, is it intended for the Speaker of the House of Commons? for if it does, then it is a gross libel on a gentleman whose arduous duties, and undaunted heroism, and uncomplaining endurance, deserve the respect and sympathy of every well-constituted mind.

PARLIAMENTARY DUMB-WAITERS.

As nothing is heard in the House of Lords beyond a mere hum, we suggest that it be called "The New Hummums."

MANNERS. AND. CVSTOMS. OF Ye ENGLYSHE. IN 1849. No. 15.



HYGHEST. COVRT. OF. LAW. IN Ye KYNGDOM. Ye LORD'S. HEARYNG. APPEALS.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Thursday, June 7th, 1849. Up, and to the House of Lords, where a Committee of Privileges touching a disputed Peerage, wherein I had no Concern, but did only go for a Sight of the Inside of the House, and well worth seeing indeed it was; and the Carving, and Gilding, and Blazoning, a rich Feast to the Eye. There present none but my LORD BROUGHAM and my LORD CAMPBELL, and three or four other Lords, which methought a poor Muster, but a smaller do often serve for a Court of Appeal; for their Lordships do trust all their Law Business to the Law-Lords' Hands. Counsel speaking at the Bar of the House, and the Clerks of the House before them at the Table, all in their Wigs very stately, but my Lords lolling on the Benches, free and easy they only having the Right to make themselves at Home, yet droll to see the Officers of the House forced to stand, but some of them leaning against the Stems of the gilt Candlesticks, fast asleep on their Legs. Did think I should go to sleep too, if I stayed much longer, and about to depart; but glad I did not; for presently the Counsel made an End, and then my LORD BROUGHAM examining a Witness was almost the best Sport that I ever had in my Life. The Witness, one of the Attornies for the Claimant of the Title, and LORD BROUGHAM suspecting some Trickery in the Case, and good Lack! how he did bait and ferret him to draw it out, asking the most peremptory Questions, and sometimes a second before the first could be answered, firking with Impatience like one smarting with Stinging Nettles: which was great mirth, at least to all but the Witness. It did well-nigh cause me to laugh outright, and commit a Breach of Privilege, to hear him in a Fume, echo the Witness's Answers, and cry Eh? What! How! Why? and Wherefore? and demand how he could do this, or came not to do the other, and how was that, and so forth, and then set his Memory right, next make a short Speech, then give a little Evidence of his own, and again go back to the Examination. It seemed that the Pretender to the Peerage had been helped with Money to maintain his Suit by certain Persons, and my Lord did strive to worm out of the Lawyer their End therein: but to no Purpose; for he had met with his Match; so forced to content himself with a Quip on the Chances of the Witness's Client. Then another Witness examined; a Chirurgeon, whom LORD BROUGHAM did make merry with for his jolly good-natured looks, and did jest upon concerning his Vocation: and the other did bandy Jokes with my Lord, and gave him as good as he brought. Methinks such Bantering is strange of a Peer, and one that hath been Lord Chancellor and used to sit on the Woolsack, or anywhere else but the Box of an Omnibus. But strange, how sober a Speech in summing up the Evidence my Lord did make after all; and no Doubt he can be reasonable and quiet when he pleases. Save a few Words from LORD CAMPBELL, not a Syllable spoke by any Peer but my LORD BROUGHAM; wherefore methinks he must have been thoroughly happy, having had nigh all the Talk to himself. But the highest Court of Law in the Realm numbering so few, put me in mind of the Army in *Bombastes Furioso*, and the Vagaries of LORD BROUGHAM did not the less incline me to fancy it somewhat of a Burlesque.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place in the Parish of St. Pancras; and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY JUNE 16th, 1849.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

ON SOME OLD CUSTOMS OF THE DINNER-TABLE.

F all the sciences which have made a progress in late years, I think, dear BOB (to return to the subject from which I parted with so much pleasure last week), that the art of dinner-giving has made the most delightful and rapid advances. Sir, I maintain, even now with a matured age and appetite, that the dinners of this present day are better than those we had in our youth, and I can't but be thankful at least once in every day for this decided improvement in our civilisation. Those who remember the usages of five-and-twenty years back will be ready, I am sure, to acknowledge this progress.—I was turning over at the Club yesterday a queer little book written at that period, which, I believe, had some authority at the time, and which records some of those customs which obtained, if not in good London Society, at least in some companies, and parts of our island. Sir, many of these practices seem as antiquated now, as the usages described in the accounts of Homeric feasts, or QUEEN ELIZABETH'S banquets and breakfasts. Let us be happy to think they are gone.

The book in question is called *The Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty*, a queer baronet, who appears to have lived in the first quarter of the century, and whose opinions the antiquarian may examine, not without profit—a strange barbarian indeed it is, and one wonders that such customs should ever have been prevalent in our country.

Fancy such opinions as these having ever been holden by any set of men among us. Maxim 2. "It is laid down in fashionable life that you must drink champagne after white cheeses, water after red." . . . "Ale is to be avoided, in case a wet night is to be expected, as should cheese also." Maxim 4. "A fine singer, after dinner, is to be avoided, for he is a great bore, and stops the wine . . . One of the best rules (to put him down) is to applaud him most vociferously as soon as he has sung the first verse, as if all was over, and say to the gentleman furthest from you at table that you admire the conclusion of this song very much." Maxim 25. "You meet people occasionally who tell you it is bad taste to give champagne at dinner—Port and Teneriffe being such superior drinking," &c., &c. I am copying out of a book printed three months since, describing ways prevalent when you were born. Can it be possible, I say, that England was ever in such a state?

Was it ever a maxim in "fashionable life" that you were to drink Champagne after white cheeses. What was that fashionable life about drinking and about cheese? The maxim in fashionable life is to drink what you will. It is too simple now to trouble itself about wine or about cheese. Ale again is to be avoided, this strange DOHERTY says, if you expect a wet night—and in another place says, "the English drink a pint of porter at a draught."—What English? gracious powers! Are we a nation of coalheavers? Do we ever have a wet night? Do we ever meet people occasionally who say that to give Champagne at dinner is bad taste, and that Port and Teneriffe are such superior drinking? Fancy Teneriffe, my dear boy—I say fancy a man asking you to drink Teneriffe at dinner; the mind shudders at it—he might as well invite you to swallow the Peak.

And then consider the maxim about the fine singer who is to be avoided. What! was there a time within most people's memory, when folks at dessert began to sing? I have heard such a thing at a tenants' dinner in the country; but the idea of a fellow beginning to perform a song at a dinner-party in London, fills my mind with terror and amazement; and I picture to myself any table which I frequent, in Mayfair, in Bloomsbury, in Belgravia, or where you will, and the pain which would seize upon the host and the company if some wretch were to commence a song.

We have passed that savage period of life. We do not want to hear songs from guests—we have the songs done for us: as we don't want our ladies to go down into the kitchen and cook the dinner any more. The cook can do it better and cheaper. We do not desire feats of musical or culinary skill—but simple, quiet, easy unpretending conversation.

In like manner, there was a practice once usual, and which still lingers here and there, of making complimentary speeches after dinner; that custom is happily almost entirely discontinued. Gentlemen do not meet to compliment each other profusely, or to make fine phrases. Simplicity gains upon us daily. Let us be thankful that the florid style is disappearing.

I once shared a bottle of sherry with a commercial traveller at Margate who gave a toast or a sentiment as he filled every glass. He would not take his wine without this queer ceremony before it. I recollect one of his sentiments, which was as follows: "Year is to 'er who doubles our joys, and divides our sorrows—I give you woman, Sir,"—and we both emptied our glasses. These lumbering ceremonials are passing out of our manners, and were found only to obstruct our free intercourse. People can like each other just as much without orations, and be just as merry without being forced to drink against their will.

And yet there are certain customs to which one clings still; for instance, the practice of drinking wine with your neighbour, though wisely not so frequently indulged in as of old, yet still obtains and I trust will never be abolished. For though, in the old time, when MR. and MRS. FOGY had sixteen friends to dinner, it became an insupportable *corvée* for MR. F. to ask sixteen persons to drink wine, and a painful task for MRS. FOGY to be called upon to bow to ten gentlemen, who desired to have the honour to drink her health, yet employed in moderation that ancient custom of challenging your friends to drink is a kindly and hearty old usage, and productive of many most beneficial results.

I have known a man of a modest and reserved turn (just like your old uncle, dear BOB, as no doubt you were going to remark), when asked to drink by the host, suddenly lighten up, toss off his glass, get confidence, and begin to talk right and left. He wanted but the spur to set him going. It is supplied by the butler at the back of his chair.

It sometimes happens again, that a host's conversational powers are not brilliant. I own that I could point out a few such whom I have the honour to name among my friends—gentlemen, in fact, who wisely hold their tongues because they have nothing to say which is worth the hearing or the telling, and properly confine themselves to the carving of the mutton and the ordering of the wines. Such men, manifestly, should always be allowed, nay encouraged, to ask their guests to take wine. In putting that hospitable question, they show their goodwill, and cannot possibly betray their mental deficiency. For example, let us suppose JONES, who has been perfectly silent all dinner-time, oppressed doubtless, by that awful LADY TIARA, who sits swelling on his right hand, suddenly rallies, singles me out, and with a loud cheering voice, cries, "BROWN, my boy, a glass of wine." I reply, "With pleasure my dear JONES." He responds as quick as thought, "Shall it be Hock or Champagne, BROWN?" I mention the wine which I prefer. He calls to the butler, and says, "Some Champagne or Hock" (as the case may be, for I don't choose to commit myself), "Some Champagne or Hock, to MR. BROWN;" and finally he says, "Good health!" in a pleasant tone. Thus, you see, JONES, though not a conversationist, has had the opportunity of making no less than four observations, which, if not brilliant or witty, are yet manly, sensible, and agreeable. And I defy any man in the metropolis, be he the most accomplished, the most learned, the wisest, or the most eloquent, to say more than JONES upon a similar occasion.

If you have had a difference with a man, and are desirous to make it up, how pleasant it is to take wine with him. Nothing is said but that simple phrase which has just been uttered by my friend JONES; and yet it means a great deal. The cup is a symbol of reconciliation. The other party drinks up your goodwill as you accept his token of returning friendship—and thus the liquor is hallowed which JONES has paid for: and I like to think that the grape which grew by Rhine or Rhone was born and ripened under the sun there, so as to be the means of bringing two good fellows together. I once heard the Head-Physician of a Hydropathic establishment on the sunny banks of the first named river, give the health of His Majesty the KING OF PRUSSIA, and, calling upon the company to receive that august toast with a "donnerndes Lebehoch," toss off a bumper of sparkling water. It did not seem to me a genuine enthusiasm. No, no, let us have toast and wine, not toast and water. It was not in vain that grapes grew on the hills of father Rhine.

One seldom asks ladies now to take wine,—except when, in a confidential whisper to the charming creature whom you have brought down to dinner, you humbly ask per-

mission to pledge her, and she delicately touches her glass, with a fascinating smile, in reply to your glance,—a smile, you rogue, which goes to your heart. I say, one does not ask ladies any more to take wine: and I think, this custom being abolished, the contrary practice should be introduced, and that the ladies should ask the gentlemen. I know one who did, *une grande dame de par le monde*, as honest BRANTÔME phrases it, and from whom I deserved no such kindness—but, Sir, the effect of that graceful act of hospitality was such, that she made a grateful slave for ever of one who was an admiring rebel previously, who would do anything to show his gratitude, and who now knows no greater delight than when he receives a card which bears her respected name.*

A dinner of men is well now and again, but few well-regulated minds relish a dinner without women. There are some wretches who, I believe, still meet together for the sake of what is called the "spread," who dine each other round and round, and have horrid delights in turtle, early peas, and other culinary luxuries—but I pity the condition as I avoid the banquets of those men. The only substitute for ladies at dinners, or consolation for want of them, is smoking. Cigars, introduced with the coffee, do, if anything can, make us forget the absence of the other sex. But what a substitute is that for her who doubles our joys, and divides our griefs! for woman!—as my friend the Traveller said.

BROWN THE ELDER.

* Upon my word, MR. BROWN, this is too broad a hint.—*Punch.*

HOPES AND FEARS OF THE DRAMA.

ANDERSON *v.* STAMMERS.

MR. ANDERSON, the tragedian, on his health being drunk at the Fund Dinner, as the future lessee of Drury Lane, made a sweet speech. A speech that trickled into men's opening hearts like melted honey. He blithely avowed himself to be the man who had taken Drury Lane, though such a venture "might be called a forlorn hope." And then the lessee smiled as a very strong man smiles, conscious of the mind and heart within him. (CRIBB was wont to smile in such a way, ere he set-to with MOLYNEUX.)

"All he could say was [thus spoke the hopeful lessee] the greater the danger the greater the glory, if he succeeded, and *if he failed*, his great attempt *would honour his funeral*."

For ourselves, we do not perceive by what theatrical means, the failure of MR. ANDERSON could be made to decorate his hearse, unless, indeed, it carried his own ostrich feathers. Perhaps MR. WILMOT, late stage-director, might marshal the tradesmen (they are used to the parts of mourners at managerial obsequies) in a significant and touching manner. However, far distant be the day, when they shall be called upon to accompany the remains of MR. ANDERSON to Westminster Abbey. Nevertheless, even the transient thought of such a solemnity had a serious effect upon the feelings of certain unsophisticated actors present. HARLEY (as the Master of the Fund), with a gush of affection towards the legitimate drama, threw himself upon the neck of the lessee, and hysterically whispered—"I'm yours at £20 a-week;" whilst the Secretary, seizing a decanter, drowned his emotions—like so many blind kittens—in a torrent of fluid. Every way, MR. ANDERSON, as the future lessee, loomed upon the imagination of the actors, as withal a very gigantic and very hopeful presence. When we perused the proceedings, we joined in this feeling. What, however, was our disappointment when—next morning—we read a letter from JOSEPH STAMMERS; which letter went to deprive MR. ANDERSON of any chance of an honourable funeral as Drury Lane lessee! For MR. JULLIEN had signed an agreement to MR. STAMMERS, who writes:

"By this agreement I become the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre from the 13th of December, 1849, to the 30th of April, 1850, and for a similar term in the years 1850-51, and 1851-52. The theatre will be opened under my management, for dramatic and operatic performances, on the 26th of December next."

At the time we write, we know not how the matter will be decided. It is, however, our opinion, that JAMES ANDERSON ought to fervently wish that the lesseeship may fall to JOSEPH STAMMERS,—whilst JOSEPH STAMMERS should, every day, prefer an earnest prayer that such dignity may descend upon JAMES ANDERSON.

Any way, however, it is pleasing to reflect that the public will be the gainers. A handsome, and no less honourable managerial funeral is certain to take place. Pertinent scrolls and gorgeous stage banners will be exhibited about the hearse; whilst the money-takers (or the men who hoped to be money-takers) will fire a round of blank cartridge in the honoured grave of the lessee, the muskets pathetically wadded with box, pit, and gallery checks. The fruit-women (in decent mourning) will, of course, sell apples, oranges, ginger beer, and onions, with a bill of the funeral.

ATROCIOUS BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

THE practising short-hand writers have addressed a petition to the House of Commons, which for cool sarcasm and impudent irony surpasses anything that ever brought a printer to the bar of St. Stephen's. They actually

"Beg respectfully to call the attention of your Honourable House to the fact that vast numbers of HER MAJESTY'S subjects, at home and abroad, would consider it a matter of the highest importance if, under the sanction and authority of your Honourable House, the very words used in Parliament were recorded and generally accessible."

Not satisfied with this overt act which is evidence to satisfy any jury of the existence of a conspiracy among these men "to bring the House into ridicule and contempt," they express their belief that some mode might be found of *publishing* these verbatim reports for general circulation, and thus actually bringing their libel home to men's businesses and bosoms, like the *Times* or any other daily print that adorns the breakfast table.

Verbatim reports! Have these wretched men calculated the length of parliamentary speeches and the shortness of human life? Do they intend to bring English Grammar into disrepute by showing how little it is regarded by our collective wisdom? Do they intend to corrupt the public mind of England by inundating it with the sophistry, the tautology, the utter absurdity that is now painfully sorted out of the debates before they are inflicted upon us by the newspaper reporters, whose function is like that of the dustman, to sift cinders and refuse heaps, and present us with the stray silver spoons? Do they intend to turn loose on the family breakfast table whole herds of Irish bulls, and so expose every house to the bovine intrusions that are now confined to a radius of half a mile round Smithfield? Or do they, worse than all, intend to put a stop to the circulation of *Punch*, by supplying food for laughter cold drawn from the mouths of the members of the House of Commons?

In whatever light it be considered, this attempt must be crushed promptly and decisively.

If it be persevered in or countenanced for one moment by MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, or any other member anxious to see his own nonsense daguerreotyped, we beg to warn Honourable Members that we shall publish a bit of a verbatim debate ourselves, which we are convinced will so arouse public opinion to the nuisance about to be inflicted on the country, that its indignant expression will terrify the House into instant submission, and confine Parliamentary talk for ever to its present channel of publicity, which, patience knows, is wide enough and long enough to render the wading along it a tedious task. Luckily the shallowness of the stream is proportioned to the extent it covers, or the public would be drowned in it, instead of draggled.

Military Diversion.

GENERAL OUDINOT, in one of his late dispatches to the French Government, writes as follows:—

"The enemy, occupied by a serious diversion which I had ordered on the side of the Villas Casini and Valentini, did not fire a single shot on our workmen."

The General is quite right in calling the operation which he alludes to a serious diversion; for, whether regarded as a game of balls or a tragedy, it is a very serious diversion to all concerned, especially to the Roman people. Indeed, the diversion of Republicans committing fratricide is much too serious to be laughed at, and we hiss it with all our powers of sibilation.

THE IRISH FARCEUR.

WE shall be glad to know when MR. JOHN O'CONNELL intends to abandon his by no means popular part in the farce of *Turn Out*. It is understood that a new song is being prepared for the honourable Member to the tune of "Clare de Kitchen," under the new title of "Clare de Commons."

A HEAVY BLOW AND GREAT DISCOURAGEMENT.

IT seems that £120,000 have been spent in ventilating experiments. We may fairly say of this money as *Othello* did of all his "fond love" for *Desdemona*:—

"We give it to the winds—'tis gone."

IT RUNS BOTH HIGH AND LOW.

THERE is no man, however high, but who is jealous of some one; and there is no man, however low, but who has some one who is jealous of him!

THE CROCODILE FAMILY.

A WRITER in an Irish periodical has attempted to prove in a long article, that the world has been doing gross injustice to the Crocodile family, who, like many other families, require only to be known to be loved and respected. The author intimates that the Crocodile, so far from being a malicious reptile, is rather a jolly dog; and we are led to infer that the Crocodile's tears which we have usually considered all his eye, are in fact the outgushings of a nature full of sentiment, or —more graphically speaking—ginger-beery with benevolence.

We must confess that we want some further proof of the Crocodile's admissibility to our social confidence before we should like to extend to him the hand of friendship; for if we are to allow the Crocodile to speak for himself, he must be condemned out of his own mouth, unless we are to believe that he is harmless in the very teeth of all appearances. His teeth must have been sadly overdrawn, if he is really the inoffensive animal that the Irish writer represents him to be, and we are puzzled what to believe when we recollect the many pictures we have seen of men running away from Crocodiles, the fugitives showing, by marks on their legs and hands, that if asked for the character of the Crocodile, they might point to their lacerated limbs, as much as to say in legal phraseology—"These Indentures witness."

In spite of the effort that has been made to recommend the Crocodile to our polite attention, we shall, for the present, continue our slight acquaintance with that toothsome member of the animal kingdom, upon the most distant footing.

RELICS OF RASCALS.

WE are too apt to be severe upon the vulgar of certain foreign nations on account of their veneration for the relics of Saints and Martyrs. Instances of a peculiar kind of relic-worship are abundant enough in this country. For example, we read in the Old Bailey news of last week, that at the conclusion of a case, subsequently to the conviction of the fool HAMILTON,

"A certain person named O'KEEFE, who, it appeared, was the owner of the pistol that had been discharged by HAMILTON at HER MAJESTY, applied to the Court to order the weapon to be restored to him, as he said he had been offered 40*l.* for it, and he should not like to lose so much money."

MR. RUSH'S blunderbuss, no doubt, would command as good a price in the British market, and inches of the rope by which he, or MR. THURTELL, or MR. GREENACRE, became lost to Society, would be quoted at no less extravagant figures. A bit of COURVOISIER'S drop would probably fetch more than ST. KATHERINE'S own wheel, or one of the veritable arrows that shot ST. SEBASTIAN. We are no bigots, but we unequivocally condemn this idolatry of the Martyrs of Crime and Saints of the *Newgate Calendar*; and though averse to persecution, we should really be glad to see a statute, somewhat milder than that *de hæretico comburendo*, enacted against a traffic in the memorials of guilt, which, in effect, puts a premium on all manner of atrocities.

Douceur.

AN Annuity of £50 will be settled upon any lady who will be kind enough to procure for the Advertiser a PARTNER FOR LIFE, who shall be young, amiable, pretty, and possessed of independent property (not in Ireland) to the amount of (say, decidedly not less than) £500 a year. The Advertiser is of good family, does not smoke, stands five feet eleven, and, upon reference to his looking-glass, and a portrait by CHALON, now both before him, is very far from ill-looking. Testimonials of early hours and general good conduct can be had from his present landlady. Whiskers black. Inviolable secrecy observed. All Tenders to be sent sealed, to CHARLES NUGENT, Esquire, at the pastry-cook's, Piccadilly. The Douceur will be paid directly after the interesting Ceremony.

HER MAJESTY'S RATS.

ON the third reading of the Jews' Bill (the Member for Bucks, by the way, still suffered his jew's-harp to hang upon the willows), MR. P. WOOD talked very irreverently of the style of declaration required of every person, noble and menial, who took office. For instance, HER MAJESTY'S rat-catcher—said the Honourable Member—had to declare:

"I will not use my office of HER MAJESTY'S rat-killer to subvert the Established Church as by law established."

At this, there was from the unthinking Commons, "much laughter." Now, we contend—and sure we are that we shall have MESSRS. PLUMPTRE, NEWDEGATE, and other porphyry pillars of the Church with us,—that such a solemn declaration is especially needed on the part of a state rat-catcher. For, are there not rats that are essential to the prosperity and well-doing of the Established Church? Rats, that grow fat and sleek, to the impoverishment of the poor church mice? Rats, with paws dipped in the fat of the land—rats, with whiskers purple with wine? Rats, a hundred times more potent than the immortal vermin of Hamelin, sung by the magnificent singer, ROBERT BROWNING (who will not, nightingale-like, always sing in the shade), and—

"*They* fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles;
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats."

Rats, that—in the opinions of wise men—are to the Church the protecting grace and strength, fed as they are upon the pluralities of bacon, and cheese, and butter. Consider the many-sorted rats abounding in the Establishment,—

"Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens of dozens."

And reflect on the consequence, if HER MAJESTY'S rat-catcher, appointed to rid the state of certain objectionable individuals, should wilfully or ignorantly, by ferret, bane, or trap, destroy those rats that, from the time of the white-handed DUKE OF NEWCASTLE even to our day, (though, it must be owned, the creatures have lost their political odour, the musk that recommended them to worshipful society), are held, by certain churchmen and statesmen, as essential to the dignity of Established Truth.

For many generations, rats have been almost sacred animals to the English politician; the real internal supporters of the state, though the lion and unicorn performed the outside ceremony. In their day, rats have been held in high esteem at St. James's, as cats at Memphis. The creed is now somewhat outworn; nevertheless, we are certain that MR. PLUMPTRE will agree with us, that it is most fitting the QUEEN'S rat-catcher should piously declare that, by the exercise of his craft, he has no intention "to subvert the Established Church, as by law established."

POPULAR OSTEOLOGY.

THERE is no end to the variety of claims put forward to win the approbation of the public, but we have nevertheless been struck by the novelty of an advertisement which is continually being issued by an individual, who delights in the appellation of the

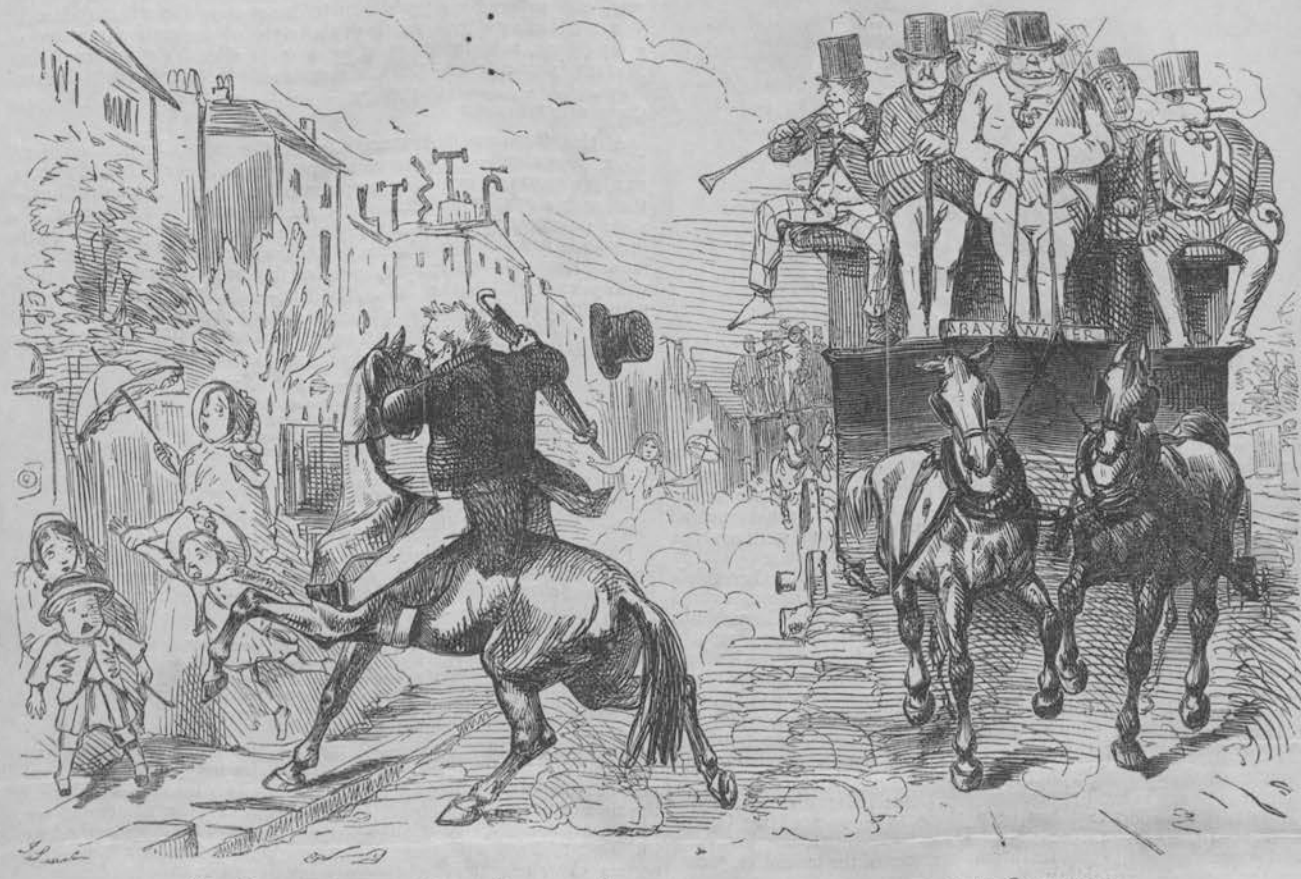
OLD ORIGINAL BONES.

Our earliest information, picked up in our juvenile days when we used to run and read the current literature of the rag shops, has long ago taught us that the market price of old bones averages five pounds for two pence, so that, unless there has been such a rise in bones as would alarm even a medical student in search of a "subject," we do not see what particular worth can attach to the "Old Bones," which are daily announcing themselves as "original." We wish PROFESSOR OWEN, or some other great scientific bone-grubber, would enlighten us as to the special attraction of these Old Bones, which assume the airs of a regular BONAPARTE in the annals of ossification, and rear their Ossa so far beyond Pelion as to reach almost to Olympus itself.

A NEW LEAF TO BE TURNED OVER.

AMONG the hundred new periodicals—some of which prove their title to period-ical by coming shortly to a full stop—is a publication called the *Journal of Design*. We beg to suggest to the Editor of the *Journal of Design*, the weekly insertion of a Chapter of Accidents, which we are sure would be an interesting feature.

PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.



MR. BRIGGS TRIES HIS HORSE—STRIKING EFFECT ON MEETING ONE OF THOSE NASTY OMNIBUSSES.

PUNCH'S DREAM OF PEACE.

THE roar of guns my hearing stuns—hark! to the serried ranks,
Clashes the steel 'gainst spur-armed heel, the ordered musquet clanks;
And far and near I seem to hear the thunder of the plain,
As field-guns gallop to the front, to pour their iron rain.

No rest for me as fev'rishly I turn upon my pillow,
Such sounds of war blend with the roar of England's circling billow:
Down from the North comes pouring forth the pent-up Russian flood;
The thirsty South doth slake its drouth in French and Roman blood.

Left hand 'gainst right the Germans fight, from Jutland's farthest horn,
To where Vienna sulks, of mirth, money, and music shorn;
Sad slave of chance, fermenting France from Seine to sunny Loire
Stakes limb and life in desperate strife—a nation's *Rouge et Noir*.

Of all the earth on England's hearth alone may peace be found;
Tongues, bloods, or sects, she none rejects that seek her neutral ground:
But even that hush, amidst the rush and roar that fill the air,
But makes more clear to mind and ear the agony elsewhere.

My eye-lids closed I sat and dozed—no marvel 'tis I state;
If HOMER doze, sure *Punch* may snooze—'bove all o'er a debate.
'Twas COBDEN spoke—and not in joke—how every public tiff,
Without a fight might be set right—I dropped off—sighing—"*If*—"

Then unconfined forth sped my mind, and as from some great hill,
O'erlooked the fight of Wrong and Right, the war of Good and Ill:
'Twas hard to find through tumult blind which power which battle led,
Each now for king—now people—now white y-clad—now red.

But as I marked the conflict dark, these powers and these alone,
Surely though slow to one did grow, each gathering its own:
And ever as the strife fared on, more strength the Good did gain,
While to a poorer weakness the Evil still did wane.

For o'er the storm a radiant form, on solemn wings of snow,
Pointing with beamy finger, the way of Good did show;
And still that glorious guidance more followed, and more,
And as the bright shape floated on Dark Evil cowered before.

Hate I saw change to greetings strange; hard hands flung down the sword,
To grasp in friendly pressure—peer—peasant—serf—and lord:
Red caps were doffed, red brands were quenched, nations their griefs forswore,
As brotherhood its ample fruits of liberal blessing bore.

With eager cry I strove to fly where high above the war
And its hushed storm that radiant form was brooding like a star;
I stretched—I spoke . . . and sudden woke, all cold, and sore, and stiff—
And on my lips still hung half formed the word I slept on—"*If*—"

PUNCH'S DREAM OF PEACE.

STATE OF LONDON.

(Translated from a French Paper.)

LEICESTER SQUARE, *Thursday.*—MATTERS are fast drawing to a head here. If anything, the aspect of affairs is more threatening. Yesterday the authorities being informed of an intended rising in the Rue de Fleet, the most extraordinary precautions were taken to prepare for, and to crush it. No less than three patrols of Gendarmes, numbering at least half a dozen men in each, perambulated the Place de Trafalgar and the Pont Vaterlieu. The "Beadles" of the "Arcade Burlington" and the "Colonnade d'Opera" were supplied with sandwiches to last twenty-four hours. The splendid corps of "Street Orderlies" were furnished with new brooms, and lay under arms all night, ready, at a moment's notice, to sweep the streets. Several serious *émeutes* took place. The first was a desperate engagement between two *gamins* about a pegge-toppe.

In this *réconnaissance*, according to the *'Poste du Matin*, one received a bloody nose, but this fact is disbelieved in the best informed circles. I applied at the Bureau d'Home Office upon the subject, but could obtain no accurate information. Many of the shops in the Rue Regent were illuminated in the evening. The re-actionists would have us believe that this was merely for the purpose of lighting their rooms and selling their wares. Small groups were seen round the sentries at the gates of the Gardes de Horse, in their *mairie* at "Whitehall," but although many suspicious-looking nursery-maids lingered about the place, no further attempt appears to have been made to dismount the sentries.

In justice to these noble fellows, I must add that they endured the continued gaze of the populace with admirable *sang froid*, although one of them is reported to have been detected in winking at a female democrat. MARSHAL BLAZEAWAY is charged by the Government to institute a searching inquiry into this mysterious affair.

I may mention that there is no truth in the report that SERJEANT MAJOR BUSHY (lately elected deputy for the department of Lower Pimliceau) intends to impeach Ministers.

The clubs were, as usual, frequented throughout the day by many idle loungers—all persons not members were rigidly excluded.

Matters assumed a very serious aspect about midnight. Bands of young men—many of them dressed "*à la gent*," marched in threes and fours along the streets, surrounding the Cellare Cidère and the Palace d'Evans, chanting seditious songs, especially that beginning "Ne go home pas till morning."

Several of the Conducteurs d'Omnibus were heard to call out loudly during the day, "Bank! Bank! City! Bank!" a sure corroboration of my information, that an attack on these places has been organised.

The QUEEN is still most popular, but the Post-office authorities report that the Number of Queen's-heads (many of a blood-red colour) affixed to the letters is as great as ever.

A mutiny in the fleet will no doubt be hastened by the late order of the Ministre de Marine prohibiting sailors from wearing top-boots when at sea. I myself heard the fifteenth mate of the war-steamer *Citizen Z*, grossly insulted and covered with opprobrious epithets by two of the class denominated *bargées* (they wore *red* worsted nightcaps).

It is too true that London is on the eve of an insurrection. The first symptom of disturbance breaking the peaceful repose of Europe will be the signal for a bloody massacre here.

All foreign news is completely excluded by the Government. The condition of Central Europe is known only from fragments of newspapers smuggled in German sausages. The interest felt in Italian affairs continues unabated, and the number of Roman candles used at Vauxaul is immense.

The foregoing facts are sufficient to show that a crisis is at hand, especially if we keep in mind that Ragged Schools are being established everywhere, several model Lodging Houses erected, and the Baths for Democrats thronged daily; that new Hospitals are building, and Churches endowed, and that every week witnesses a loud demand for Sanitary Reform.

I have hurried to close my dispatch, I am compelled to * *

Latest Intelligence. By Electric Telegraph. "M. SMITH is pronounced out of danger."

M. CRISPE has notified his ability to remove timid persons to secure quarters. Many have in consequence gone to Paris.

The Man who forgets Himself.

THE EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH, Chairman at the Eton Festival, is stated by the *Times*, in proposing the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S health, to have described his Grace as "a man who, under all circumstances, and in all times, had exhibited the most absolute forgetfulness of self." We beg the EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH'S pardon. There *is* a noble and learned Lord who is much more remarkable for forgetting himself than the DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

MORTALITY AMONG THE STEAM TUGS.

WE have seen with considerable pain the announcement of a great number of fatalities among the Steam Tugs, which appear to have been suffering lately from an epidemic that may fairly be called an attack of the bile—or, more technically speaking, a "bursting of the biler." Happily the tugs have not involved a sacrifice of human life with the loss of their own existences; but we nevertheless cannot see without sorrow the frequent loss of those tugs, which, in the event of there being occasion for the "tug of war," would take a conspicuous position in the British navy. It has often struck us as an alarming symptom about these tugs, that they are afflicted with a sort of cough, accompanied by a hoarseness of the funnel, which has tempted us at times to throw an ounce or two of Spanish liquorice down the tube, with the view of relieving the almost bursting vessel from its agonies.

The loss of a tug, called the *St. Michael*, has been given by the *Times* in a style so full of pathetic incident that we could not have proceeded had we not opened the safety valve of our sighs to give a vent to our sentiment. It appears that the captain of the poor old tug, perceiving that she was in a sinking state, determined to stick to her till the last; and as she dropped into a muddy grave, he clung fondly to her taffrail, and only quitted her when the hostile fluid had immersed the top of her paddle-box. The attention of the owner to the remains of the ill-fated boat was touching in the highest degree, and he made an affectionate attempt to recover the poor old tug, but he ultimately succeeded in recovering only the funnel. She has since been raised to the surface, but whether she will ever be able to resume her station in nautical society is a mystery not yet solved, though several hands have been employed to try and pump it out of her.

OUR MILITARY ANNALS.

WE have been favoured by MR. TYLER, of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, with the following bulletin of the *Siege of Badajos*:—

KILLED.—One Chinese Duck, and two Goslings who have since died of fright.

WOUNDED.—A black Swan, whose left wing was severely injured by the sustained fire of a Roman Candle. ENSIGN WIGGINS.—His right whisker was completely burnt away, during the awful explosion of the mine. PRIVATE BROWN.—His coat-tails were completely severed from his body at the first opening of the breach.

MISSING.—The Fur Cap of carpenter JONES; it fell into the water at the last display of blue-fire, and has not since been recovered. The Crab-stick of MR. DANSON, which he gallantly used as a sword in leading the forlorn hope that stormed the heights of Badajos.

The amount of property destroyed is not so great as might be imagined. It is confined to two panes of glass in the animals' cage, which have been irrevocably destroyed, and the apple-stall of a woman outside the Gardens which was upset by a falling shower of rocket-sticks.

F. M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON has escaped without any injury, further than a slight indenture on the bridge of his nose.

THE PRINCE GREAT BY DEGREES.

WHEN so many other Princes are going down, it is gratifying to see our own Prince going up, which he certainly is, at any rate in our estimation. How much more pleasant now it is to be able to praise his Royal Highness every week than to make ever such good jokes at his expense; to pat the princely back rather than to poke the illustrious ribs! PRINCE ALBERT'S last good action—at the time at which we write—was to preside and make a capital speech at the distribution of prizes—among them two medals contributed by himself—of the Society of Arts. He also displayed such a practical acquaintance with the Arts which he patronizes, that *Punch*, not only approves of his having been created M. A. by Cambridge, but has also much pleasure in admitting him *ad eundem*.

Bears' Grease without Bloodshed.

MR. PUNCH having been informed by advertisement that a large Bear would be slaughtered on the premises of a certain Hair Dresser and Perfumer, procured himself, by application in the proper quarter, the privilege of witnessing the process. Those who may go to behold a similar spectacle in the brutal hope of revelling in the throes of an unfortunate quadruped, will be disappointed. The operation of slaughtering a Bear is unattended with the slightest pain to the animal; for it consists simply in—opening a bladder of lard.

THOSE WHO RUN MAY READ.

THE present French Administration is so anxious to proclaim its own folly and bad faith, that it writes them up in ROMAN CAPITAL Characters.

PERFECT SINCERITY, OR THINKINGS ALOUD. No. 6.

Exquisite (to the Mamma of Performer). "WHAT A PITY THAT GURL'S FRIENDS DON'T TAKE HER AWAY FROM THAT PIANO. SHE'S NOT BAD LOOKING, BUT SHE HAS GOT A VOICE LIKE A PEACOCK!!!"

PUNCH ALWAYS AT HIS POST.

IF we were to tell JOHN BULL that he is a very shabby dog, the British lion would no doubt give an angry growl, and an indignant switch of his tail, at the ignoble imputation.

We are compelled, nevertheless, to declare that JOHN BULL is in some respects an exceedingly paltry fellow, notwithstanding the old stage clap-traps about the "beautiful benevolence and bountiful benignity of the born Briton." We judge pretty accurately of a man's good heartedness, by the manner in which he behaves to his servants, and the rate of wages he gives to them; for whatever truth there may be in the old saying "Base is the slave that pays," there is something still baser in the conduct of the slave who pays paltrily.

Now we are great friends to economy, but we like it to be of the right sort; and we have a thorough contempt for that kind of economy which developes itself in pinching the men who really do the public work, and leaving unscathed those whose chief occupation is the drawing of their salaries. We venture to say there is scarcely a working official in the whole of JOHN BULL'S employ, who is not worse paid than he would be for the performance of the same duties in any liberally conducted private establishment. JOHN BULL has been hitherto the worst of paymasters, and the best of victims, parting grudgingly with money fairly earned, and bleeding freely for the benefit of sinecurists, compensation seekers, and pensioners. He has lately been under better treatment for the pecuniary hæmorrhage; but the tightness of the chest towards those for whom his bosom ought to expand with generosity, is a malady which he still suffers from.

The Post Office Clerks can vouch for this fact, which comes home to them with painful reality. Our sympathy with them as men of letters, is perhaps more active than with some other classes of public servants, whose treatment is no less shabby than that of the Martyrs of St. Martin's-le-Grand, where the groans of the under-paid and over-worked Clerks rise in dismal chorus over the dome of St. Paul's, to descend with the force of their intense gravity on the floor of our office in Fleet Street. Many of these heart-rending lamentations have reached us in the more substantial form of notes of exclamation, or letters, crying out against the hardships to which the Post Office Clerks are exposed; and we have had, in particular, a perfect volley of sighs from the Dead Letter Office, embodying complaints which, but for our aid, might have remained as thoroughly dead letters, as the defunct correspondence the parties are employed in dealing with. Even the paltry pittance received in the shape of salary is, it seems, mulcted of a large per-centage for a superannuation fund, which, instead of being set aside for superannuation, goes back into the purse of JOHN BULL, who thus inflicts upon his ill-paid servants a sharp pinch with one hand, while he virtually picks their pockets with the other. This superannuation stoppage is a fearful infliction upon those poor victims whose health is delicate, who are not likely to live to receive the fruits of the superannuation, and who by being obliged to contribute to it, are prevented from making, by life-insurance, a provision for their families.

We earnestly entreat those who have so much liberality on their lips, to keep a little in their hearts, for the good of those who really do the work of the country, and who are always the very first to suffer when a cry for economy is raised, without any attempt being made by those who raise it, to see that it is not answered at the sacrifice of justice and of other still higher qualities. They who pay badly are usually badly served, and the wonder is, how the Post Office business can be so well and so honestly performed by men who are so meanly and unfairly dealt with, and, unless a better system is pursued, we can hardly expect to find either the general, the district, or the local post, the post of honour.

PEACE AND WAR IN PARLIAMENT.

"INTERNATIONAL arbitration is very well," says JONES, "but really, MR. COBDEN, this is not the time—with the Continent in volcanic eruption—this is not the time to press it."

"A fire-engine," says TOMKINS, "is an admirable invention; an excellent sort of thing indeed, but with that sugar-bakehouse in a conflagration, you'd never think of bringing the engine out." Surely TOMKINS has herein as much reason on his side as JONES.

MR. BORRER, in his book on the Kabyle War, gave, among other pictures, one in blood and fire, of a household massacred. Young girls outraged, then murdered—an old man with his throat cut—an infant bayonetted—and, indeed, the whole burning household, as the devils in uniform pleasantly expressed it, prettily cleaned out—yes, *joliment nettoyé*.

We apprehend that the spectator of such demons' work, such blasphemy legalised by war, would, from the very contemplation of the outrage, feel a stronger yearning towards peace. Brought face to face with horror, he would surely be more prone to denounce murder upon system, to the flutter of flags and the piping of music,—than if merely contemplating the probability of future homicide.

Therefore, should the voice of peace uttered by England be greeted as more musical, more hopeful, because rising above the roar of continental artillery. With three parts of Europe drunk with blood—with hundreds of thousands of men arrayed for mutual murder,—is it nothing that England should denounce the unrighteous, brutalising struggle, as a blasphemous mockery of that Christianity, to which we indeed rear thousands of temples,—and in the name of which we retain a bench of bishops and a crowd of priests,—but which we violate with every aggressive gun that is fired, with every sword that is drawn? The cannon ever roars a lie to the church bell.

When armies are fighting, it is folly to talk of peace, say gunpowder reasoners. When men are famishing, it is not the time to give them food. When men are sick, it is absurd and intrusive to call in the physician. When men are naked, it is preposterous to think to clothe them. Such is the equal reasoning.

MR. COBDEN was very wrong to bring in his Arbitration Motion with the whole Continent rocking with artillery. He ought to have waited for days of quiet—of Arcadian peace. And then—yes, and then—some smug dialectician would have wondered at the busy-body interference of the Honourable Member for the West Riding. "Was not all the world quiet? Did not the golden age brood upon the earth? Why such unnecessary prattling about peace, when no rational being entertained a thought of war?" Either way the question was sure to be held absurd—inopportune.

CAPTAIN HARRIS, an officer who evidently sees deeper into a cannon ball than short-sighted civilians, detected in MR. COBDEN'S motion, nothing more than an attempt to bring about a republic! Thus monarchy depends upon war: the unicorn as well as the lion is a carnivorous beast, and feeds on the carcases of animals; if such be the case, surely English monarchs ought not to be crowned in Westminster Abbey, but in Woolwich Arsenal.

We once met with a profound moralist and philosopher—a man who saw into the very "pulse of the machine" of political and social life,—who declared it to be his unalterable opinion, that all the evils suffered in our present hard condition of society, originated solely with the invention of ADELAIDE boots. We know not how he supported his theory; but we think it equally tenable with the republic of CAPTAIN HARRIS.

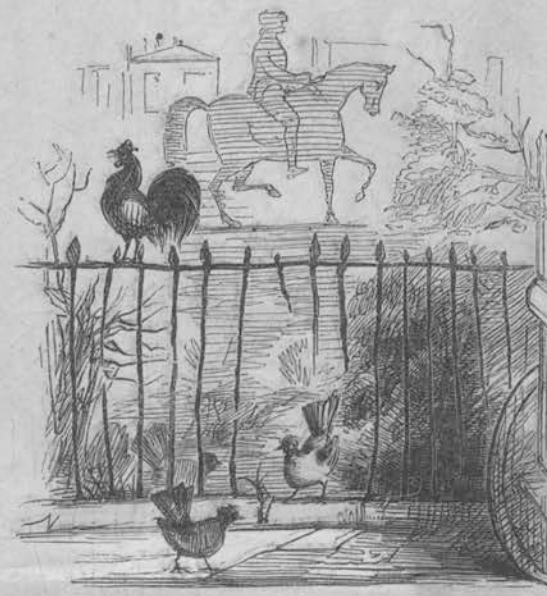
Happily, however, war is no longer a royal question. The people (we speak especially of Englishmen) have, with other matters, made war a concern of their own. *Ultima ratio regum!* The "last reasoning of kings," is the wise legend to be found on certain pieces of artillery. Mixed folly and falsehood! Homicide was not the last, but generally the first reasoning of kings. And what a fine satire in the phrase. Reasoning—royal reasoning—in slaughter! Then wolves reason, and tigers deliberate. But we now interpret *Ultima ratio regum* with a difference: not the Last Reasoning of Kings, but the First Sufferings of Peoples.

There was, we feel assured, great disappointment at the mode in which MR. COBDEN shaped his motion. He did not appear on the floor of the House to the eye of philosophic and imaginative members as an inhabitant of Utopia or Atlantis. Neither did his lunacy manifest itself of that harmless kind that finds a solace and employment in the manufacture of straw hat and boots. He did not—to the great relief of the more pious and more religious members—preach the perfectability of man; a theory that ever awakens the indignation of some of your most excellent people, who seem never so satisfied with the condition of humanity, as when assured of its incurable ignorance and sinfulness. MR. COBDEN took a business-like view of the question, and by the practicability of his notions obtained the expressed goodwill—could more be expected?—of the Prime Minister, and the Foreign Secretary. For ourselves, we entirely accord with the position of MR. COBDEN; and have a most cheerful faith in the ultimate prosperity of his doctrines; for they are mingling themselves with the best thoughts of the people, who are every day more and more assured, that whatever may be the cause of war, they are the first sacrificed for it: it is they who pay the cost. Just as the sheep is stripped of its skin for the noisy barbarous drum to beat the lie of glory—so are the people stripped to pay for the music.

The romance of one era is the reality of the next. The Arbitration Question has taken root, and will grow and spread. They show a cedar in the Gardens at Paris—a cedar of hugest girth and widest shade—that, some century ago, was brought from Lebanon in the cap of a traveller.

The olive twig, planted by MR. COBDEN in Westminster, will flourish despite the blighting wit of mess-rooms, and rise and spread into a tree that shall offer shade and security to all nations.

A WEST-END WILDERNESS.



NATURE is in a most savage state—and well she may be—in the enclosure of Leicester Square, for civilisation has completely abandoned the spot, which is now the haunt of the cat, who frequently makes a midnight descent upon the affrighted members of the adjoining cab-stand. The local waterman, in order to keep off the feline race at night, is compelled to preserve a pipe for ever ignited in his mouth, by way of a substitute for the "light in his laughing eye," which protects him in the day time from the aggression of the tiger-like race, so long the sole tenants of the Leicester Square enclosure.

Surely, this spot of territory belongs to somebody, and if the owner is an absentee, we entreat Parliament to pass an act for the purpose of bringing the land into cultivation; or at all events, if we must not lay it under the harrow or the plough, let us at least lay it under the birch broom, the hand-hoe, the roller and the gardener.

The anarchy prevailing in that square demands the prompt establishment of some sort of government, and we should be content with a beadledom, *pur et simple*, if we can get nothing better. We would have the place ruled with a rod of iron, and a rod of birch, in the shape of a broom and a garden-roller. Where is the ranger of Leicester Square? Whose duty is it to repair the broken rails which are open to every body's raillery? The place is a sort of miniature continent, where every thing is going to ruin, and getting into a savage state for want of an established government; the only difference being that in Leicester Square the ground is abandoned to the brute tribe, while on the continent man is doing the work which is left to the brute tribe in our London wilderness.

Harmony, Old England.

THE Proprietor of this old Establishment, J. BULL, begs to call attention to the HARMONIC MEETINGS for which it has no parallel in Europe or the world. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, a galaxy of talent at her Majesty's Theatre. A magnificent ditto at the Royal Italian Opera. Concerts Monstre at Exeter Hall, embracing all the celebrities of the Continent. A variety of singing, including all the most popular and classical solos, choruses, duets, trios, &c., also of performances on the piano, violin, and other fashionable instruments, by the first artists, nearly every day at the Hanover Square Rooms. Promenade Concerts in the open air, by expatriated aristocrats continually. MR. B. trusts that his arrangements will continue to afford satisfaction to all lovers of Harmony. N.B. No connection with any Socialist concern; which this Establishment may resemble in name, but is directly the reverse of in nature.

MANNERS. AND CVSTOMS OF Ye ENGLYSHE. IN. 1849. No. 16.

"SOCYETYE". ENIOYINGE. ITSELFE. AT. A SOYREÉ.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Monday, June 18, 1849. After a Dinner off Bubble and Squeak, my Wife and I to my Lord Wilkinson's at Home, by Invitation; though Heaven knows if ever I set Eyes on his Lordship in my Life, or he on me; but do ascribe this Honour to having my Name put down in the *Court Guide*, and am glad to find the Consequence and Importance I have got thereby. I in my new Suit of Black and Silk Neckerchief, with a Fringe at the Ends, and my Wife did wear her Lace Dress over her pink Satin Slip, which was very handsome. Gave our Card to a Lackey in yellow and crimson Livery, with a huge Shoulderknot, who did shout out our Name, which, passing along a Row of his Fellows lining the Stairs, was by the Time it reached the Drawing-Room changed to Pippins—but no matter; for before I could set it right, we were presented to my Lord and my Lady, who professed themselves delighted to see us. So on with the Stream in the Crowd; for my Lord's Drawing-Room as thronged as the Opera Pit Entrance on a Thursday Night. Methought surely there was Something worth seeing and hearing; but saw Nothing extraordinary beyond the Multitude of Company, and divers Writers, Painters, and other Persons of Note, elbowing their Way through the Press; nor heard anything but Puffing and Gasping, and complaining of the terrible Heat. Several Ladies fainting; and my Wife declaring she feared she should faint too, which made me mad; for it is always the Way with Women at Spectacles and Assemblies, and yet they needs must and will go to them. At some Distance before us, a Bustle and Stir, and in the midst of it a Lackey with a Tray, whereon were Ices—the People struggling for them; and I also strove to get one for my Wife, and myself as well; but the Attempt vain, and we borne clear away by the Current to the other side of the Room; and in the mean Time all the Ice must have melted; for so were we very nearly. Some young Beauties there, whom to have looked upon at my Ease, and they at theirs, would have been a great Delight; but they in such Discomfort, that it quite spoilt their Prettiness, which was pitiful. We met Dr. Dabbes the great Chemist, with whom some pretty Discourse concerning the Air of crowded Rooms, which he said do contain a Gas called Carbonic Acid, and is poisonous, and we were now breathing so much per Cent. of it, which did trouble me. To think what Delight fashionable Folks can take in crowding together, to the Danger of Health; a Set of People, for the most Part, Strangers both to them and to one another! Away early; for we could endure the Stifling no longer; and good Lack, what a Relief to get into the open Air! My white Kid Gloves soiled, cost me 3*s.* 6*d.*; but am thankful I carried with me my Spring Hat, which do shut up; and could not help chuckling a little, to see how many others got their Hats crushed. Home in a Cab, and on the Way bought a Lobster, whereunto my Wife would have me add a Bottle of Stout, which did think a good Notion; cost me together 3*s.* 6*d.*, and the Cab 2*s.* 6*d.* more, and then to Supper; mighty proud that I had been invited by my Lord, though utterly tired with his Party, and so with great Satisfaction, but much Weariness, to Bed.

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STATE OF THE HOP GARDENS.

FORTUNATELY, modern science has enabled brewers to make beer without hops. Therefore, it matters little, that every season there are no hops at all. Intelligence from every hop-growing district proves that the hop pockets of 1849 will, as usual, contain nothing. One of our Kentish correspondents speaks of the fly being so ravenous during the present season, that it has not only carried away the plant, but consumed the poles. In every other garden the bine is nowhere; and —again we say it—there is every reason to congratulate a beer-drinking public upon the intelligence of the modern brewer who can make seas of porter without any hops at all. Thus the plant, it would appear, was only cultivated upon the most benevolent principles; namely, to supply to the hop-fly, and the thousand other insects (some with very unseemly names) that live upon the vegetable, their seasonable provender. There is, however, one species of fly, the *Vastator Excisor*, that—however little may be left of the hops—always makes the most of that little. This insect swarms from London, and is to be seen very busy in the hop-gardens at a certain period. It is of an enormous size, and its ravages upon the plant are never less than at the value of eighteen shillings and eightpence the cwt. of hops.

We are obliged to a hop-growing correspondent of Farnham for the subjoined drawing of the insect; and when we assure our readers that it is reduced about two thousand times from its original size, why, some feeble notion may be entertained of the power of the insect when working its wicked will in the hop-gardens of merry England. It will be perceived that the insect is very human in its structure. It secretes a sort of black fluid (very like ink) in a vitreous sac (very like a bottle).

With this it trails certain marks upon the hop plant that, do what the grower may to help himself, inevitably reduce the value of the hop to the planter, who again lays the loss upon the consumer, to the amount of 18*s*. 8*d*. per cwt. We know of no means of clearing the grounds from the devastating visits of this Excise Fly—this *Vastator Excisor*. Will MR. COBDEN—who last year alluded to the pest—help the hop-grower?

Bugeaud's Funeral.

THE Marshal's funeral has been performed with great splendour. Various of the dead soldier's trophies were exhibited; among others, the umbrella of ABD-EL-KADER, with several nick-nacks taken in battle in Algeria. There was, however, one trophy that has been strangely overlooked by all the reporters of the ceremony. It was a large urn—large as the oil-jars that held the forty thieves—filled with ashes that were once the living flesh of men, women, and children, gloriously burned alive in the caves of Dahra, under the paternal auspices of PÈRE BUGEAUD! And now, the man of glory mingles with glory's victims. "Ashes to ashes!"

A CORRESPONDENT, whose imagination seems to be rather impressed with the magnificence of the conception of tube bridges, thinks that MR. STEPHENSON must henceforth be regarded as the greatest of engineers, as, whatever difficulties others may have had to encounter, no one ever passed over *so* Menai Straits.

THE "TRUE BLUES'" DILEMMA; OR, THE POPE OR THE REPUBLIC?

How completely at sea, how confounded are we
By the Romans' affairs and invasion!
Quite put out of our way, we can't think what to say,
With our Politics 'gainst our Persuasion.

Here 's the Papacy down, and the Pope's triple crown
Is the football of Rome's population,
Which you 'd think, in True Blue theological view,
Would be matter of high exultation.

Then, with bay'nets and bombs, GENERAL OUDINOT comes,
To restore the dominion of Scarlet;
And of course you 'd suppose, we should rail through the nose
At the wicked Papistical varlet.

But alas! we can't crow o'er the Pope's overthrow,
And be joyful for Rome's revolution;
For, in place of his throne, we should then have to own
A Republic—abhorr'd institution!

Neither can we advance, 'gainst the movement of France,
Half a word that on censure would border;
For though Babylon's reign she goes forth to maintain,
We imagine her object is Order.

So we 're forced to be mum; like to dogs that are dumb,
And to give wicked wits an occasion
Us to jeer and deride, thus remaining tongue-tied,
With our Politics 'gainst our Persuasion.

PALACE COURT COMPENSATION.

THE Palace Court is about to share the fate of the rack, the pillory, and other of our old institutions. Nevertheless, though the Court be abolished, the folks who lived by the Court are to be treated with especial tenderness: they are to receive compensation for being deprived of the privilege of grinding human bones to make their bread, buttered inch-thick with costs. Whether the bill that compensates the lawyers for the loss of the future will also compensate their victims for the losses of the past, we have yet to gather. Be this as it may; there is a sweet benevolence, a large-heartedness, in this compensation of unprotected lawyers. We cannot, with the confidence we should desire in such averment, assert that, when railways displaced coaches, the highwaymen who were flung out of employment—whose privileges were manifestly destroyed by the revolutionist steam—received compensation; but judging from analogy in the case of the Six Clerks, and the Palace Court Magi, we can feel but little doubt of the fact. The gentlemen of the road laid out money on horse-flesh, pistols, and ammunition—invested, as it were, their capital in highway practice,—and we must believe were remunerated by the same equitable spirit that is now to compensate the Palace Court people, who have for so many years made defenceless Englishmen stand and deliver.

Nevertheless, we would not compensate the Palace Court judge and attornies by Act of Parliament. No, we have to make a more munificent proposition; to suggest more grateful means of remuneration, moved thereto by a passage in the life of JOHN STOW, antiquarian; who—under the patronage of that magnanimous lover of learning, JAMES THE FIRST—was duly licensed in his old age to beg in churches. From one collection in one parish, the miserable old scholar absolutely received seven and-sixpence!

Now after this example, we propose that the judge and attornies of the Palace Court be licensed by the QUEEN to sit in the door-way of the Court of Queen's Bench, of the Pleas, and the Exchequer, to beg compensation of the reflecting and charitable. A brief summary of his condition, nicely engrossed on law parchment, may be pinned over the wounded breast of every mendicant; and further, in tenderness to the feelings of the beggar, he may be allowed to wear a shade to his eyes, and to receive the pennies, not in his own hand, but in a little dish or saucer held in the mouth of a faithful dog. We are sure that such unforced compensation would be sweeter to the feelings than any sum voted by rigour of Act of Parliament.

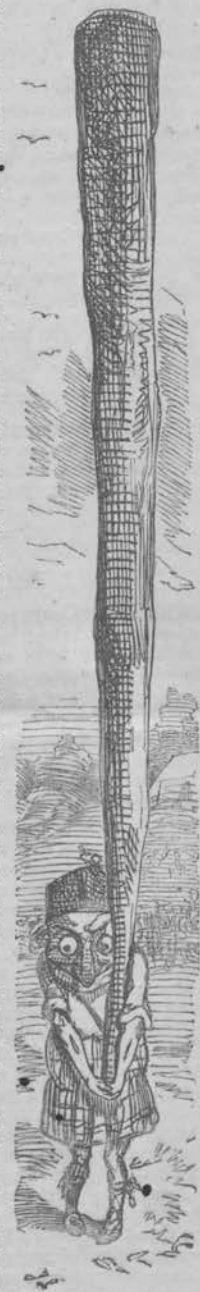
A CLASSICAL QUESTION.

Master Tibbs of the First Form. "Please, Sir! If the Romans are destroyed, will there be any more Latin Grammar?"

THE LATE STORM IN HOLLAND PARK.—We regret to state that several of the oldest trees in Holland Park were, on the late Scotch gathering, blown down. They could not stand the bagpipes.

THE LITTLE SCOTCH BOYS AND GIRLS WHO CAME OUT TO PLAY.

To judge the Scotch from their Games, they must be the most athletic, mercurial, dancing, rollicking set in the world. Scotland must be a nation of HERCULES', PERROTS, and Laughing "Feeloosophers." Its national song should be, "We are jolly good fellows!"



The Scotchman is always represented on the Stage as a heavy, methodical, glum, stiff fellow, with the agility of a Quaker, and the liveliness of a shopman at a *maison de deuil*. Our dramatists must henceforth change their conventional type, for your Scotchman, we have agreeably discovered, can laugh, and skip, and snap his fingers with your best Frenchman, and make as great a fool of himself, when good humour demands it, as your best-humoured Englishman.

We ourselves always thought that a Scotchman could not enjoy himself excepting as a strict matter of business. We were astonished to find that he could play with all the delight of a schoolboy, for LORD HOLLAND'S Park last week was more like an immense playground than anything else. We sober, money-marked, Englishmen were the masters, and the Highlanders were the little boys, who had come out to have a good day's romp. They were at it from morning to night. They entered so heartily into the fun of the thing, that the QUEEN, and the Prince, and the Duke came to see them. They ran like children scrambling for pence. They played at single stick, and hit one another over the toes and shoulders with immense glee.

There were, also, several games of broadsword, and they struck so fiercely at each other, that we expected every minute to see a head flying like a ball through the air, or to find in our arms an odd leg, with a Scotch garter dangling to it; but they must have been as good-tempered as their blades, for the more they were hit, the better they seemed pleased. If anybody's head had been lost, we are sure it would have been picked up on the broad grin.

We must say, the Tweed has been vilely libelled. It has always been put down as a slow river, half snow, half mud. We must explore it, for we are positive that the Scotch side of it, at least, runs with quicksilver, made all the quicker by an under-current of cold whiskey and water.

The two days' games were most amusing. The weather did its best. The ladies wore their prettiest bonnets—the Park, in honour of the archers, had put on its best suit of Lincoln-green—there was no dust, not a single accident, and every kind of refreshment, from curds and whey down to champagne.

The whole thing would have been perfect, if there had not been so many bagpipes. We must say, we do not admire that national music. We wish Scotland would adopt the hurdy-gurdy. It is more musical, and much more lively.

We hope this *réunion matinale* of All-Macs will soon be repeated. In the meantime, we intend practising on that difficult wooden instrument, the caber, so as to be able to perform a solo at the next meeting. We are determined to pitch it tremendously strong, and to begin by throwing one all the way from London to Edinburgh. Let Holyrood look out, or we shall certainly score "one for its nob."

BLACK ENOUGH.

WE see there is being published a series of "BLACK'S Guides" to almost every place. We conclude, therefore, there is a "BLACK'S GUIDE TO THE VERNON GALLERY." It could not fail in giving the *couleur locale*.

BURDENS ON LAND.—These comprise, amongst other trifles, mortgages, opera-boxes, race-horses, Irish tenants, contested elections, and sometimes a QUEEN'S visit.

MISS BENIMBLE TO PUNCH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Much afeard that you have wondered at my silence, and said in your own caustic way bitter things about the ingratitude of woman. But the fact is, there is a cause—a sweet cause—if I may be allowed the expression, for my late and future silence in print. You will excuse further explanation, and I hope oblige an old contributor (as I shall ever be proud to call myself) by putting the following little notice (with any compliment you think deserving) in your family paper.

"Married, at St. Barnaby's, Pimlico, by the Reverend Ignatius Bottlenose, Mr. LOVELACE (grandson of CORPORAL LOVELACE, who took a drum at the storming of Badajoz, see NAPIER'S *Peninsular*), to MATILDA BENIMBLE, only daughter of the late ROGER BENIMBLE, Esq., Crumpet-maker to his revered Majesty GEORGE THE THIRD."

You see, *Mr. Punch*, being about to become a wife—for the fluttering ceremony will have taken place afore this appears—I have retired from pen-and-ink to give all my time to my husband; it costs me a struggle, but it's done. Politics, I confess it even now, have a charm; but there's a sterner duty in shirt buttons.

Yours, (for I shall be, by the time you're out),

MATILDA LOVELACE, late BENIMBLE.

P. S. On seeing the above in your columns, I shall forward you a piece of cake.

PLAIN QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.

THE difficulty of hearing in the House of Lords is frequently the cause of a cross-game being played of Question and Answer. The following report of an unreported debate may give a happy notion of the mistakes that are constantly occurring:

LORD BROUGHAM begged to know whether anything had been done with Sardinia?

The MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE was pained in being obliged to remind the Honourable Lord, that the duty had long ago been taken off sardines.

The EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH said, that that had nothing to do with the original question; and he would ask, seeing the venerable Duke in his place, if any measures had been taken at the Horse Guards to provide against the growing scarcity of bears.

The EARL OF GALLOWAY would answer that question, and confidently state that the conduct of the reporters in that matter was most disgraceful. He should divide the House upon it.

LORD REDESDALE was anxious to know if a Railway Bill would be brought in this session for the better provision of Navigators?

LORD STANLEY would take upon himself to answer that inquiry, and would boldly state, if the provisions of that atrocious bill were passed, that the seas of the world would soon be swept of every English navigator. (*Hear, hear.*)

The EARL OF WICKLOW wanted to be informed what would become of the marble arch at Buckingham Palace?

The MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE admitted that the evil ought to be stopped, or else we might expect to see it running all over the kingdom. He would ask the Honourable Lord opposite if any steps had been taken about the quarantine?

The EARL OF MINTO, upon being thus appealed to, could not help thanking the noble Lord for the great courtesy he had displayed in putting his question.

LORD BROUGHAM would like to know if any instructions had been sent to the British Ambassador at Stockholm to protest against the marriage of JENNY LIND with any but a British subject?

The EARL OF MINTO admitted a great wrong had been done, but he doubted strongly if it constituted a statutable offence. However, the public must be protected; and notice had already been given, that upon a repetition of the offence, the British Government would not shrink from doing its duty. (*Loud applause.*)

LORD BROUGHAM would ask another question, and then he would be satisfied. He felt a great interest in knowing whether it were true that the Trustees of the National Gallery had refused a most liberal offer from a Gas Company to light up the Vernon Gallery, free of expense, providing they might have the pictures that had been already damaged or destroyed? and, again, whether it was true that the Roman Triumvirs had sold the APOLLO BELVIDERE to MADAME TUSSAUD for the paltry sum of £5?

The MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE admitted the great importance of the subject, but must decline answering it till to-morrow, as he had not the requisite papers with him to refer to. In the meantime he could assure the House that not a single Roman candle had been sent from Vauxhall to the relief of the Triumvirate. (*Cheers from all parts of the House.*)

The Lords then adjourned.

ORIGIN OF TUNNELS.—A. on one side of a hill requires to communicate with B. on the other, but thinking it a bore, he *hollows* out to him.

NOMENCLATURE FOR THE STEAM NAVY.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER's exposure of the state of the steam navy induces us to offer a little advice to the Lords of the Admiralty. We would recommend their Lordships to learn music, for hitherto it seems that, in constructing steamers, they have had their ship-builders and engine-makers working wholly out of concert, and an instructive analogy would be suggested to them by the attempt to execute a duet in the same independent manner. Considering, also, that the majority of those vessels have boilers unprotected from the enemy's shot, and main-deck ports too low for their guns, and are, in divers other respects, marvels of uselessness and inefficiency; we also counsel the Lords of the Admiralty to make a suitable alteration in their nomenclature.

For instance, there is the *Retribution*, with her main-deck unarmed, utterly incapable of any retributory act; let her name accordingly be changed to the *Tolerance*. For other similarly constituted bulwarks of our tight little island, we would propose, as fitting and characteristic, the appellations of the *Mull*, the *Hash*, the *Mistake*, the *Mess*, the *Bungle*, the *Awkward*, and the *Clumsy*. We find a steam-frigate called the *Terrible*, that has no room for troops or stores, and we must protest against the application to her of an epithet which can describe nothing but the state she is in. What she and her like should be called by right, is, the *Inoffensive*, the *Innocent*, or the *Harmless*.

TO A ROEBUCK AT BAY.

WHIGS in their cozy berths agree,
And 'tis a sorry sight
When independent men we see
Fall out and fume and fight.

Let BROUGHAM delight to bark and bite,
For CAMPBELL ryles him so:
Let Irish Members bounce and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But, ROEBUCK, *you* should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never meant
To tear out GRATTAN's eyes.

LADIES HAVE STRANGE NOTIONS.

LADIES have certainly strange notions; they imagine an Editor is all-powerful, that he can open everything, from one of CHUBB's Locks, down to the doors of ALMACK's. The following is not a bad specimen of their notions upon this subject:

"MY DEAR SIR,—As the dear children are at home for the holidays, could you oblige me with some orders to view the Royal Academy, TOM and BESSY, and little JULIA and HARRY, being all so extremely fond of pictures. If you could make the order for eight, you would much oblige

"Yours, very gratefully,

"MRS. (*name suppressed*)."

Another lady has written to ask for an order to take her little family (it is never less than ten, exclusive of babies) over St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and it was as much as we could do to assure her that no press orders were admitted into those admirable places of amusement. She then wrote back to say, "she would be so much obliged, if we could get her a private box for any night at the Philharmonic, as her eldest boy was learning the fiddle."

This was not so comical, however, as an old lady from Manchester, who asked us for a free admission for herself and daughter, and two nephews, to go to HER MAJESTY's next drawing-room. She really believed that there was a free list at St. James's Palace, and that Editors' orders were received precisely the same as at the Grecian Saloon and other Theatres.

The First and Last Man rolled into One.

CHEMISTS (and carpenters, too, probably) pretend that bread made from sawdust is much healthier than any other kind of bread. We certainly know of a very strong proof of this, for there's WIDDICOMB, who has been deriving his bread from saw-dust for hundreds of years, and still has the perfect use of his faculties; and what is more, promises to enjoy them for centuries to come.

A POKE AT THE 'POTHECARIES.

(*To the Board of Examiners, Apothecaries' Hall.*)

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR WORSHIPS,

I HAVE been favoured with a copy of a petition addressed to you by the chief medical and other scientific men at Liverpool, praying you to receive, on the part of candidates for your license, certificates of attendance at a College of Chemistry in that city. The Professor's chemical attainments, I perceive, are attested by the first chemists in the world, with LIEBIG at their head, and his school is recognised by the College of Surgeons and the London University. Under these circumstances I must be permitted to express my wonder at your impudence in withholding your recognition of it.

You pretend, I am told, that one of your by-laws compels you not to admit the certificates of any lecturer unconnected with a medical school. Do you mean to call the Royal Institution a medical school, or to say that you would refuse the certificates of BRANDE and FARADAY?

I invite you to tell me in confidence what private motive you have for thus discouraging a provincial school of chemistry. Is it an affectionate attachment to Physicians of London Hospitals, who patronize you, and whom you call in, and with whom you carry on the pleasant game of playing into one another's hands?

If you would have me believe that you are actuated by a zeal for medical education, then, Worshipful Sirs, I must needs ask you who are you, that set up your judgment against the London University and College of Surgeons? Is not your Company a society of medicine-vendors, dealing also in pepper, and keeping a shop for the sale of its wares at the top of Union Street, Blackfriars? What else are you but a fraternity of spurious physicians, who originally picked up a smattering of medicine by mixing up prescriptions?

I would not advise your Worships to rescind this by-law, which is so injurious to provincial students and lecturers, and so insulting to your professional betters. On the contrary, I hope you will reform none of your absurd regulations, but persist in them until you provoke the Legislature to reform you altogether. Answer me candidly; do you think it right, yourselves, that medical study should be subject to the direction, and medical qualifications determined by the judgment, of a body of chemists and druggists, and decidedly rather druggists than chemists?

Understand, Worshipful Sirs, I do not object your trade to you as a disgrace. I only wish you would stick to it, and not aspire to dictate to a liberal profession, but confine yourselves to your scales and gallipots. And with all the respect I can possibly entertain for a City Company, whose dinners I never hear of, believe me,

Your Worships' humble Servant,

PUNCH.

ELBOW ROOM FOR JULLIEN.

LET every candidate for public patronage have at least a fair field and no favour; but more than this is due to M. JULLIEN. That enterprising manager deserves every favour as well as a fair field. But as yet, he has never had the latter advantage for his *Concerts Monstres*; performances which we may truly term stunning. He has found it neither in Exeter Hall, nor the Surrey Zoological Gardens; nor would it be afforded him by Kennington Common or even Blackheath. Indeed some are of opinion that, in justice to himself, he should have given FELICIEN DAVID'S *Desert Symphony* on the spot which it relates to. At any rate, England contains but one arena big enough to answer M. JULLIEN's immense purposes. Let him get up his next monster concert upon Salisbury Plain; let him wield his bâton from the highest crag of Stonehenge, and raise a thunder of music that will be loud enough to wake the dead Druids. We will only add, that we hope the whole of his promenade will be tremendously crowded.

FINE NEW RIVER HEADS!

WE read in the account of the matches at the Henley Regatta, that there were "Diamond skulls for Gentlemen Amateurs." We have heard of Wooden Skulls, (gentlemen amateurs are not unfrequently distinguished for them,) and we have also heard of Leaden Skulls, and Numskulls, and a whole catacomb of other skulls, but Diamond Skulls are as new as they must be dazzling. Why a Gentleman Amateur with such a head upon his shoulders would be invaluable as a husband! All the ladies would be outshining one another to possess such a "jewel of a man!" By the bye, what first-rate Plumbers and Glaziers such amateurs would make. With a Diamond Skull, a gentleman would cut his way through the Alps, supposing they were made of glass. In fact he could not tell what he might do till he applied his head to it; only in case of a fire, it would not be agreeable to have his Diamond Skull reduced to a lump of charcoal!

GRAND *FÊTE* AL FRESCO IN WHETSTONE PARK.

In consequence of the success of the Scottish Fête in Lord Holland's Park, it has struck the vivid imagination of our old friend—and debtor—Mr. Dunup, that a *fête* may be got up for the purpose of averting the fate—of intermittent insolvency—which is continually hanging over him. He contemplates making an application to the ranger, or other authorities, for the use of Whetstone Park, and he purposes to give there a variety of entertainments of a novel—as well as National-school—character.

The day's amusements will not commence with the Scotch sport of "Putting the Stone," for Mr. Dunup fairly owns that in a Park like Whetstone, he should not know where to put it, but we have heard that, in this learned neighbourhood, the practice of Putting the Stone is by no means rare; for we know several cases—we mean book-cases—which can bear testimony to the existence of the boy-ly—we can scarcely call it man-ly—exercise of

"PUTTING THE STONE" (THROUGH THE LIBRARY WINDOW.)

By way of substitute for the pastime of "Throwing the Hammer," he will enter the lists with anybody in the art of "Throwing the Hatchet." This will be followed by the popular sport of

"TOSSING THE COPPERS,"

and immediately afterwards the unsuccessful parties will go through the interesting ceremony of

"HOPPING THE TWIG,"

or, as it is still called in some parts of England,

"CUTTING THEIR LUCKY."

Mr. Dunup is unwilling to practise the Scottish practice of playing on the bagpipes, but several musicians will be in attendance, and at the close of the day Mr. Dunup, with the whole of his friends, will join in a running match, to avoid

"PAYING THE PIPER."

The fête will be resumed after dark, when the fine old nocturnal ceremony of

"SHOOTING THE MOON"

will be attempted by a few of the natives. There will be no strathpeys or reels, with the exception of the well-known Barclay and Perkins' reel to an accompaniment in double X flat; but the ancient game of hop-Scotch will be hopped by a party of juvenile competitors.

PORTRAIT OF THE BOY WHO WON THE PRIZE FOR "PUTTING A STONE" THROUGH A WINDOW.

CONDUITE SANS PARALLÈLE.

It seems that the attack upon Rome has been carried on by means of "parallels." We do not know much of the military merits of the question, but we can safely assert that, in an honourable point of view, the attack upon Rome has been most unparalleled.

THE FRENCH COCK AND THE ROMAN EAGLE.

There was an old Cock called the *Coq de la Gloire*,
He crowed over Seine, and he strutted in Loire,
He drank the blue waters of Rhone and Garonne,
And where'er there was fighting, was sure to make one.

From Egypt's hot sands to the wide steppe of snow,
This Cock o'er all sorts of winged rivals did crow;
From whole eyries of eagles the vict'ry he tore,
No matter how many the heads that they bore.

He e'en measured his spurs, lest their points should grow dull,
'Gainst the Lion of Spain and the big British Bull:
Nor e'en then this fierce Cock in his bag could be shut,
Till his steels they were filed and his comb it was cut.

But he 'scaped from the bag, and was at it once more,
Spite of trainers and feeders, more fierce than before;
And he showed that he fought more for fighting than pelf,
For rather than *not* spar, he 'd spar with himself;

Till e'en sages with love of Cock-fighting were bit,
By the style that game bird did his work in the pit.
All were forced to confess he would quarrel for straws,
But his pluck was so true, men thought less of his cause.

We heard he was dead—that he is so is plain,
For *that's* not *our* old Cock now fighting a main:
He boasts the old name, but boasts not the old skill—
Though his colour 's the same, and his weight greater still.

For the old Cock would ne'er at a rival let fly,
But asked bottom to floor him, and pluck to defy;
The Eagles he tackled had broad wings to soar,
Were awful of beak, and had talons that tore.

This an Eagle! that scarce can flop out of his den—.
This bleared cripple, for years tethered close in a pen,
Dull-beaked, talon-blunted, unable to fly,
Tho' a flash of old rage is still red in his eye.

Hark! Europe encircles the pit, crying "Shame"
On the Cock, now pure dung-hill, that once was true game;
And what sympathy mingles with rage as we mourn,
Is the poor crippled Eagle's—the Cock hath our scorn.

FRENCH FASHIONS IN PARLIAMENT.

In the National House of Assembly, on Monday night the last but one, the recently convicted insurgents having prayed to be heard by counsel against the mitigation of their sentence:—

M. Robocq demanded to know whether the prisoners seriously preferred being executed to being transported? (*Clamour and Confusion.*)
M. Gratin assailed M. Robocq in a strain of vehement invective.
M. Robocq accused M. Gratin of declared sympathy with rebellion. (*Murmurs.*)
M. Gratin said that the accusation was an untruth. (*Sensation.*)
A Member on the Left exclaimed that M. Robocq himself was the hired advocate of rebels. (*Clamour.*)
M. Re'nols said that M. Robocq was always his own trumpeter. There was a Gascon proverb which said, that so long as such and such a person was alive, he would never want a trumpeter. The voice of M. Robocq was a trumpet which he (M. Re'nols) did not think musical. M. Robocq had in vain attempted to imitate the Gascon dialect; his trumpet was not musical enough for that.
M. Robocq reproached M. Re'nols with wanting to have a pull at the Exchequer.
M. Re'nols absolutely denied the charge of M. Robocq.
M. Robocq. "There were two hundred Members in the Assembly who would attest the utterance of those words."
M. Re'nols (*in a loud voice*). "No!" (*Outcries.*)
The President. "Order!" (*Renewed Clamour.*)
M. Robocq insisted that the expressions were used.
M. Dillon Braun made a short observation.
M. Robocq. "The Honourable Member says it is false."
M. Dillon Braun. 'That is not so; I said it was not true." (*Laughter and Confusion.*)
M. Robocq asserted that M. Braun was not in a state in which it was possible to notice any remark he might utter. (*Question.*)
M. Lolle's advised the Assembly to give M. Robocq rope enough.
M. Robocq demanded to know if any phrase of his had justified such an expression? (*Cries of "Yes!" "No!" and "Order!"*)
M. Lolle's said that M. Robocq was ignorant of the proverb.
M. Robocq complained that M. Lolle's was aggravating the insult. But as he knew that insolence was no answer, he also knew that ignorance was no argument, and that vulgar abuse should not put him down in that Assembly. (*Tremendous Uproar.*)
The President would call on the Assembly to remember its dignity, and preserve its character in the eyes of Europe; and order at length having been restored, the Debate proceeded with not more than ordinary violence.

How extremely discreditable are these angry altercations; how derogatory to the honour of the Representative Assembly of France! How gratifying to reflect that nothing of the kind ever happens to disgrace the British Parliament! Stay—we forget. The above—*mutatis mutandis*—is a faithful abridgment of a Debate in our own gentlemanlike and quiet House of Commons.

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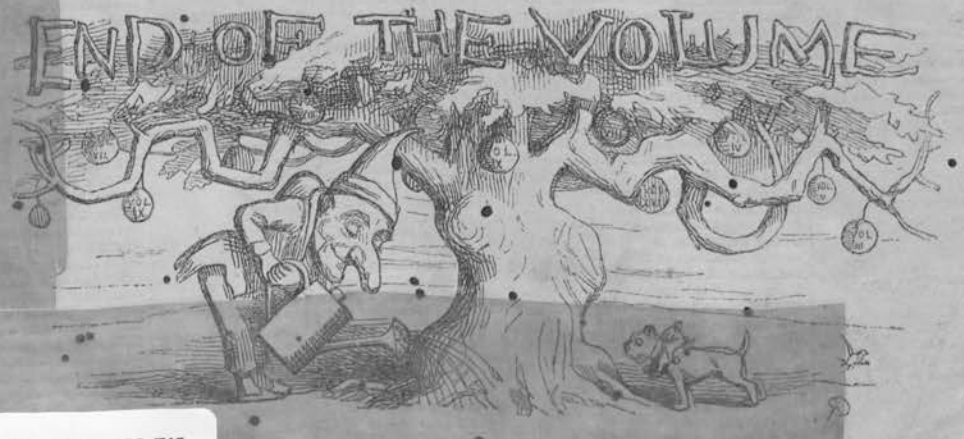

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